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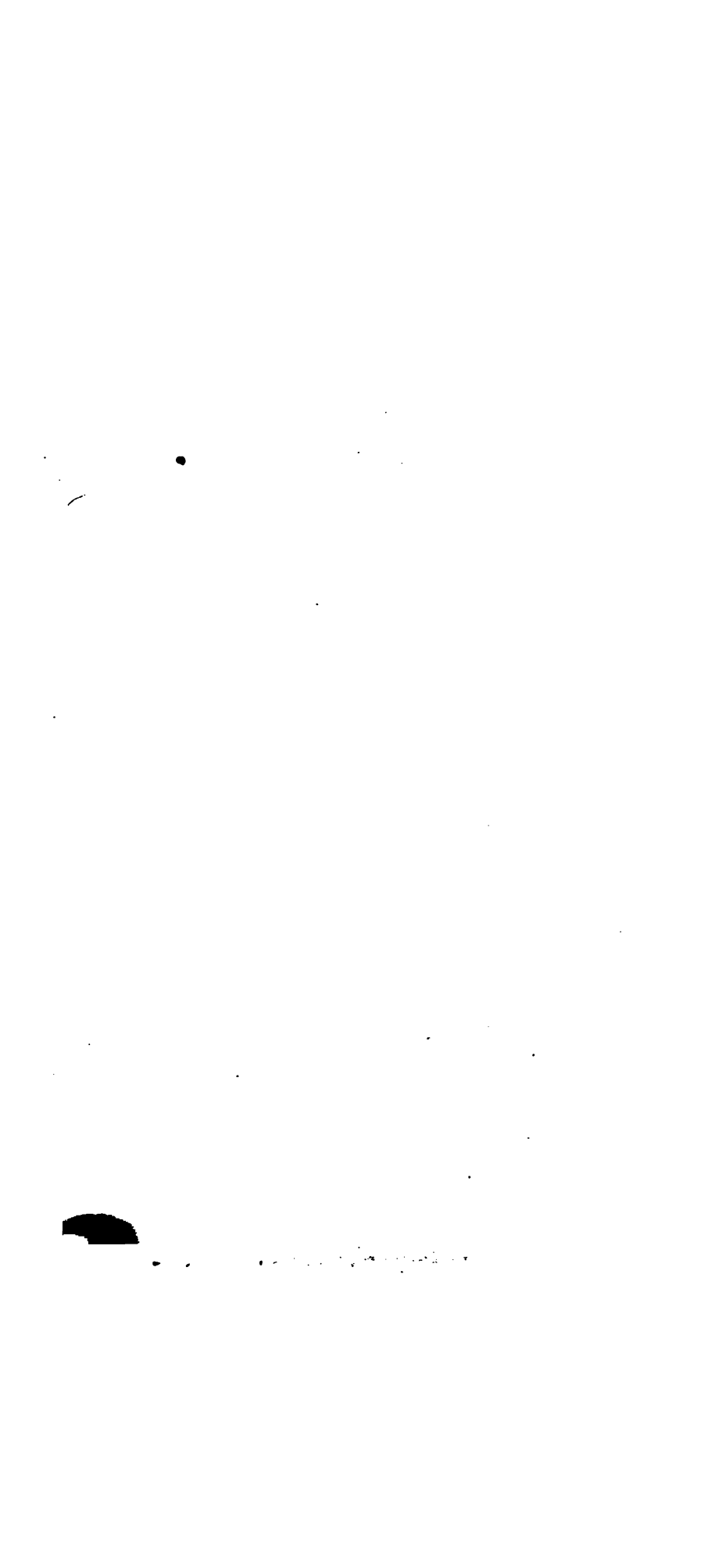
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THE HEIGHTS OF EIDELBERG.



THE

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HEIGHTS OF EIDELBERG.

BY

M. H. TATEM, *pseud.*

AUTHOR OF "GLENNAIR; OR, LIFE IN SCOTLAND," "PASTORS' WIDOWS,"
"PASTOR'S SON," ETC.

Helen Haggett.



NEW YORK

1871

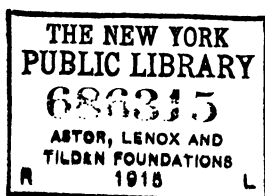
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INTRODUCTION.

THE encouraging reception of the first Edition of **THE HEIGHTS OF EIDELBERG**, induces the Author to send forth a second, very carefully revised and corrected. As was remarked in a former Introduction, the principal object of the volume is to place Christianity in its true light — to show its present and ultimate effect on the human race — its power in soothing every sorrow, in enlightening life's pathway, however dreary.

In taking a retrospect of society, the eye was fixed upon persons whose characters bore a strong resemblance to some prominently portrayed in the story, the delineation of which, to those unobservant of human nature, may appear too highly wrought to be consistent with commonplace events; but it has been the writer's study to introduce characters neither worse nor better than those with whom all have daily, hourly intercourse, in their walk through life.

In presenting a second Edition, the writer will avail herself of the opportunity to correct a general error in regard to the name, Eidelberg, which has been mistaken for the Heidelberg of Germany, to which the description bears not the slightest resemblance.

The titles Eidelberg and Eiseldorf, also the locations, are entirely fictitious.

NOV 1931
JUL 1931
JUL 1931

THE HEIGHTS OF EIDELBERG.

CHAPTER I.

"Discretion guard thine asking;
Discretion aid thine answer;
Teach thee that well-timed silence
Hath more eloquence than speech."

CAN I say nothing to dissuade your venturing upon the stream to-night, Carl? The waters are at flood-tide, and a storm is certainly gathering."

There was a mournful earnestness in the voice of the speaker; he was standing by the side of a small boat, leaning against the rock from which his friend was busily disengaging a chain; he sighed as the freed hook fell near his foot, and the clanking chain into the boat. The oars were then thrown in, and the sail adjusted.

"All is ready now, Ernst," said the youth, stepping to his side. "I regret I must be deaf to all your pleadings, for I promised father and little Elsie to be home this evening surely; and I have never yet broken my faith with them. History will never be able to tell of the hour when Carl Ravenscroft willingly disobliged Ernst Vancleve, nor am I now willing, dear Ernst, to hold a promise unfulfilled to my father. That black cloud I shall leave in the distance in a

few minutes, and no doubt my beautiful 'Sea-bird' will harbor in James's cove in less than an hour."

"There is thunder," exclaimed Ernst; "and —" he was interrupted by the sudden appearance of his father's gardener, who, hearing voices, had been drawn to the spot.

"Is it yerself, Misther Carl, who are goin' to try the smoothness of the waters the night in that craft? The mither and the childer cannot be wantin' me, or I would take an oar myself."

"Thank you, Michael," said Carl; "but as you would not have as much reason for the risk, I shall go alone."

"Well, well, Misther Carl; she's as good as her name, and its yerself has an arm for her oars, and sure the Neisse is no more than a playground to ye; so don't ye be standin' and talkin' an the like, and p'raps the storm will be afther, and not before ye, at all at all. Well, good night to ye, young gentlemen, and our Blessed Virgin protect ye, Misther Carl."

"I wish Michael could have gone with you, Carl; but may Heaven preserve you, and our Holy Mother land you safely at Eiseldorf."

The youth reverently raised his hat at the commencement of the invocation: it had been firmly replaced before the conclusion. He fixed his bright, black eyes upon Ernst, his whole countenance was illuminated; yet it might be doubted whether scorn or pity predominated in the smile that played around his mouth. It had never been contested Carl Ravenscroft was the handsomest young man in that province. His maternal ancestry had bestowed the olive complexion and entirely Spanish cast of feature; to the Ravenscroft descent he owed his chestnut curls and faultless brow. He and Ernst Vancleve were of the same age, both tall and slightly built. Ernst was entirely German — light hair, with florid complexion, large mouth, relieved by a magnificent

set of teeth. He, too, was handsome, but did not bear comparison with his friend Carl.

"My dear Ernst," he almost whispered, after a few moments' pause, "I would not wish to deprive the Virgin Mary of any honor due her; but indeed I should expect to lose my rudder, were she to take the helm. I beg leave to decline her guidance. No, no," he continued, raising his voice, "no, Ernst, I commit myself and my skiff to Him, and to Him alone, who has power to bid the raging waves be still. There is no record that the Madonna ever had — I mean no offence, Ernst."

"I believe you, Carl; your arrows are headless when pointed at me alone; they seem barbed when aimed at the Holy Mother; but go, Carl, there is thunder in the distance; there have been no shadows in the past between us — we part good friends."

"And will ever remain such, Ernst," replied Carl, laying his hand affectionately on his shoulder, "and the time will come when we shall not differ even in our religious opinions." With a cordial shake of the hand, he jumped into the boat, which, like something living, proud of its owner, was soon riding over the billows. Ernst stood as one spell-bound to the spot; he had often heard Carl sing, but, as his voice now came back upon the breeze, there seemed to him a peculiar, an almost painful, sweetness in it: the words, too, were impressive; he listened breathlessly:

"Jesus, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows o'er me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide:
Oh, receive my soul at last."

Toward the close of the verse he could not distinguish the words; the voice, too, now melted away in the distance, and his eye sought in vain for the least vestige of the boatman. He stood watching the dark waters, as the tide still gained upon the shore, with alternate hope and fear. The Neisse seldom had been so flooded; heavy rains had deluged the whole country this season, such as had never been in the remembrance of the oldest dweller there. The river might sometimes be forded, and was usually so smooth, that the young men and lads of the Eidelberg school spent their leisure hours in boat-racing over it. It was a beautiful stream, having its source in a valley among the Eidelberg heights, and flowing into a bay equally beautiful.

The whole country on either side of the river was exceedingly romantic, covered with hills, vineyards, and cultivated vales as far as the eye could reach. On one of the western hills stood the schoolhouse, so built and so divided as separately to accommodate Protestant and Roman Catholic pupils; the institution was deservedly patronized, and well supported by all the *élite* of both Eidelberg and Eiseldorf. The two principals, and all the teachers, were able men — gentlemen — and their society added greatly to the charm of the place. Carl Ravenscroft frequently remained at Eiseldorf during the week; he had done so the one preceding the Saturday on which we find him with Ernst Vancleve on the banks of the Neisse. Ernst took no note of the time; he stood straining eye and ear, in the vain hope of a glimpse of or a sound from the perilous voyager. Large drops of rain admonishing him of his own insecurity, he convulsively clasped his hands together, ejaculating, "O Holy Mother!" Suddenly checking himself, in broken accents he cried aloud, "*His* God — the God of the Protestants — deliver him from the deep waters, for the Holy —" he paused — "for the Holy Jesus' sake." The rain was now fast falling,

and the lightning darting in quick successive flashes. As he drew near the lodge of Michael, he heard the happy voices of his children; at any other time, under other circumstances, Ernst would have stopped to enjoy their merriment, but he hastily passed by into the avenue leading to his father's house.

The ancient mansion of Baron Vancleve might have been built centuries back, and had been the homestead of many generations of the name. It was a venerable and venerated pile, rising upon the side of a hill, overlooking the wildest part of the river. The "Vancleve Chateau" was known to the whole province, and travellers never felt their time had been misspent in visiting the old mansion and its highly cultivated grounds, while the courteous hospitality and intelligent refinement of the inmates never failed to charm, and were long remembered by the stranger.

"Where is mother?" was the hasty inquiry of Ernst, as the housemaid answered his loud ring at the side entrance; without awaiting her reply, or heeding her exclamations at his drenched appearance, he hurried to his room, changed his clothes, and then repaired to the nursery, where he found his mother anxiously expecting him.

"Ernst, my son; how glad I am you have come. Peter was sent an hour since with your overcoat and umbrella, but returned with word from Professor Extien that you had gone to the landing with Carl Ravenscroft."

"Yes, mother, and am chilled quite through; how delightful the stove feels. This is comfort," throwing himself on the divan near the fire.

"Please, Master Ernst," pleaded Bertha, "take a little notice of Cassy; she has been watching you, with a hope you would, ever since you came in."

"Why, my darling little sister," he exclaimed, catching

her in his arms. "I have been so busy with myself, I did not even see you."

"I thought you would love me after you warmed you," lisped the now delighted little girl, returning his caresses threefold. Cassy was perfectly satisfied, and permitted herself to be taken down stairs by Bertha, until the others were ready for the evening meal.

"What it is to have a mother, and such a mother," said the youth, caressingly throwing his arm around her as she sat by his side.

"And how grateful to a mother's heart," she responded, impressively, "is an obedient, affectionate son;" and fixing her eyes upon him, she added, "I expect my only son to be the prop of the remnant of my days."

"You shall never be disappointed, my precious mother. I am fully aware of the feebleness of Adele. She told me, last evening, of Dr. Bryant's proposal to take her with his family to the south of France this autumn. I know, mother, you feel that it would be more than my frail sister can bear — the voyage and separation from you." The hand in which Ernst had placed his, closed very tightly over it, and her head dropped upon his shoulder; but she spoke not. "Mother," he said, more cheerfully, "Cassy seems to have a firm constitution, and bids fair to be a great comfort and pleasure to us all; and I faithfully promise you to endeavor to be all you desire, even to the staff of your old age. Can I say more, mother?"

"Ernst," she replied, sadly; "I see with pain that my beautiful Adele is soon to be added to those already laid up for the resurrection. I have had much to mourn, my son; yet could you promise me with the same sincerity that your fidelity to the Holy Mother of our Church should be as unchanging as your love and faithfulness to me, how greatly my many sorrows might be mitigated." The eye of Ernst

fell beneath her anxious gaze. It was his turn to be silent — surprise and perplexity held him so.

Lady Vancleve continued. "Ernst, your father is much disturbed; and we both question the expediency of your intimacy with some of the young men of the Protestant department. I acknowledge I greatly fear their influence. Consider the dishonor an apostasy from the Church of Rome would bring upon the noble house of Vancleve. You may not see your danger, my son; your father does, Father Antoine does. They consider your situation so perilous, that if you cannot, at the confessional this evening, give a life promise never to desert our Holy Church, measures must be taken to secure you against all heretic influence in future. What will be your course, Ernst, my son?"

His mother's tears unmanned him; he wept with her.

"You will promise eternal fealty to our Madonna. I am confident you will do right," she murmured, laying her cheek against his forehead.

"Your son will try to do the right," he said, with an effort to smile, "and try to see the right also, and pray to be led to choose the right. Can he do better than that, Lady Vancleve?" He rose, clasping his arms about her neck, and, kissing her affectionately, hurried from the room.

His sister was alone in the drawing-room.

"Enjoying your imaginings, Adele?" he tried to say cheerfully. "This is your hour for a promenade with papa; but as he is closeted with Professor Ostend, and he is likely to be weather-bound for the night, suppose you make trial of my arm as a substitute."

"No, Ernst; you must be wearied. I can do very well, and shall not miss my walk while you talk with me." But Ernst drawing the arm gently into his, they slowly paced the room, while he confided to his sister all his troubles,

only withholding his fears for his friend Carl, wisely judging the shock might be injurious to her sensitively nervous system.

"You will be expected," she remarked, after she had heard the detail of his interview with their mother, "to have a conversation with our spiritual adviser. I counsel you to meet him; to be very wary; be careful not to commit yourself by a rash promise; keep your temper; make no comparisons; draw no contrasts. I dread that man,—so bland, so plausible; the admired of the circle. I never could like him, and wonder how father can be so blinded. But it is not for you or me, brother, to unfold his hypocrisy. We would only bring on ourselves the anathemas of the Church, and greatly distress our beloved parents. The exposition of his character, and of some others in Eidelberg College, we must leave to time and to others. I only desire some method could be devised to show father his moral features in broad light."

"I feel almost tempted, Adele, to throw off the yoke."

"Ernst!" she exclaimed, grasping his arm firmly, and stopping suddenly before him; "Ernst, banish the idea; it would be madness. You forget the influence, or rather the power, Father Antoine has over our father. How long before you would find yourself an outcast from this house. Check for my sake, dear brother, all hasty impulses. Think of my lonely wretchedness, should you be sent from me. Here we may hold sweet converse together; here we can advise with and admonish each other; here," she lowered her voice, "we can read the Scriptures together. Oh! be wise; think of intercepted letters; no interchange of thoughts; no kind brother to soothe my aching heart, to heal my wounded spirit." This effort was too great for the weak frame of Adele. Her head sank on the bosom of her brother. He gently laid her on a sofa. When her calm-

ness was partially restored, he resumed the subject, cautiously avoiding any exciting words.

"I will see the confessor, Adele, and for your sake make oily concessions. I will be expected to renounce all intercourse with Philip Baden, Paul Schiller, and Carl Ravenscroft. Even this sacrifice shall be promised, to insure you peace of mind. The polish of society and refinements of education have given Ostend favor with the community he little merits; his position would be different were his real character known."

"That may be, Ernst," replied his sister; "yet I think moral worth is not always recognized; a pleasing exterior, and power to entertain, oftener find a welcome than sterling morality without these blandishments."

"In general society, no doubt," he assented; "but were the machinations of some of our officers known and credited by the people, Eidelberg would scorn as she now reveres them; but who dare accuse? maledictions only would be the result. There is the tea-bell; are you able to go to the table? I wonder if the temperature of the room is the same. Let me throw this shawl around you." He did so, fondly kissing her, and placing his strong arm around her, almost carried her into the room where the rest of the family were already gathered for the evening's repast.

Comfort seemed engraven on the very walls. The blazing, cheerful, wood fire, and plentifully provided table, spoke the wealth and hospitality of the host.

"We can be thankful even for this tempest, as the occasion of so revered a guest as Father Antoine," remarked the hostess.

"Believe me, Lady Vancleve," he answered, gracefully. "There is not a family in my diocese for whom I have greater esteem. I grieve to see your daughter Adele looking

so indisposed this evening." Taking her hand in both of his, he asked, "Are you suffering?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply. Ernst seated her at the table, and then drew his little sister's high chair close to his own. Silent salutations only passed between him and the Professor, notwithstanding the delight this unexpected visit gave some of the family.

The conversation was not unrestrained, and for lack of subject, he addressed himself to little Cassy.

"Well, little daughter, do you love your tea?"

"I love my milk in my mug; don't I, mamma?"

"What else do you love?"

"I love Father Antoine. Mamma says so; don't I, mamma?"

The father and mother looked delighted. The Professor's glance was exultant. Ernst, by strong effort, checked the betrayal of the indignation he powerfully felt. Adele spoke in a clearer tone than was usual for her. "That baby has not the slightest idea of the import of her words."

"But the subjects of baby language," contended Dr. Ostend, still exulting, "receive the sentiment of the baby's teacher; and I cannot but feel from little Cassy's words how I am appreciated by much beloved friends, the Baron and Lady Vancleve." As he concluded, he bowed gracefully to each, while they assured him their youngest daughter had only uttered what they sincerely felt; "and," added the Baron, "I still trust our eldest daughter will be led to see, and acknowledge with gratitude, the necessity for the dis severing a tie which would have brought a stain on the Papacy, and consequently on the escutcheon of the house of Vancleve. Adele is well assured she is dearer than life to her parents; but we would rather weep by the side of her tomb, far, far rather, than see her restored to health, an apostate from the Church of her fathers."

Fruits and cake had been placed on the table, and the

servants had withdrawn with the first course, before the Baron had spoken so freely. Bertha, the confidential house servant and faithful nurse, only was present. As he ceased speaking, he pushed his chair back, placed his elbow on the table, and leaning his head on his hand, said, in a suppressed tone, very kindly to Adele, who always sat next to him, "My darling, you are so pale; how willingly would I bear every pang for you, mental and physical; yet probing is sometimes necessary." She alone heard this remark. She found it impossible to speak, but threw her arms around his neck as he stooped to caress her. He tried to interpret this action favorably. Her mother, too, hoped tremblingly.

Father Antoine had gained his point. Under the mask of holy counsel, he was bearing tyrannical sway. Bertha still feared her young mistress might yet stray from the true church. Ernst saw only the withering anguish of despair. "You are fatigued, Adele; let me lead you to the sofa," he said, drawing the arm of his sister gently within his, as she arose from the table.

"When you return from the drawing-room, Ernst, Father Antoine will have a private conversation with you in the study," observed his father. Ernst felt the hand of Adele tremble, and grasp his arm more closely. Without looking at the confessor, and slightly bowing his head in answer to his father, he replied, "The presence of my parents need certainly be no interruption to any conversation between Father Antoine and myself. In a few moments I will be at his service in the dining-room." This was spoken in a tone of defiance which startled Baron Vancleve, while the dark and lowering countenance of Dr. Ostend told the conflict within his bosom. A pleading look from his sister arrested Ernst. Silently, but with flashing eye, he led her to the drawing-room.

"Ernst! Ernst!" she plead, "do not fill my cup of sorrow."

Commit yourself with such as Father Antoine, and you are undone; you will soon feel the venom of his sting. I fear to trust you with him. I must be present at the interview."

"That arrangement can be made." He crossed the room rapidly, and laid his hands on the bell-rope.

"What are you intending to do, Ernst?"

"Consent to your plan, Adele, and then manifest all the wisdom of the serpent. The influence of my *dove*-like sister may keep my hot temper in abeyance; but I confess, since this man has interfered with your happiness, I with difficulty tolerate him. Would I had the counsel of Gustavus."

"It would be the same as mine. *He* would say, be wary." At this moment the door opened. Bertha answered the summons of Ernst.

"I was afraid Miss Adele was not so well, and thought perhaps she wanted me."

"No, Bertha; but say to my father that Miss Adele is unwell, and requires me with her. I will be happy to see him and mother here, with Father Antoine."

"Bless his reverence," said Bertha, crossing herself most devoutly, as she closed the door.

"Curse him, rather," muttered Ernst, in a low and smothered tone, sitting down by his sister.

"Did you speak, brother?"

"Nothing for your ear, my sister; may Heaven forgive the imprecation; it was a moment of great temptation."

"Ernst!"

In a moment he was leaning over her. Looking around fearfully, as though afraid of being overheard, she whispered, softly, "Gustavus is here."

"No!"

"Yes, at the Medical College."

"Have you correct information?"

"A note from himself. *That*, I suppose, is partly Father

Antoine's business to-night, to warn papa against him. A spy on all that concerns us, nothing escapes his observation. Gustavus pleads for an interview."

"He shall have it."

"How?"

"We will see. Certainly not at home, but elsewhere."

"What, Ernst! and deceive our parents?"

"No. To overreach that hateful confessor. He has father completely in his wiles; why should he have us also? Is mistaken blindness to his wishes, when under the guidance of Ostend, to mar our happiness forever? An interview shall be managed, Adele, let the Professor scheme as he may to contravert it. Listen to me, sister, nay — try not to silence me; I here solemnly vow that Gustavus Weber shall become the son-in-law of the house of Vancleve, or Ernst Vancleve will expose the doings of Father Antoine, even should it lead to an expulsion from my home. At twenty-one, I am my own master; the first act of that freedom —"

"Ernst, my brother," interrupted his sister, "remember, disinheritance would be the result of excommunication. The Church would triumph in your downfall. Who could advise or direct me? Oh, Ernst, forbear."

"My education will be my fortune. Marry Gustavus, Adele; defy Father Antoine. Must your health and happiness be the victim of his bigotry?" Ernst spoke vehemently. Taking his sister's hand, he continued: "Who is it you are rejecting? A Christian gentleman, a scholar, a man of noble birth, in every way acceptable. What is his mortal sin in the eyes of the confessor? It is that he knows what he worships, and seeks to be saved alone through his Redeemer."

"Ernst, Ernst," replied his sister, taking his hand in both of hers, and pressing them closely on her brow, "my head reels, my temples throb to bursting at the suggestion.

Full consent must be obtained, or I can never be the wife of Gustavus Weber. Is this your preparation for the meeting this enemy? Endeavor to be calm, or he will surely entrap you. I hear footsteps; compose yourself."

The door opened. Father Antoine entered alone.

"Your message was received, son Ernst, and not wishing to deprive your sister of your society, I came to gratify your wish for a private conversation with me."

"I had no such desire, sir," returned Ernst, biting his lip with vexation. "I understood my father *you* had requested to see me."

"I did, my son," he replied, with one of his bland smiles. "This tempest affords me the opportunity I have long unsuccessfully sought, of conversing with the dear children of my flock confidentially. Some months have elapsed since you have appeared at the confessional. May I demand the cause?" Father Antoine spoke in the gentlest accent, and awaited a reply.

Ernst answered, with similar calmness, "I have no other reason to offer, sir, than that I felt no wish to appear there."

There was a momentary kindling in the eye of Dr. Ostend. It was suppressed; and mildly he resumed: "You are in error, son; straying from the only mode of obtaining salvation. Are you aware of the hazard you are incurring in forsaking the spiritual guidance of the trained Fathers of the Church? Will our Holy Mother mediate for one who deserts her banner?"

"I revere the name of the Blessed Madonna, whose Son is the only Mediator between God and man. She would uphold me in this sentiment."

"Never!" exclaimed the now thoroughly excited confessor, "nor uphold you in your appeal from her on leaving Eidelberg landing this evening. Has Ernst Vancleve measured his strength with the power of the Church in

disobeying her mandates? Far be it from my desire to denounce or anathematize a son of the noble house of Vancleve; but if you will not listen to the gentle dictation of our Holy Church, and the admonitions of your spiritual advisers, parentage must be disregarded, and you must be reclaimed by a severe course, prescribed also by our unerring Fathers. I dare not shrink from the duty devolving upon me."

The scornful curl upon the lip of Ernst alarmed his sister. Her imploring look checked his burst of indignation. Laying his hand on that of Adele, and reassuring her by a very quiet smile, he answered, calmly, "Whatever measures may be thought requisite to secure my salvation, Professor Ostend, be cautious none are resorted to which may hazard my seeking it in another than the Church of Rome. To many of her tenets I still cling. At the confessional I have been for the last time. I go only to Him who has the words of eternal life. Do you deny Him, Professor Ostend?"

Ernst felt his hand pressed tightly between his sister's, but her countenance betrayed no apprehension.

Ostend made no effort now to conceal his chagrin.

"To *your* confessional, it seems, I am invited," he answered in bitter irony. "Deny Him! No! nor dare approach Him but through an intercessor appointed by his holiness the Pope."

"And *I*," contested Ernst, "in obedience to His own command, go with boldness to His throne of grace. Still, I am not prepared to renounce the religion of my family; it is no more than justice to allow me a fair investigation of that to which I am expected to subscribe. This I shall request of my father."

The confessor arose; turning to Adele, he said, softly, "I trust, daughter, *you* may never be tinctured with such

heretical sentiments." He bade her good night without looking at Ernst.

At a late hour that night, Baron Vancleve and Dr. Ostend were pacing the study floor. The latter was the chief speaker. His earnestness, and the agitation of the Baron, showed the subject was fraught with interest to both. When parting for the night, the confessor was heard to say, "The end always sanctifies the means, my son."

"Whatever may be the termination, Father Antoine, a broken heart, or many broken hearts, will be the consequence." A low bow and slight pressure of the hand was the only reply. Dr. Ostend returned to his chamber. Not so Baron Vancleve. His head sought no pillow that night, and the sun had risen far above the horizon before he left the study.

CHAPTER II.

"For the friendship of a child is the
Brightest gem set upon the circle of society —
A jewel worth a world of pain,
A jewel seldom seen."

AN inclement night, truly, Eldred," said Mrs. Ravenscroft. "Do you imagine Carl will venture his 'Seabird' upon the billows?"

"I cannot tell," her brother returned, rising and looking anxiously from the window.

The wind, gathering strength at every blast, howled piteously, rocking the mightiest oaks, that groaned and bowed under the pressure of them. Clap after clap of thunder shook the house to its foundation, and the lightning, glaring fearfully at short intervals, rendered the desolation without only more apparent. The roar of the Neisse, on the borders of which the house was situated, made the heart of the father tremble, and at any sound resembling a human footstep, he would eagerly throw open the casement and endeavor to get a glimpse into the distance.

"Uncle," at length little Elsie (who had for the last half hour watched the countenance of Mr. Ravenscroft) inquired, "Can, oh, can Carl be on that fearful river?"

"God grant he may not, my child. Wind and tide are sorely against him. I trust he has remained at school this evening. No, no! he never ventured," he said, shuddering at the bare possibility. "Yet Carl, my noble Carl, gave

me a promise of return; no bond could be more binding. I only trust, I dare not hope, my boy has this once yielded."

The wind lulled for a few moments, and Mr. Ravenscroft, calling Bertrand, desired him to make ready the dark lantern, and go at once with him to the river. A second summons was not needed, for all loved Carl Ravenscroft, and in a moment he appeared, wrapped in a large cloak, ready, with his master, to brave the pelting storm.

"Eldred, are you mad?" his sister exclaimed. "I am truly thankful my temperament is calmer; or, rather, I have too much trust in God to allow myself to become as much discomposed as you are."

The rebuke was, however, unheeded, for Mr. Ravenscroft, drawing an old hat closely over his ears, proceeded to the front door, followed by Bertrand and a faithful house dog. The door closed upon them as the last words were uttered, and Elsie, throwing herself upon the sofa, buried her face in the cushion, and wept violently.

"Elsie, do you forget you have a mother?"

"Ah, mother, mother, you are safe; but, oh, where is Cousin Carl? My own cousin, whom I love so dearly. Perhaps, perhaps—" She wrung her hands in agony.

"Your cousin is a venturesome boy, Elsie; a lesson for his temerity will not harm him. I shall be the greater sufferer, for my nerves, my sensitive nerves, are already shattered by the unnecessary excitement of your uncle and yourself. Get me the ammonia, daughter."

The child mechanically obeyed, without, however, expressing the slightest sympathy.

"Drop it, Elsie."

The attempt was made; but the bottle would have fallen, had not her mother caught it from her trembling hand.

"What ails you, child? Have you no feeling for your sick mother? Sit down at once and take this cup of tea,

and let Carl for the present be forgotten in interest for your mother."

At the name of Carl, Elsie was again entirely overcome. "I cannot bear to hear you talk so, mother," she exclaimed. "I do not love you, I cannot love you, when you speak so of Cousin Carl. Venturesome, indeed! I hope he will never change from just what he is — so good, so like my own Cousin Carl, and nobody else. Does n't everybody love him and praise him? Mother, please hush, if you would n't break my heart."

"Elsie Ravenscroft!" exclaimed her mother, roused to passion at the temerity of her child; "take that light immediately, go to your chamber, and let tears of contrition wet your pillow, that you have shown yourself a most ungrateful child."

The child sprang from her seat, and darting an indignant look at her mother, left the room, closing the door after her so hastily, her mother had not time to countermand an order the injustice of which she felt heavily upon her conscience the moment her little girl was out of sight. The kitchen opened upon the sitting-room; the conversation was therefore overheard by old Katrine, an inmate for fifteen years of the house of Ravenscroft. Elsie was her darling; she had watched over her infancy with almost maternal solicitude; and from the time she could lisp the name of Katrine, her every trouble — imaginary or real — always found a sovereign balm in the kind sympathy and loving kiss of her old friend while closely nestled in her bosom.

As Elsie grew older, the heart of the old servant was often pained by the sad want of judgment in Mrs. Ravenscroft's training, as Elsie's temper, naturally quick, needed a gentle guidance; and her loving heart was so often wounded under the repulses of a thoroughly selfish mother.

The work of Katrine fell from her hand, as the door closed

upon Elsie; but she sat, listening anxiously, irresolute what to do. She had been sent from the presence of her mother in disgrace; any interference, therefore, would not be borne, and under other circumstances, would not have been attempted; but the grief of Elsie for Carl, and her being driven into solitude when she required to be sustained in this agony of suspense, was more than Katrine could endure, and she resolved to brave everything to give comfort to her darling child.

Stealing softly up the private stairway, and gently lifting Elsie's latch, she stood beside the bed unnoticed. Elsie was lying motionless upon her face, not a sound, not a sigh escaped her; her clothes remained unchanged, even her shoes were still upon her feet.

For some time Katrine stood, fearing to alarm her by a movement; but the death-like stillness continuing, she became alarmed, and gently laid her hand upon her.

It was unheeded. "Elsie, dear Elsie! will you not speak to Katrine, your own Katrine? Let me lay your precious head upon my arm." As she spoke, she seated herself beside her, and turning the little sufferer, she placed a pillow on her bosom and rested her head upon it.

She offered no resistance, and slowly raised her eyes to the speaker. The loving countenance and warm kiss of Katrine entirely overcame her. Throwing her arms around her neck, she cast an agonized look upon her. "Oh, Katrine! Katrine!" she cried, "Carl has gone, gone, gone; forever, forever, gone from me, forever — the waters have closed upon him — I see him struggling," and she pressed her hands closely over her eyes, as though to shut out the fearful sight. "The waves are closing over him; I must help him! He calls me — help! help! in mercy, help!" The screams reached the ear of her mother, who hastened to the chamber in terror, just as she sprang from the bed, and

was forcibly withheld by the strong arm of Katrine from throwing herself from the window. "Let me go!" she cried, fiercely, "the billows are mountains high; I shall be too late — we shall perish together!" Then clasping her hands convulsively, she remained for some moments apparently in breathless attention, and lowering her voice to a whisper, she said: "See! see! he rides it! he mounts above it! he struggles with it! he calls! he calls!" Giving a loud wail of despair, she fell insensible upon the floor.

Mrs. Ravenscroft stood transfixed; she was reaping the bitter fruit of her own selfish spirit. The child, her only child, lay lifeless before her, driven, perhaps, to madness for want of a soothing word from her. Every former unkindness toward her passed in review before her, and her marble, statue-like frame, with the large drops standing on her forehead, told the agony of her mind at that moment.

By Katrine, however, it was unobserved, her whole attention was absorbed by Elsie. Lifting her upon the bed, as she would an infant, for a long time, with sickening apprehension, she vainly applied restoratives. At length she slowly opened her eyes, and looked wildly around. Her mother stood close beside her, watching her intently. Pressing her cheek with her own, she gently spoke. "Elsie, my darling Elsie, can you not say one word to me?"

The child turned her eye upon her for a moment, then, with a most painful expression, averted it immediately, and sought the face of Katrine. There was a slight tremor on the lip of Mrs. Ravenscroft, and an expression of displeasure, which at any other time would have found utterance. The silence remained unbroken for some moments, when a low, murmuring sound of "Katrine" caught their ear.

"What is it, Elsie? I am here beside you."

"Katrine, where is Uncle Eldred? Where is —"

"You mean Carl; safely sleeping in Eidelberg, I trust, in his college chamber."

"Then is it all a dream? Is n't that a storm I hear?"

"Yes. But who directs the storm?"

"I know that Jesus does; but I thought that Carl was in his 'Sea-bird' on the river."

"And if he is, who is at the helm? His friend and Saviour, Elsie. Will he not be safe with him? Can he not say, 'Peace, be still,' and lull the waves in a moment?"

"But will he? Ask him, dear Katrine. I can't pray."

Katrine hesitated, her humility not permitting her to accede to the request, and turned inquiringly toward Mrs. Ravenscroft.

She, bowing acquiescence, sank upon her knees and buried her face in a pillow.

The prayer was touching, fervent, and simple, as a child speaking to a parent; as the petition was offered for her dear child's recovery, the restoration of Carl, and the safe return of her master and husband, Mrs. Ravenscroft's spirit was humbled: she wept many and bitter tears.

As they arose, the faint voice of Elsie was again heard inquiring for Katrine. She was by her side in a moment.

"I want water; my throat is parched; and I want to lie upon your arm, dear Katrine."

"Can *I* do nothing for you, Elsie?" her mother inquired faintly, rather averting her face as she spoke.

There was the same dissatisfied countenance, and the eyes of the little girl closed as though desirous of shutting out some unpleasant object.

"We need some nitre," said Katrine, anxious to relieve her own embarrassment and save the feelings of the mother; "have we it in the chest?"

"We have; I will get it for you; but Dr. Baden must be

sent for as soon as possible. I suppose Bertrand will be too tired to travel two miles further when he returns."

"Husband will little heed that when Elsie needs his services. Her kindness to our little Nannie in her long sickness has always been worn in the heart of Bertrand; he often sits and talks about her, and wonders whether there was ever anything so good and kind, except it may be Master Carl himself. I wish he was only here; it is waxing late, and the little girl needs help more than we can give her."

"Do you apprehend danger, Katrine? Her pulse does not beat unnaturally."

"No; but her skin is very feverish, and her head terribly heated. The low pulse tokens no good, it only shows weakness; the feet in a mustard bath might be of service."

"I'll get the water; do you remain with Elsie."

The eyes of the child were closed, apparently noticing nothing; a low moan at intervals escaped her, and a slight quivering of the frame occasioned much anxiety to her nurse. Her feet were placed in the water, with a blanket wrapped closely around her. When laid again upon the bed, she sank into a profound sleep. Mrs. Ravenscroft and Katrine sat quietly beside her.

The wind still howled piteously when Mr. Ravenscroft and Bertrand gained the water's edge.

"Give me your arm, Bertrand," said his master; "it will be impossible to keep our footing separated. Raise your light higher, that its rays may be seen in the distance, while I sound a horn, if perchance its tones may reach the ear of any in this tempestuous night."

Again and again he essayed to make the name of Carl Ravenscroft resound, with a strength of voice that, in the stillness of the night, might have been heard on the Eidelberg heights, but which was like a whisper amidst the

crashing of the elements, that seemed as if all nature would be dissevered. At one moment they were surrounded with the blackness of darkness, and they found it impossible to grope their way; the next, a sheet of flame enveloped them. The rain fell in torrents, and the cloak of Bertrand, torn from him by the power of the wind, was whirled far into the distance. For two miles they continued along the border of the river. They stopped before a high rock, overhanging the Neisse, at its entrance into the bay.

"Point Rock is the favorite landing place of Carl," his father remarked; "let us go up, and cast the light upon the waters."

"It would be madness in you, sir; but I can keep my footing more firmly. Let me go alone."

"Not so; any risk you may incur for my boy, I must share with you. He who holdeth the wind in his fists is my strong refuge. But the waters have come in unto my soul, Bertrand; I fear not any outward danger."

The ascent was not only dangerous, but almost impracticable on such a night; but strength of nerve and firm purpose accomplished what seemed impossible. The lantern of Bertrand was firmly planted on its summit, the case being secured in a cleft of the rock, while the light streamed far down into the bay. Mr. Ravenscroft made little progress, his feet slipping at every step, the wind constantly throwing him backward, and obliging him to retrace his steps.

On arriving at the top, Bertrand, cautiously lying down, leaned over its brink to scan the river and see, if possible, whether any life was in jeopardy upon its bosom. For a long time he looked intently, until his eye became accustomed to the lurid appearance, he could then, by the aid of a small spy-glass he had brought for that purpose, discern objects slightly. Seeing nothing, he was about giving up the search as hopeless, when a small speck, apparently moving on the water,

caught his attention. Bringing his head still lower, he watched with such intense interest that he did not perceive his master, who at length succeeded in getting beside him. Lower and lower sank his head, while Mr. Ravenscroft, unnoticed, watched his motions.

The next moment, springing up, in a stentorian voice, which thrilled through every nerve of the father, he shouted, "Carl, Carl, we will be with you; hold, hold on; steer north, or you are gone! I am Bertrand; hold on, hold on!"

The shout was answered, and a cry of "Help, help!" was faintly heard by Mr. Ravenscroft.

Bertrand, springing down the rocks as though there were no danger to intercept him, reached its base in a moment of time, stood for an instant on the shore, and hearing the cry reiterated of "Help, help!" seized a long chain which was fastened by a ring to the rock, threw himself into the bay, and was in a short time beside a little boat from which the call proceeded.

"You are safe, dear Carl, God be thanked!" cried Bertrand with much emotion; "this chain will bring us both safely to land."

"For Heaven's sake, help!" shrieked a voice, quite unknown to Bertrand. "Oh, save me, save me!" Springing into the boat, to the delight of the little peasant boy who was in it, by the aid of the chain he drew it to shore, and landing him, exclaimed, almost sick with disappointment, "What, and who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"Oney fishen in the boat fastened to a rock; the wind tuk it and drived it out, an' I could n't git to land. Mammy was sick an' hungry, so I had a mind to ketch her a fish, for I'm all she's got in the world, sir, to do for her. She lives just by here, in the red house; she's Katy Spitskorf, and I'm Galen Spitskorf; if you'll be so good as to call, sir, she'd know better how to thank you — better than I do a

great deal—yes; she'll pour down thanks and blessings on you, sir. I'll jist run home now, for she must be a dyin' with fright about me. Good night, sir, blessings on you for ever."

At the cry for help, Mr. Ravenscroft attempted to lift his horn to answer, but his hand and voice both refused to do their office, his knees smote together, and he had no power to move; but the cry again meeting his ear, he started to his feet, and sliding rather than walking down the rock, arrived just in time to see the chain seized by Bertrand, and hear the plunge. He waited breathlessly the result; the few moments that elapsed seemed ages; forgetful of everything but Carl's danger, the tempest was disregarded, and unconsciously throwing his coat back, from a sense of oppression, stood with clasped hands awaiting the issue. That any other than Carl was in the boat had never entered the mind of either Bertrand or himself; when it neared the shore, and he saw two figures, he sank down, unable to utter a syllable, buried his face in his hands and wept aloud. The exclamations of Bertrand roused him to overwhelming disappointment, heart-stricken and utterly bereft, he took the arm of his faithful servant and slowly proceeded to his home. Elsie slept long and heavily; Katrine, knowing her master and husband would need change of clothing, left her to prepare for their return. She placed logs on the hearth of the kitchen the whole length of the long chimney; soon made a crackling fire which lighted and warmed every corner of the room. The kettle was boiling ready for a cup of tea, a small table arranged with refreshments for them. Katrine then replenished with fuel the ten-plate stove in Mr. Ravenscroft's room, to which was attached a drum warming the chamber above, occupied by Bertrand and herself. Having completed all her preparations, she sat before the fire impatiently awaiting their return. The clock told

eleven; the anxiety of Katrine becoming uncontrollable, she opened the front door to listen for their foot-fall. Shrinking with terror from the terrific tempest, she was retreating, when Bertrand, gently pushing the door, came in, followed by Mr. Ravenscroft. Mournfully glancing toward his wife, he silently led the master into the kitchen.

"Change your clothes quickly, Bertrand," she urged; "you are drenched."

"Time enough for that, Katrine; Mr. Ravenscroft must be our first care." Katrine assisted him in removing the overcoat, which was dripping wet, and Bertrand observed only now that his head was uncovered, of which Mr. Ravenscroft seemed quite unconscious.

"Give me your overshoes, sir; I will dry them with the coat; and up stairs you will find everything ready for you. I have prepared a cup of tea, too. You will please take it," persuaded Katrine.

"Thank you, good Katrine," he replied; "you always more than anticipate my every wish."

"A small piece of toast," she urged. He shook his head, with difficulty taking the tea. The low and tremulous voice in which he spoke went to the heart of the affectionate domestic. Difference of rank only restrained her from manifesting her sympathy by outward expression. After lighting the master to his own room, she went to take a look at Elsie. She was still sleeping. Closing the door softly, she returned to the kitchen. Bertrand, after changing his clothes, rejoined her there. He found Katrine weeping bitterly.

"Was ever any one so desolate as our dear master? Bertrand, if Carl is lost, what has he left?"

"Carl is not lost," contended Bertrand, huskily. "He will be saved; I know it. It cannot be that such a stroke

can come upon one so good as our Dominie. He does not need it, and God does nothing in vain."

"Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth," Katrine replied, very gently.

"I tell you, Katrine," answered her husband, laying down the piece of toast he was in vain endeavoring to eat, "our boy will be found; Mr. Ravenscroft will not be broken-hearted; there would be no mercy in it. It would be cruelty, injustice, contrary to the dealings of the Most High." Springing up, he hastily paced the floor.

"Bertrand, Bertrand!" expostulated Katrine, "do not impugn the justice of the Almighty. Do you call evil good, and good evil? Whose hand removed our sweet little ones, putting them out of our sight? Who took our cottage from us, and placed us in this subordinate situation? was it injustice, husband? or was it for some wise purpose? No! clouds and darkness surround His throne; but we know that He is a God full of all compassion, and plenteous in mercy."

As Katrine spoke, the head of Bertrand sank on his breast, and the big tears coursed down his weather-beaten cheek. "I have spoken unadvisedly, without knowledge. Forgive me, Lord; remember Thy loving kindness and Thy tender mercies."

There was a long silence. Both wept.

"We heard a cry of distress as we stood on the rock, Katrine. Thinking only of Carl, we made every effort to rescue him. It was a little urchin named Galen Spitskorf."

"Little Galen!" exclaimed Katrine; "he is the wonder of his neighborhood. Although but ten years old, he assists his mother; indeed, is her only stay. Was his life in danger? and his widowed mother saved such sorrow? It has been a hard, yet a good night's work, Bertrand. Carl thinks the world of him. He often takes him out in his little boat

fishing. He gave him a line and hooks, so that he might provide his mother with many a meal."

"I am sorry I spoke impatiently to him, but my disappointment was so great at seeing a stranger, that I forgot myself."

"I wish everybody would forget themselves sometimes, though not in the same way, either," replied Katrine. "If Mrs. Ravenscroft had forgotten herself this evening and remembered others, little Elsie would not have been brought so low this night, dear child."

"Elsie, little Elsie, ill!" exclaimed Bertrand. "Who is with her?"

"Her mother."

"Such a nurse, and not loved by Elsie; had you not better go to her?"

"She is sleeping, and does not need me."

"Tell me all about it, Katrine." During the sad recital Bertrand often wiped his brow, sometimes from indignation, sometimes from sorrow. Starting up, he seized the hat which Katrine was drying.

"Where are you going, Bertrand?"

"For Dr. Baden; he must be here to-night; to-morrow may be too late."

"Not so, husband; if you were in a situation to go out, it would be a stormy night to bring the Doctor over. Elsie is sleeping; she would only be disturbed."

"I wish the child were ours, Katrine, even in our humble walk: she would be much happier than with such a mother. Had her father lived, how different would have been the training of Elsie; he was a noble man: he married, it is said, for beauty; he must have sorely rued it. Her haughty selfishness has sometimes almost made me think of leaving, until I remembered all the other inmates. That stamp of

the foot, and her sirrah, is too much for mortal man to bear."

"How different from the mother of Carl," rejoined Katrine. "She was so gentle, so kind, so thoughtful of every one; when our dear children died, was she not more like a relative than a mistress? She would seat herself beside me, and laying my head against her, she would whisper such sweet words to me: 'Weep on, Katrine,' she would say, 'the Saviour set you the example; but sorrow not as those who have no hope; they are now jewels in the crown of your Redeemer. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.' Can you not say blessed be his name?'"

"What a mighty change came over her the last four years of her life — a sore Papist she was before!"

"Yes, Bertrand; I have often wondered how Mr. Ravenscroft came to marry a Romanist."

"I can tell you. I heard the whole story from Carl, who was pleasantly relating it to Ernst Vancleve, to show, he said, his romantic birth. 'When only fifteen, Eldred Ravenscroft was sent to the college of Heidelberg, in Switzerland; there he remained, under the influence of the Romish clergy, three years. A private tutor was then provided for him, also a Romanist, to take with him the tour of Europe; his father being desirous of giving him every opportunity for improvement, either by study or personal observation. Letters of introduction were obtained for him, among others, one to Don Juan Cabriella, of Valladolid, was given him by Monsieur Bossuet, a Professor in the college. It was presented; an invitation to dinner followed. He then became fascinated with Miss Estelle Cabriella, the only daughter of the proud and bigoted Castilian. Day after day passed, each finding him a visitor at the house of Don Juan. His tutor in vain urged him to proceed; and, becoming anxious, wrote to his father to inform him of his suspicions. He was anticipated

by the youth himself, who, always in the habit of confiding in his mother, had opened his whole heart to her. He confessed he had wooed and won the lovely daughter of Cabriella, and nothing was now wanting but the consent of the parents of both to their union. Don Juan raved and swore at this temerity of a heretic; but finding his daughter immovable, and mollified, too, by letters written in the highest terms of young Ravenscroft's attainments, social position, etc., and by a confidential note from Professor Bossuet, assuring him no method would be left untried to draw him into the *only* Church, he finally gave his consent. The parents of Eldred Ravenscroft were much distressed, yet, knowing the happiness of their son was involved, yielded their consent also.

"After six months' sojourn in Valladolid, they were married, and the beautiful bride found a home here at Eiseldorf, and was ever after the loving and loved daughter of the parents of Eldred. His conversion took place two years after, when he was just twenty-one. In four years from that time he was a preacher of the gospel, and settled in this Church. Much as he loved Estelle, there was a sad want of fellowship between them; but she was given to his prayers one year after he himself had been the subject of grace.

"For four years she was a burning and a shining light truly. She was then taken from us,' Carl continued, in a softened voice. 'I was only six. It is ten years since. I remember, as it were yesterday, the little hymns and many texts of Scripture she taught me. Her last words indelibly impressed me. Too weak to rise from her bed, she told me to sit on it near her. I did so, feeling very sad to see her pale face, and hear her speak so feebly.'

"Carl, my little son,' she said, 'I am about leaving you to go to Jesus; *then* I shall be well and happy; no pain can ever come near me again.'

“‘Take me with you, dear mamma,’ I entreated, overwhelmed with sorrow. ‘I cannot have you leave me.’

“‘I will, my Carl,’ she promised, ‘but not just now. Put all your trust in Jesus. He loves little children. He says, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.” Go right to Jesus with all your troubles, all your sins. And, dear Carl, let no one teach you that any one else in all heaven can hear your prayers.’ Then putting my hands together within her own, she formed a little prayer that went straight to my heart, and I believe was heard in heaven for me; for from that time the Bible was my daily companion; and I never rested until I could say, The Lord is mine, and I am his.’

“I had an opportunity of hearing the whole story,” observed Bertrand. “Carl had taken me out in his new boat to get my opinion of its merits, and Ernst accompanied us.”

“How did Ernst receive Scripture words, Bertrand?”

“The effect on Ernst’s mind was very visible. Toward the conclusion I saw a tear steal down his cheek, which he hastily brushed away, and tried to hide. There was no word of reproof to Carl, and no word of another intercessor than the Redeemer.”

“A noble young gentleman he is indeed,” replied Katrine. “May the Spirit show him the great Intercessor as he is. The scales must fall from his eyes some time. But, Bertrand, it is twelve o’clock. You must be very tired. Go to rest; I will not keep you up another moment.”

Bertrand retired to his chamber. After arranging the fires and lights for the night, Katrine stole softly to the bedside of Elsie. She was not sleeping. She was tossing restlessly upon her pillow. The fever was high; her face flushed, and her eye had assumed an unnatural brightness.

Of the presence of Katrine she appeared entirely unconscious; incoherent raving was the only answer returned to her caresses. Shocked beyond measure at the unexpected change, Katrine stood some moments irresolute what to do. The tempest was still raging. Dr. Baden could not be sent for till morning. The use of mustard occurred to her. Anxiously she waited the result of the appliance. Some hours passed. There was no change apparent. At dawn, Katrine left the room to call Bertrand. She found him already dressed and about starting for the Doctor. Saddling Mr. Ravenscroft's horse for Dr. Baden, in a short time he was on the way for him, intending to return himself on foot.

Mrs. Ravenscroft had passed a sleepless night, and was slowly pacing the room, apparently rapt in thought. Upon hearing the voice of Mr. Ravenscroft, however, she opened the door for him.

"Is there not an unusual bustle in the house, Annette?" he inquired. "Is there further trouble?"

"Elsie is very ill; Dr. Baden has been sent for."

"Who has gone for him?"

"Bertrand."

"Where is Katrine?"

"With Elsie."

"Always at her post; she is in good hands. God grant our darling Elsie may be spared us."

Katrine rose at the entrance of her master, and Mrs. Ravenscroft noticed, for the first time, that she had not changed her dress, and remembered that her head had not pressed a pillow that night. Selfish as her nature was, for a moment she was touched with a feeling of gratitude that *her* child was the object of so much solicitude, yet even that thought rather increased the jealousy she had always felt for Katrine. The devoted affection of Elsie for her had been extremely

galling to Mrs. Ravenscroft, and she had witnessed that night the wide difference in Elsie's feeling for them. Jealousy strove with gratitude in the bosom of the mother for some time, at length the former gained the pre-eminence, and making no remark on her disturbed night, she threw herself moodily upon the couch.

"Elsie," said Mr. Ravenscroft, taking her feverish hand between his own. "Elsie, do you not know your uncle? Speak, darling, will you not?"

Elsie turned her eye upon him with so intent a gaze that Mr. Ravenscroft shrank from it.

The unnatural brilliancy of the eye, and the steady gaze, so immovable, so fixed, caused him at length to close his own, to exclude the piteous sight. Leaning over her he kissed her forehead. Starting from her pillow, and throwing her arms about his neck, she shrieked fearfully, "Oh, Carl, dear Carl, have you come to me? I saved you, I saved you. Did the waters swallow you up? Did you struggle with the waves? Did you ride the billows? The waves—look—look, they rise mountain high! I must go, I can save him! Let me go, let me go! Will you keep me! Will you be the death of Carl? You will not, cannot, shall not hold me; help, help."

Mr. Ravenscroft, weakened by the night's excitement, in vain endeavored to hold her; fever had given her unnatural strength, and, dashing him aside, she sprang from the bed; but the effort was too great; her strength was exhausted, and sinking back into the arms of Katrine, as she raised her to the bed, she lay perfectly motionless.

The scene was too much for Mr. Ravenscroft, clasping his hands in agony, he wept aloud.

The sound of the tramping of a horse in the yard below roused him, and rising, he met Dr. Baden at the chamber-door. A warm, earnest pressure of the hand was the only

greeting. Mr. Ravenscroft, unable to restrain his feelings, withdrew to his own chamber.

The Doctor held long the pulse of the little sufferer, then sadly turned to Mrs. Ravenscroft.

"What do you think of her?" she inquired.

"There has been too powerful excitement for that nervous little body to endure; it has gone to the brain. Until the cause is removed, medicine will do little. She must be watched, closely watched; paroxysms of frenzy will intervene between the typhoid symptoms. Carl's name must not be mentioned, and every precaution taken to avoid excitement."

"Has she much fever," Katrine inquired.

"All its tendency is to the brain; her pulse is low; her system prostrated; her hair must be removed, and ice applied to the head."

"Not taken off!" exclaimed her mother. "Those beautiful chestnut ringlets; they are her chief beauty."

"There is no alternative, Mrs. Ravenscroft; her life is in imminent danger; we must resort to strenuous measures at once. It is our only hope."

"Oh, Doctor! how can you be so incautious? You are unfitting me for nursing my child; my nerves are so unstrung."

"Take some valerian, madam," returned the Doctor, coldly; "Katrine, who has stronger nerves, can receive my directions."

"Katrine has not the same cause for nervous feeling," she replied, shedding an abundance of tears, caused rather by displeasure than sorrow. "The feelings of a *mother* are to be considered."

"And none more willing than I to consider them; but the child must be our first care — self must be secondary. I will tie my horse, and return in a few moments."

"Where is Bertrand, Katrine? Let him take charge of the doctor's horse."

"Bertrand, finding I would not need his horse, continued five miles farther for Mrs. Vandoren, supposing, and supposing reasonably, her services would be needed here."

"And who gave him any such direction?" inquired Mrs. Ravenscroft, turning angrily to Katrine.

"I only lamented she was not here," returned the woman, "and was planning some means of getting her a message."

"When servants act without orders, they go beyond their province; neither you nor Bertrand know your place. You have been spoiled by too much freedom. I shall have him return immediately to say Mrs. Vandoren's services are not needed. She is an officious woman, and interferes always in matters that do not concern her. Eldred is blind to his sister's assumption. I verily believe he thinks her perfection. She has also, by her wiles, won the heart of Elsie, so that her mother is of little moment in comparison."

"Be composed, my dear Mrs. Ravenscroft," said the Doctor, gently taking her hand, and leading her into an adjoining room. "I fear there is too much bustle for our little patient. Could you not lie down and rest; the fatigue of the past night has perhaps been too much for you. There will be watchers needed for many a night; your friends must assist you in this extremity. Remain here. Katrine will get the ice. When I return, we will commend Elsie to Him who watches the fall of a sparrow, to One who loves her far better than any earthly parent."

Silently and sullenly Mrs. Ravenscroft yielded to be led to a large chair, and giving way to an intense fit of weeping, had scarcely composed herself when Dr. Baden returned, followed by Mr. Ravenscroft.

The meek submission of his countenance presented a strong contrast to the proud curl on the lip of his sister, al-

though his pallid face and trembling step bespoke his anguish of spirit, yet he gently bowed his head to the storm. He remembered the Lord's promise, "I will be with him in trouble;" and at a throne of grace he had plead many precious promises, and entered into a fresh covenant with his Maker.

Not so, Mrs. Ravenscroft. Her soul was vexed with the anticipation of the presence of Mrs. Vandoren, and she resolved to prevent it, if possible. Between Elsie and herself there was little affinity, and the maternal right recognized but slightly by her little daughter. Passionate in the extreme, she would punish without cause, and did not control herself sufficiently to command the respect of the child.

"Elsie is sleeping," the Doctor remarked to Mrs. Ravenscroft, "the most potent remedy for the dear sufferer. Shall we now unite in prayer for *her*, and for the safe return of dear Carl also?"

Supplication was made to the Most High that seemed to touch even the heart of the selfish mother. Her haughty air had given place to one more suited to her present circumstances, and her kind reception of Mrs. Vandoren showed at least a temporary change in her feelings.

"How is Elsie now, Annette?" she inquired, as she kindly extended her hand.

"She is now sleeping; we cannot tell."

"I am glad you sent for me. I can stay with perfect convenience. Cassy has vacation; she can keep house for me."

"Dear, dear sister," said Mr. Ravenscroft, kissing her affectionately, "the Lord has surely sent you here. How came you so opportunely?"

"Bertrand came for me, and harnessed his horse to my little carriage."

"When I came up, Katrine was hastily preparing break-

fast for him, which he would scarcely wait for, he was so anxious to get over to Eidelberg heights; but the river is so swollen, I fear it will be impracticable."

"May the Lord reward him for all his kindness. His services I can never repay. His love for my dear son led him last night to hazard his own life for him. Tell him to come to me before he ventures to cross the river. I will caution him."

"I will see him for you, brother, and warn him to be cautious."

The door closed. Mrs. Ravenscroft was alone with her brother. Her better feelings, which were generally as the morning cloud and early dew, had all subsided. The praise of Bertrand, and the prospect of a long visit from Mrs. Vandoren had operated unfavorably on her naturally irritable temperament.

"I wonder," she remarked, tartly, "for what I am here; for a puppet, for an automaton, while she is to be the guiding principle, pulling the strings, and having the whole house dance at her bidding; turning everything upside-down, giving servants rule, and rendering those who should have the rule of no account."

Mr. Ravenscroft turned inquiringly, hoping he had mistaken her meaning.

She continued. "Mrs. Vandoren had better occupy this house. My child and I can seek a home elsewhere. There will be no fear of her loneliness, as our servants are her boon companions."

"Annette Ravenscroft!" replied her brother sternly. "By what principle are you actuated, that you manifest so evil a spirit in this time of overwhelming sorrow, when God has laid his hand so heavily upon us. Would you were like dear Meggy. Her deep-toned piety, her gentleness and kindness, win the love of all who know her, and in your

dislike you stand alone. As to the servants, of whom you speak so lightly, I view them as friends also, and their warm hearts and kindly services would render them so, if even they had always held a servile station, which you well know is not the case. Educated and refined, sickness and poverty, through the providence of God, has forced them to seek an humble livelihood; but true, tried friends they are, and will always find a shelter in my house, while I have a roof I can call my own." His voice rose, as he added, "Neither shall my sister be an exile from this dwelling, Annette Ravenscroft, until my head is pillowed under the sod, and my spirit taken its flight to another home." As he finished speaking, he left the room, and withdrew to his own chamber.

Mrs. Ravenscroft listened to the end; astonishment, mingled with rage and indignation, held her mute. It was the first time he had ever evinced any but the meekest spirit. Her first impulse was to follow him, to upbraid him with wounding maternal feeling at a time of so much sorrow, when her child, her only child, was perhaps fatally ill.

Before she had resolved what course to pursue, Mrs. Vandoren returned, and observing her extreme agitation inquired the cause.

"Ask your brother to give a solution," she returned haughtily. "I presume I need not submit to be catechized by Mrs. Vandoren."

"Certainly not, Annette; pardon me for seeming to intrude upon you; your unwonted excitement alarmed me, fearing Elsie was worse," then placing her arm gently around her, she added: "Let us be friends, Annette; we kneel at the same altar; trust in the same Saviour; and look forward to the same home which that friend of sinners has prepared for those who love him. May the Lord prepare us both for those blessed mansions. Shall I now attend to Elsie?"

Katrine can then see to the house matters, and you try to get some rest ; by this time, the ice probably wants renewing."

Mrs. Ravenscroft maintained a sullen silence. Mrs. Vandoren went to the chamber of the sleeping child ; the ice having melted, the bladder was refilled, and gently replaced without disturbing her.

The door was partly open leading to her brother's chamber, and going in, she found him walking the floor hurriedly.

"Bertrand had gone before I could speak with him," she remarked. "Katrine said he had little hope of effecting a passage across the Neisse ; but I am confident Carl is at the college."

"On what ground, Meggy ? He has often crossed when the clouds have been as lowering, and the waves as high as they were at five o'clock last evening — and his word he considers sacred. He is in the hands of his Saviour ; whatever is his will, may I have strength to say, Amen."

"I feel he will be returned to us, Eldred, even had he ventured upon the waters ; how many vessels are constantly down the bay that might render him assistance."

"You always have a word of encouragement, Meggy ; when you are with me, I feel I can bear trials better : where is Annette ?"

"Where you left her."

"I feel badly. I gave way to temper ; I took matters in my own hands, and said many things I know were wrong. I must go and tell Annette so, whatever it may cost me."

"Tell Annette ! she will not appreciate."

"That matters not : I will do my duty, and relieve my conscience."

Mrs. Vandoren sat by the bedside of Elsie, while her brother repaired to the room of Mrs. Ravenscroft. The child was evidently about waking ; her head turned several

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"How unlike her mother, is Elsie," he remarked. "I have often regretted inviting Annette to make the Manse her home; still, we are cheered by the society of Elsie; and perhaps it is better for the child to be with us."

"For the child's sake, Eldred, you were probably led to propose it. Of what advantage the example of Carl has been to her; how often has he checked an angry burst of indignation toward her mother, and led her to better feeling: the reflection of his noble traits are now plainly seen in her; a blessing surely to have been here. What was she when she came? a passionate, self-willed little girl; affectionate, indeed, but governed entirely by caprice. Her whole character has changed: she has, indeed, little affection for her mother; that is unfortunate, but it could not be otherwise, such government could never win. Katrine fills all the mother's place: Annette is sensible of it; that is the ground of her dislike to that good woman."

"It may be also the origin of her alienation from you, Meggy. Elsie makes no secret of her joy when you are expected to pass some time with us. 'I do think,' she declared the other day, in the presence of her mother, 'that Aunt Meggy is better and sweeter than any body else, except Katrine.' A look from her mother told her displeasure. Carl, unhappily, was not there. 'Why, mamma,' she replied,

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"I think not. I fear a change of heart was never experienced by Annette. Affliction for the death of her husband was mistaken by the Session and myself for sorrow for sin: we received her, believing her to be a truly contrite spirit. I have several times advised her to abstain from the communion; but the manner in which she received the suggestion only shows more fully her unfitness for the ordinance. I acknowledge I am at a great loss what to do."

A gentle tap at the door interrupted the conversation. Bertrand came in, haggard with fatigue and disappointment.

"I have tried in vain," he said, "to find a place to effect a passage. The river is swollen tremendously, and the waters are rushing to the bay with such frightful violence no boat could possibly be managed." The heart of Mr. Ravenscroft sank; his thoughts had been diverted for a time from Carl's danger. His sister had purposely led them into another train.

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"Let us trust, brother, and wait with patience the result."

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Bertrand attempted to speak: he could not; returning the close clasp of his master's hand, he hurriedly left the room.

CHAPTER III.

"Still, mind is up and stirring,
And pryeth in the corners of contrivance;
Often from the dark recesses
Picking out bright seeds of truth."

EARLY dawn found Ernst at his chamber window, contemplating the effects of the last night's hurricane. The storm was hushed, and the moaning winds entirely stilled, but the devastation that met his view on every side was fearful; huge branches of trees, torn from their trunks, which had been tossing to and fro, were now rapidly floating over the dark waters toward the bay. The Neisse had risen to an incredible height; a terrace at the south end of the garden had been washed away; the piers of the old bridge were entirely covered; rocks were shaken from their base, and stood leaning over the flood. The rising sun added magnificence to the awful sublimity of nature's wild picture. The bold, romantic spirit of the German youth glowed with rapture, as he stood with folded arms watching the king of day gilding, as with his sceptre, the hill tops as far as the eye could reach; all the foliage glittered in his radiance, even the crests of the rushing billows sparkled in his smile. The whole soul of Ernst was absorbed in the sublimity of the scene; but suddenly clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, "Where is Carl?" and he turned from the casement with the "heart sickness of hope deferred."

An unmistakable pounding at the door turned his

thoughts into a more pleasant channel ; his little sister's method of gaining an entrance was responded to.

"Come, brother, quick, or Father Antoine will be gone without your seeing him," urged the child in eager haste.

"And all these birds will be gone, if you do not stay now to see them," he replied, lifting her on the window-seat, and drawing her attention to the inhabitants of their own aviary, which his father was accustomed to liberate a few hours every morning. Ernst gave a peculiar whistle familiar to the birds, bringing a number clustering around him. Cassy danced with delight, as they alighted on her brother's fingers ; and he threw them on her arms and head. They seemed to be warbling a welcome to the beautiful sunlight, as they flew from tree to tree, returning constantly to the casement.

"Put one of them on this, brother," said the child, holding up a small jet cross suspended by a dark ribbon from her neck. Ernst did so.

"My little sister is quite dressed," he remarked with a forced laugh. "What is this?"

"A cross, brother. Father Antoine gave it to me. I must kiss it three times a day, and say my prayers to it every morning. Father Antoine says so. Have you one, brother?"

"Yes, dear ; but I carry mine inside."

"Oh, take it out, and let me see it ; let me have it in my own hand."

"It is almost too heavy for me, dear ! *you* could not hold it ; perhaps when you are older, some day I may trust you with it. But, see, the birds have flown home. Bertha has called them to their breakfast."

"And ours is ready for us ; the bell rang ten minutes since," reported Adele, entering softly. She stooped to caress Cassy, whose arms were extended to receive her.

Bertha stopped at the door for the child; Ernst giving his arm to Adele, they repaired to the breakfast room.

Lady Vancleve only was there.

"Good morning, mother," said Ernst; "I was afraid I might forfeit my kiss by my tardiness; but I am not the latest. Where is father? not indisposed, I hope."

"No; your father will be here presently; he has accompanied Father Antoine home: we will wait for him. How do you feel this bright morning, my darling daughter?"

"This glorious morning ought to induce a cheerful spirit, mother, but I overrated and overtaxed my strength last evening, and have passed a sleepless night."

"Bertha," said Lady Vancleve, as she came in with little Cassy in her arms, "put a warm cloak over Cassy, and walk with her on the verandah fronting the aviary; she may take her breakfast with you this morning." The child and servant seemed equally well pleased with this arrangement; after taking a glass of warm milk from her mother, Cassy cheerfully resigned herself to the nurse. "My children," observed Lady Vancleve, as soon as the door closed on them, "I suppose none of us have had very comfortable rest through the night; your father sought none; but we have not anything to dread, and need anticipate no trouble, if Ernst concede to the propositions which his father will lay before him this morning. We both have reason to remember and sorrowfully to lament the contact with, and baneful influence of, intelligent Protestants; even now, my son, there is fear, from some phrases made use of by you last evening, that you are already imbued with heretical sentiments. Ernst, do you possess the proscribed volume?"

Ernst glanced at his sister, then dropping his eyes, said distinctly, "Mother, I do."

The deadly paleness that overspread her cheek, might have been held in contrast with the deep crimson flush

upon that of Adele — hopelessness filled the one heart, astonishment and suspense almost held the breath of the other.

At this moment Baron Vancleve entered. He kissed Adele, bade Ernst good morning; he then stood with his elbow on the mantel quietly awaiting breakfast, his brow alternately knitting and relaxing with the pressure of thought as he steadily looked toward the fire. The silence was unbroken until the withdrawal of the servants, (no one waited at the breakfast-table unless Cassy were there).

Ernst merely tasted his coffee, passing his arm over the vacant chair of Cassy, and pushing his own a little from the table, he said very mildly, "Father, I am grieved my interview with Professor Ostend should have occasioned any uneasiness relative to my adherence to the Church of Rome. Yesterday I had resolved to express no opinion in regard to him, or Professor Basil Weisse, but the hour has come (I trust not too late) for me to regain the confidence and esteem of my father, which he has wrested from me in last night's protracted conference. Am I mistaken, sir?"

He paused.

"Exculpate yourself, if you can, Ernst," replied his father, dropping his head upon his hand, and resting his elbow on the table. "Are you a faithful follower of the Holy Church of Rome, my son?"

"That is a question I cannot answer affirmatively, and will not negatively, until I am permitted a thorough investigation of, and am convinced of, the validity of her supremacy. I am unprepared to reply."

The Baron was evidently startled at his temerity. Suddenly rising and taking a few hasty turns up and down the room, then throwing himself into a corner of a sofa, he was about to speak, when Adele, who had throughout anxiously watched every movement of both, left her seat at the table,

and sitting down beside her father, and laying her head against his shoulder, murmured, "Dear papa."

"What is it daughter?" he asked, tenderly kissing her flushed cheek.

"Do not look so sternly at Ernst — it will break my heart." The quivering lip of the brother told where these words fell.

"Do not interrupt your father, darling," interposed Lady Vancleve; "it is necessary Ernst should be understood. It was remarked by some one here, lately, the wounds of a friend are sweet."

"True, mother," replied Ernst, rolling a chair for himself into the middle of the circle, "if the weapon has not been poisoned by an enemy."

"My dear boy," exclaimed the Baron, "who has poisoned *your* mind against the most faithful servants of the Church?"

"If my father will allow me to use the word disabused for poisoned, I could more readily answer. The terrible inconsistencies of the priests of the Papacy first led me to doubt their infallibility; the diligent examination of the Scriptures has convinced me of the entire fallacy of the beloved Church of my family." There was felt silence. Ernst continued. "In making this avowal, I am fully aware of the hazard I incur. I may be debarred the society of my Protestant associates; I may be deprived of my Bible; I may be transferred to the Switzerland University; I may be separated from my dearly loved parents and sisters; but, father, no human power can fetter an enlightened conscience." He paused for a reply.

"Why do our clergy prohibit Scripture reading?" asked Adele, timidly, without raising her head from her father's shoulder.

"That question is a suggestion of the evil one, daughter. It has started sometimes in my own mind, and only by

vigorous penances could this deadly sin be expiated. Adele, my children are dearer to me than my life; my Church I love as my soul. How can the apostasy of my only son be borne. Oh, Holy Mother, take thine own means, through thy blessed servants, to restore him to thyself."

Baron Vancleve wept.

When more composed, Ernst resumed. "It appears to me my father is unnecessarily alarmed; in the eye of the Protestant University, I believe I am considered a staunch Romanist, nor am I prepared to enlist under any other banner; my only desire is to throw off the errors that have crept into our beloved Church—the principal one, the galling yoke held by a despotic clergy."

"To whom are you indebted, Ernst, for your guidance in these matters?" questioned his mother; "to any of the youth of the Protestant college?"

"No, mother, dear, unless by example. Some of them are held up to us as patterns by our own preceptors. I have received counsel from none; my hand was closed over the book by my sister Cora, in her last sickness. On the first leaf she had written, 'Search the Scriptures, for in them you will find eternal life. At a fitting moment let father and mother know you possess this book; make it your counsellor and your friend.'"

"You always were aware, then, that your sister strayed from the fold of our blessed Madonna?" said his father, much agitated. Ernst bowed his head.

"To whom has this fact been communicated, my son?"

"To no earthly being, sir. Circumstances have made me rather premature in mentioning it now. The book is yours, father, if you require it should be given up. But I solemnly assure you, that book has been a source of blessedness to you; the code of morals contained in it has made me a far more obedient son, a far more affectionate brother,

Katrine can then see to the house matters, and you try to get some rest ; by this time, the ice probably wants renewing."

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upon that of Adele — hopelessness filled the one heart, astonishment and suspense almost held the breath of the other.

At this moment Baron Vancleve entered. He kissed Adele, bade Ernst good morning; he then stood with his elbow on the mantel quietly awaiting breakfast, his brow alternately knitting and relaxing with the pressure of thought as he steadily looked toward the fire. The silence was unbroken until the withdrawal of the servants, (no one waited at the breakfast-table unless Cassy were there).

Ernst merely tasted his coffee, passing his arm over the vacant chair of Cassy, and pushing his own a little from the table, he said very mildly, "Father, I am grieved my interview with Professor Ostend should have occasioned any uneasiness relative to my adherence to the Church of Rome. Yesterday I had resolved to express no opinion in regard to him, or Professor Basil Weisse, but the hour has come (I trust not too late) for me to regain the confidence and esteem of my father, which he has wrested from me in last night's protracted conference. Am I mistaken, sir?"

He paused.

"Exculpate yourself, if you can, Ernst," replied his father, dropping his head upon his hand, and resting his elbow on the table. "Are you a faithful follower of the Holy Church of Rome, my son?"

"That is a question I cannot answer affirmatively, and will not negatively, until I am permitted a thorough investigation of, and am convinced of, the validity of her supremacy. I am unprepared to reply."

The Baron was evidently startled at his temerity. Suddenly rising and taking a few hasty turns up and down the room, then throwing himself into a corner of a sofa, he was about to speak, when Adele, who had throughout anxiously watched every movement of both, left her seat at the table,

and sitting down beside her father, and laying her head against his shoulder, murmured, "Dear papa."

"What is it daughter?" he asked, tenderly kissing her flushed cheek.

"Do not look so sternly at Ernst — it will break my heart." The quivering lip of the brother told where these words fell.

"Do not interrupt your father, darling," interposed Lady Vancleve; "it is necessary Ernst should be understood. It was remarked by some one here, lately, the wounds of a friend are sweet."

"True, mother," replied Ernst, rolling a chair for himself into the middle of the circle, "if the weapon has not been poisoned by an enemy."

"My dear boy," exclaimed the Baron, "who has poisoned *your* mind against the most faithful servants of the Church?"

"If my father will allow me to use the word disabused for poisoned, I could more readily answer. The terrible inconsistencies of the priests of the Papacy first led me to doubt their infallibility; the diligent examination of the Scriptures has convinced me of the entire fallacy of the beloved Church of my family." There was felt silence. Ernst continued. "In making this avowal, I am fully aware of the hazard I incur. I may be debarred the society of my Protestant associates; I may be deprived of my Bible; I may be transferred to the Switzerland University; I may be separated from my dearly loved parents and sisters; but, father, no human power can fetter an enlightened conscience." He paused for a reply.

"Why do our clergy prohibit Scripture reading?" asked Adele, timidly, without raising her head from her father's shoulder.

"That question is a suggestion of the evil one, daughter. It has started sometimes in my own mind, and only by

vigorous penances could this deadly sin be expiated. Adele, my children are dearer to me than my life; my Church I love as my soul. How can the apostasy of my only son be borne. Oh, Holy Mother, take thine own means, through thy blessed servants, to restore him to thyself."

Baron Vancleve wept.

When more composed, Ernst resumed. "It appears to me my father is unnecessarily alarmed; in the eye of the Protestant University, I believe I am considered a staunch Romanist, nor am I prepared to enlist under any other banner; my only desire is to throw off the errors that have crept into our beloved Church—the principal one, the galling yoke held by a despotic clergy."

"To whom are you indebted, Ernst, for your guidance in these matters?" questioned his mother; "to any of the youth of the Protestant college?"

"No, mother, dear, unless by example. Some of them are held up to us as patterns by our own preceptors. I have received counsel from none; my hand was closed over the book by my sister Cora, in her last sickness. On the first leaf she had written, 'Search the Scriptures, for in them you will find eternal life. At a fitting moment let father and mother know you possess this book; make it your counsellor and your friend.'"

"You always were aware, then, that your sister strayed from the fold of our blessed Madonna?" said his father, much agitated. Ernst bowed his head.

"To whom has this fact been communicated, my son?"

"To no earthly being, sir. Circumstances have made me rather premature in mentioning it now. The book is yours, father, if you require it should be given up. But I solemnly assure you, that book has been a source of blessedness to you; the code of morals contained in it has made me a far more obedient son, a far more affectionate brother,

and even a more diligent student — ever having before me the holy precepts of the divine Son of our blessed Virgin. Father, I submit myself into your hands; to whatever may be your will, I am resigned, assured that *you* are guided by deep solicitude for my welfare; but I do protest against any interference of the clergy. My mind or conscience can never be controlled by the Church, her thralldom is more than I will bear. I acknowledge no leader but Jesus. I shall resist every other spiritual yoke."

"Ernst, Ernst," said the Baron, very mildly, though trembling with agitation, "how terribly you mistake the motives of our revered fathers; they entirely overlook their own, or the temporal good of the people, in the intense interest for their spiritual. The heart of Father Antoine was wrung with anguish last night at the bare prospect of your apostasy. He is willing to sacrifice much for your salvation, my son."

"His sacrifice would avail me nothing," replied Ernst, with an uncontrollable curl of his lip; but the momentary sneer gave place to a radiant smile, as he gently said, "Father, I require no sacrifice, save that made on Calvary more than eighteen hundred years ago. Simply to that cross I cling. I desire no other mediator, no other atonement." The Baron gazed upon his son. The beautiful expression of his countenance, as he avowed his creed, held the father entranced.

Adele nestled closely to him, whispering through her sobs, "Papa, leave him to himself. If it be a delusion, it will pass away; he may be right."

"Daughter, your brother is in error; yet, with the firm belief that his intellect will lead him aright, and that truth will prevail, I leave him entirely to his own guidance, with this interdict—that he never converses with you on the subject, or in any way seeks to imbue you with his heresy."

Then turning to Ernst, he continued, still mildly, "My son, I demand the volume of my misguided Cora; and it is my heart's desire that all intercourse with the young men of the Protestant College shall be at an end. It is the hour for church, my son."

The cheek of Ernst glowed and his frame trembled, as he laid his treasured volume in the hand of his father.

"Your promise, Ernst."

He solemnly bowed his head and hurriedly left the room.

"How many of my name are to be misled by this book?" and releasing himself from the clinging arm of his daughter, Baron Vancleve walked toward the fire. The fly-leaf, referred to by his son, met his eye. "My precious Cora," he rather sighed than said, "for thy sake, I will spare this destroyer." Carefully sealing a paper over it, then locking it in an empty drawer of his own escritoire, he threw the key into the fire. He sat down between his wife and daughter, entirely overcome. Both wept; neither spake. When more calm, he exclaimed, bitterly, "Better we had been written childless, Henriette, than live to see our children heirs of perdition! I am powerless. I cannot control my weakness. It is not in me to distress my children. The effect I now have produced on Ernst by the prohibition I laid upon him, has nearly broken my own heart. You saw it was impossible for me to destroy a loved possession of our long-mourned Cora. They all may be the victims of my sensitive temperament. Henriette, what is your judgment? You are differently organized, and always act wisely. Adele may be influenced by this morning's conversation. How shall this be prevented, and what course will you advise toward our noble, erring boy? I wait to be directed." Wrapping his arm around his daughter, and covering his face with his other hand, he sat perfectly still.

"Lorenzo," observed Lady Vancleve, after a long pause,

"our indulgence has always been repaid by the entire obedience of our children. That child preferred to blight her own, and the prospects of Gustavus Weber, to offending us." Adele felt herself more closely pressed by the arm of her father. "Depend upon it, my dear husband, mild measures only, if any, will tell on the conscience and future conduct of our son. He has your affectionate, confiding heart, but, unfortunately, has also my proud, indomitable spirit. I have been a silent admirer of all you have said and done this morning. Father Antoine must be satisfied in some way. I will not conceal my *own* desire that he will not, for a time, attempt any authority over Ernst, but try to gain him by kindly solicitation."

• "Daughter, there is no necessity for naming your being witness to the proceedings of this morning, at the confessional. You have no part in it; I trust it will have no evil influence. Adele, love, Father Antoine rather complains of your reserve. I excused you on the plea of indisposition. Will you endeavor to be less so?"

"I will try to be all you desire, dear father," she promised, through tears; fearing further questioning, she pleaded fatigue, and retired to her chamber to wonder and weep. The bound of little Cassy into the breakfast room, full of the beautiful birds, nice breakfast with Bertha, pretty stones of Mally, and watching the carriages going to church, scattered all depression for the time; her mother leaving her to amuse her father while she prepared for the morning service.

The next morning, before Ernst had started for school, the porter, or man of all work employed at the university, made his appearance at the door of the reception-room, where the Professors and many of the boarding students had assembled for prayers. He bowed, looked around, but addressed no one particularly.

"What is it, John?" inquired one of the gentlemen.

"There is a messenger from Eiseldorf, inquiring for Master Ravenscroft; he is not at home, and the man bid me ask whether he stayed at the student's house on Saturday, or whether he started for Eiseldorf." The whole place was thrown into confusion. Ernst Vancleve was known to have been the last with him; to the Vancleve Chateau the man was despatched. The distress of Bertrand can hardly be conceived, when left without a vestige of hope that Carl might still be among the living; he had started as early as he could get a boat to convey him to Eidelberg, and entertained great hope of finding him, from the encouragement of the boatmen and others.

"How shall I return with these tidings to my lone master," he sobbed; "how shall I find words to tell him Carl will return no more?"

Bertrand had scarcely arrived, when Paul Schiller and Lewellyn Bryant were announced to Baron Vancleve. It was soon determined that they, with the latter and Ernst, would accompany Bertrand to Eiseldorf; their sympathy was soothing to him. At the landing they found President Stuyvezant and Professor Extein ready to join them. After the customary salutations, they all passed into the boat, Ernst following Bertrand to the very front, where they two sat in silence.

"This is a terrible calamity," observed Baron Vancleve; "young Ravenscroft was highly appreciated throughout the province; to his father it will be a crushing blow."

"Yes, indeed," assented President Stuyvezant, "the loss will fall heavily on us all; yet ours sinks into insignificance, when we remember the solitary homestead, the vacant place at the fireside and table. Carl was in truth the light of that dwelling."

"And of your Academy, I have understood," pursued the Baron.

"In both there are several lads of brilliant promise — Ernst Vancleve, Lewellyn Bryant, Leopold Extein, and some few others, stand inferior to none on the Continent. In our department, Schiller, Ravenscroft, Baden, and some others rank with them."

"Excuse me, Dr. Stuyvezant, I did not notice, until this moment, the sun is beaming in your face; this side of the boat you will find more pleasant," observed the delighted father. The seat was changed.

"Young Ravenscroft has a sister of extreme loveliness, I believe, has he not?" asked Mr. Extein.

"A cousin of his name," answered the Baron, "residing with them; a mere child though. I imagine you have allusion to Miss Vandoren, a cousin also. She is intimate with my daughter Adele. I do not know her superior in intellect and heart; she has more merriment than Carl, but is very like him in disposition; she and a widowed mother reside some miles from the Dominie Ravenscroft."

The boat had now reached James's Cove; the party passed up the terrace, and along the footpath which led to the Manse. Ernst drew their attention to a luxuriant garden on one side of the house, which he said was Carl's pride. He became quite animated, pointing out the various plants, and the hedge of dahlias he had assisted him in arranging. "Those forest plants with names unknown to him, he called for his friends; *that*, he named for me," pointing to a tall bush leaning over the fence, "because I was always attending to something else when he required me; there is Paul Schiller; there is Phil Baden, both in character; that oak in the centre he called his Dominie, for you, President Stuyvezant; with his own hand he planted and twined as many vines around it as would take root, all emblematic;

see there is ivy, sweet brier, multifloras, and other creepers, all climbing up the very branches. That sweet elysium in the corner, he affirmed was better termed sweet Elsie, for his little cousin, because it was for ever straying off in every direction, so that he had to attach it by strings from all the twigs to this tall brown stick; *that* he named for himself. The storm has beaten many of the plants down; some of us ought to put it in order, Schiller."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Extein, "their gardener will prefer doing it himself." The reappearance of Bertrand closed the conversation: He led them into a large bow parlor, comfortably but plainly furnished; the side-window reaching to the floor, overlooking Carl's garden. The interest Ernst had felt, as he recollected and rehearsed the pleasure they had had in tilling it, had for the time beguiled his sorrow. There was a sad reaction when he looked on the familiar objects in the room: the furniture stood so still, the piano was closed, the guitar was in its case, the books piled away on the shelves. All seemed to say the voice of the singer is no more to be heard. The measured tick of the clock was the only sound.

"How painfully that strikes upon the ear of sadness," remarked President Stuyvezant; "it so clearly says to the listener, 'Time is still with you, with him it is no longer.'"

Ernst needed nothing more. His pent up feelings now gave way; he was relieved by a few moments' convulsive weeping; rising, he leaned against the casement looking into the garden, or rather on vacancy. Very judiciously no one noticed his agitation. Mrs. Vandoren entered; he did not observe her until attracted by the voice of his father offering sympathy. With Ernst she associated Carl, and for some time was unable to restrain her emotion. When more composed, she asked the gentlemen to excuse her mentioning their call to Mr. Ravenscroft, as the return of Bertrand

without his son had overwhelmed him. Mrs. Ravenscroft requested to be excused, in consequence of the extreme illness of her daughter.

"Is Elsie ill?" inquired Ernst, with great interest.

"Critically so; she requires constant watching; her mind wanders terribly; at times she is violent. My brother will be much soothed by the kindness of his friends after the first paroxysm of grief has passed. This blow, so unexpected, has bereaved him indeed."

"We are all bereaved, Mrs. Vandoren," said President Stuyvezant; "the loss of Carl Ravenscroft will be felt in the community; his colleagues mourn him sincerely. I would we could offer any consolation to his father."

"I will bring Lady Vancleve, and I do hope you will allow us to render you our services in any way; we will esteem it a privilege, Mrs. Vandoren." Baron Vancleve spoke with much feeling. Taking his extended hand, she replied, with some hesitancy, "Shall I take advantage of this kindness, and ask Ernst if he will direct Galen in restoring the garden to order? The storm has beaten down some of the plants; his father will be grieved to see it going to destruction. Bertrand is so fully occupied he cannot give it proper attention."

"To be permitted to execute will be a greater gratification," answered Ernst; "we three can dispense with Galen, and while I have a beating pulse that garden shall be kept in its original order."

"No words can thank you, Ernst," Mrs. Vandoren replied, with filling eyes.

"Father," proposed Ernst, "suppose you leave me with Paul and Leopold to arrange the garden. We can get Herr Stark's boat at any time; we will be home before dinner-time."

The President thought it a good suggestion. The Baron assented.

As they left the house, President Vonberg's carriage drove up the avenue. The cold, dignified salute of President Stuyvezant, showed he recognized only his official position; the cordial greeting of Professor Extein told the appreciation of the man.

"Here is Dr. Vonberg's card, Annette; will you see him?" queried Mrs. Vandoren.

"He asked particularly for you, Mrs. Ravenscroft. He requested me to present his respects to you and to Mr. Ravenscroft," repeated Katrine.

"Indeed! then I will see him; perhaps a little change may be of service to me." After arranging her dress carefully, she repaired to the parlor. President Vonberg rose to meet her, blandly inquiring for her health.

"My frame, always delicate," she sighed, "under existing circumstances, cannot be otherwise than shattered."

"I feared the shock would be too great for your sensitive nervous system; for that reason I took the liberty of inquiring for you also, and feel much gratified that you receive me as a friend by allowing me a personal interview. The name of Mrs. Ravenscroft is so well known to me that I really felt personally acquainted with you, and sincerely desire you will not consider this visit an intrusion."

"Do not for a moment suppose so, Dr. Vonberg; sympathy is always grateful."

"I know it, and from the knowledge I had of your disposition, I feared the worst. Indeed, my sympathy was called out for you, even more than for your brother, especially when told at the door your little daughter was ill also."

"Very ill, indeed; all night I have been watching beside her."

"Indeed!" sympathized the President; "I fear I am detaining you from her. There is no hand like that of a mother to administer to the wants of a dear child."

"None, none," assented the lady, sighing deeply; "her mind wanders, she knows no one. Just now I am not needed."

"Alas! alas! your troubles are indeed great; but a young constitution can endure much, and we may be very hopeful of her recovery. Did I not see her with you at the cathedral a few days since?"

"No; I was alone," she replied, coloring.

"How were you pleased with Dr. Weisse?"

"Much, very much" she admitted, though with hesitancy.

"There is so much depth in his preaching," resumed the President; "it is just fitted to a mind like yours; food for thought would be given you. You are probably surprised, Mrs. Ravenscroft, that I have such an insight into your character. Report of you has spread much farther than you imagine. Dr. Weisse told me in confidence that he preached with far more zest when he saw so intelligent a lady among his auditors. I know you are above all flattery, or I should not venture to tell you."

"You need not fear repeating anything to me," she avowed; "flattery I exceedingly dislike, but any little appreciation is very grateful."

"Dr. Weisse," continued the wily Vonberg, "is very much gratified also, that you do come sometimes to listen to the same truths your fathers so much loved, truths connected so closely with your eternal salvation."

"I confess my mind has never been at ease since I first forsook the religion of my ancestors. I would like to know the truth, whatever it may be."

"There is but one fold and one Shepherd," said the

Doctor, decidedly. "The sheep hear his voice only, and alone through the teachings of his Church."

"So I desire to believe, but my brother overturns all such doctrines by numberless texts of Scripture, which I find it impossible to controvert. If I speak of any other intercessor, he turns to the Bible and reads many such passages as this, 'No man cometh unto the Father but by me.' If I speak of the sinless Mother of Jesus, and her not needing an atonement, he meets me with the words of Mary, 'My spirit has rejoiced in God my Saviour.'"

"It only shows the Bible to be of no private interpretation; a true knowledge of it must be obtained through the Fathers."

"Do you mean the apostles?"

"Indirectly — the Fathers interpret their words."

"Were the Fathers inspired?"

"Not exactly, but very wise men. We can trace the Church through our bishops in a direct line from the apostles."

"Indeed! and did the apostles confer so much authority upon the Pope?" questioned the lady.

"No," answered the President, coloring violently; "he rose from the line of bishops, and received many tokens of divine favors. You may readily comprehend why we keep the Scriptures from our people; they are so easily misapprehended."

Mrs. Ravenscroft bowed an assent, fearing to offend her new and distinguished friend, yet could not help feeling the subject was rather mystified by the explanations.

With many kind offers, and further expressions of sympathy, President Vonberg took leave of Mrs. Ravenscroft, who was delighted with her visitor; his flatteries had gratified her vanity. She retired to her own chamber to ponder upon their conversation, before she went back to the dull room of her sick child.



The afternoon brought some fine grapes to "Alice," from the garden of President Vonberg; daily his card was handed to Mrs. Ravenscroft, who never failed making a personal acknowledgment of the kindness.

To return to the garden. Ernst, being familiar with the place, led the way to the tool-house, where were garden implements of every sort ready for service; bags of seed hanging against the walls, the times for planting written on them. A hat and thick coat hung there also. Had these been noticed by a word, Ernst could not have suppressed his bitter anguish; as it was, he felt faint and oppressed among these well known, never-to-be-forgotten possessions of his dearest companion.

The garden of Carl was once more restored to order and beauty. Not a syllable had passed among them, save the half-aside observation of Paul Schiller, "There goes Vonberg's carriage off; he has made quite a visitation." As they surmised, the boat of old Herr Starks was in the cove; by it they were in a few minutes landed at Eidelberg, where they separated for their respective homes. Day after day dawned on Ernst in the garden of Carl, at his pleasant, though melancholy, task. Sometimes Paul Schiller was with him, occasionally one or two of the other students, but Ernst never failed. The tall brown stick he planted firmly into the ground, twisting and turning the elysium around it; that seemed to be his especial care. He had no intercourse with the family excepting to inquire for the invalids, hearing each day there was little change for the better. Mrs. Vandoren several times bade him good morning from the parlor window, and asked for Adele; he never accepted her kind invitation to breakfast. The days passed monotonously. Baron Vancleve never alluded to his late interdict, or made any remark regarding his intercourse with the Protestant students. Ernst sadly missed his Bible,

although he had stored much of its contents away in the recesses of his memory and heart.

Some weeks after he had parted with Carl on the evening of the storm, Ernst was invited by Philip Baden into the lecture-room of the Protestant college. President Stuyvezant was standing on the platform, surrounded by all the Professors of that Academy and a few of the other. Carl's friends among the students of the latter were also in the room. Ernst's heart beat quickly as he surveyed the different groups, conversing in subdued voices, all looking so sadly. There was perfect stillness, as President Stuyvezant laid his hand on a small bell.

"Until this morning, my fellow-professors and young friends, we have had hope, though perhaps very faint, that the son of our much respected clergyman, our beloved Carl, might have been driven by the storm down the bay. His little skiff, his 'Sea-bird,' was found last evening, upside down, on the banks of Eagle Island. This leaves the fate of its owner no longer questionable. He that directs the storm, He that holds the wind in his fists, has guided him to his own haven—even heaven. May he enable us all to say, 'His will be done.' May his bereaved only parent receive the consolation he has so often poured into the sorely chastened hearts among his people. At the suggestion of the officers of these schools, it is resolved"—opening a paper he had been holding, he read:

"Resolved, That a committee of four — President Vonberg, President Stuyvezant, Ernst Vancleve, and Philip Baden, — wait upon the family to offer the sincere sympathy and services of the Colleges.

"Resolved, That all those who desire to do so will wear crape on the left arm six weeks.

"Resolved, To discontinue the duties of both schools one week."

There was a rush at the farther end of the room. Ernst Vancleve had fainted. Water was hastily procured, and he soon recovered. Dr. Bryant's carriage was at the college door; Gustavus Weber, who was visiting patients with him, volunteered to drive Ernst home.

He said a few words to the President as he went out.

"I will attend to it, my son," he kindly promised; "rest at home a few days."

"He has been buoyed up by uncertainty, poor fellow," the President remarked, when he had gone; "the void of expectation was more than he could bear. It was a deeply rooted attachment. He requested me to ask another might be chosen in his stead to carry the resolutions to the family of our Dominie; he was unequal to the effort."

Lewellyn Bryant was appointed in his place.

As the carriage of Dr. Bryant neared the chateau, there was obviously some confusion felt by both the young men.

"I think I am able to walk up the lawn alone, Gustavus," said Ernst; "many, many thanks for bringing me thus far."

"I will see you to the door, and in the door," asserted his friend in a tone not to be opposed; "you still require the aid of a strong arm; you shall have it."

Ernst taking the proffered aid, they slowly proceeded toward the house. The door was opened by Bertha, who alarmed Baron Vancleve by her exclamations on seeing Ernst led by another. Fearing the worst, his father, pale and troubled, came into the room.

"It is nothing, father," said Ernst, in answer to his anxious looks. "I was overcome by excitement at college, and fainted: I am much better. Gustavus Weber," he continued, coloring deeply, notwithstanding his endeavors to appear indifferent, "had the kindness to drive me home; I could not have walked."

Baron Vancleve started. Absorbed in his son, he had not

observed the stranger; immediately turning toward Gustavus, he invited him to be seated. The bow of young Weber was courteous, but chilling. The politeness was civilly though coolly declined.

"Can I be of any further service to you, Ernst?" he asked, taking up his hat; "if so, it will give me great pleasure. You will be at home several days, shall I take any message to your class? Perhaps, leaving so suddenly, some books there will be needed by you."

"Thank you, Gustavus, for those on my table I will have necessity. Lewellyn Bryant will bring them to me."

"You have laid us under obligation to you, Mr. Weber, for this kindness to my son," observed the Baron. "Allow me to return you my warmest thanks."

"When there is only pleasure felt, Baron Vancleve, in the bestowal of a favor, no thanks are necessary," was the reply. At this moment the dinner-bell rang.

"Do not let me detain you a moment," he said, extending his hand to Ernst, and bowing low to Baron Vancleve. The Baron hesitated; could he let the stranger go without an invitation to remain? was there ever such a breach of hospitality known in the house of Vancleve? Ernst's color came and went as his eye turned from his father to Gustavus in quick succession.

"Mr. Weber," said the Baron, summoning resolution, as the hand of the guest touched the door-knob, "it is our dinner hour; independent of peculiar circumstances, how gladly would I invite you to remain; you will appreciate the difficulty."

"I assure you, Baron Vancleve," replied Gustavus, bitterly, "I know of no difficulties in your way that are tenable, neither am I able to appreciate any motives by which you may be actuated; but I agree with you in thinking the circumstances quite peculiar in which I am placed by you

in regard to a member of your family. I visited freely in this house, made no secret of my attachment to your daughter, was permitted to gain her affections. Then, and not until then, all intercourse was forbidden, and two hearts made miserable without any just cause. Have you aught against me, Baron Vancleve?"

With much emotion, he returned. "The difference of our religion, Mr. Weber, was and is the insuperable objection. Listen to the teachings of our Church, become a proselyte to it, and the hand of Adele is yours. I will feel honored in such an addition to my family."

The face of Gustavus was suffused with indignation. "You know not what you demand, Baron Vancleve," he asserted, vehemently. "Gladly will I make *this* promise. Let us take the Scriptures, the only rule of faith; let us examine its precepts; then, in whatever I differ from *them*, I will be willing to yield."

"Will you receive its teachings, as I receive them through the Church?" questioned the Baron.

"No!" exclaimed the youth. "As soon would I receive my drink from a poisonous fountain, or expect health through a deadly miasma. No! no! I receive my teachings through a glorified Redeemer, by the influence of the Holy Spirit. To such as Dr. Ostend or —"

"Gustavus," whispered Ernst, "you are excited; you will regret your warmth."

"Pardon me, Baron Vancleve, I am detaining you from dinner. Good morning, sir." Before Ernst had time to speak one word, he sprang into the carriage and was out of sight.

CHAPTER IV.

Often the painful present is comforted by flattering the future,
And kind to-morrow beareth half the burdens of to-day.

THREE weeks have passed since the little skiff was launched on the heaving billows of the Neisse, and still no tidings of the lost one. The boat, appearing without its helmsman, told a fearful tale; the blanched cheek, sunken eye, and quivering lip of Mr. Ravenscroft spoke the intensity of anguish he had endured during the time. Few words escaped him; his measured step throughout the night told to the inmates of the house that he sought no sleep, or if, from exhaustion, he would sink into a slumber of a few hours, the awaking was to renewed sorrow and a realization of his sore bereavement.

Although constant and anxious inquiries were made by his parishioners for their much venerated pastor, Mr. Weberstadt was the only one admitted into the study. A deacon in his church from the time he became the pastor, their souls were knit together in love. Carl was one year old when Mr. Ravenscroft came among the people, and through his childhood had been a great favorite in the family of Mr. Weberstadt. In after years, the link was drawn still more closely by the death of his only son, of the same age; the attentions and sympathy of the gentle boy enabled him almost to rise above his loss and place his affections on Carl — not in the same natural flow, which none but a parent can feel, but with that interest which seemed to say, "I am not utterly bereaved."

There was therefore a cord of sympathy uniting them, as the loss was great to Mr. Weberstadt also; and his silent tears told a deeper affection, and were far more soothing to Mr. Ravenscroft than many *words* of condolence. The leisure moments of the deacon were all passed in the study of his friend; seldom a word was whispered, occasionally an appropriate text. Once he ventured:

"In my Father's house are many mansions; in one of them our dear Carl was needed: the Saviour went before to prepare a place for him."

Mr. Ravenscroft started; turning his eyes full upon his friend, he clasped his hands; raising his eyes to heaven, he attempted to speak; his lips only moved. Folding his arms, and laying his head against the back of his chair, he sat motionless as a statue. Mr. Weberstadt slowly arose, pressing his hand without again speaking, he left the apartment. Mr. Ravenscroft some time after repaired to the chamber of Elsie.

"It is a fortnight since the loss of our dear Carl," Mrs. Vandoren observed to Dr. Baden; "yet I cannot give him up." The Doctor shook his head mournfully.

"There has been so much prayer for him from almost the moment of his departure from Eidelberg, I feel he will be restored to us; how are we to resign all hope, Doctor? I cannot see the meaning of it."

"The entire submission of his stricken father," replied the Doctor, "his childlike trust in God, will do more for the conversion of others than many sermons. Yet, how evident, his heart is broken; he will not long survive the death of Carl. When I remarked to him, 'This is a mysterious providence, I cannot see that you required it,' he answered so meekly, 'I need all the Lord lays upon me; I only wonder at his many mercies, his manifold goodness. I must require the discipline. The Lord gave, the Lord

hath taken away, blessed be His name.' He then added, 'How considerate my people have been; I cannot be too thankful to them for dispensing with my services for the last two weeks. It does my soul good also to listen to the truth so faithfully proclaimed by the Dominie they have engaged to preach for me. When my head is under the sod — a time not far distant — I would be glad to have my flock choose such a successor.' I must leave you now, Mrs. Vandoren, as I have some very sick patients to visit. Elsie only requires the cherry; it, with strengthening food, is the only medicine I prescribe." Giving his hand to Mrs. Vandoren, they separated. Returning to the room of Elsie, she found her brother sitting beside the large chair in which the child was propped, leaning over her in earnest conversation; her head was resting on his shoulder, and her attenuated hand wreathed in his hair. Her aunt stood unperceived near them.

"And you feared you would never enter heaven, daughter."

"Yes, uncle; my sins seemed, and still seem, very great," she returned, her eyes swimming with tears. "I felt how wicked I had been to mamma often, how petulant sometimes," and, lowering her voice, and raising her lips close to her uncle's ear "even to dear Carl." The head of the Dominie sank low; he was silent a short space. Again turning toward her, he asked earnestly, "Did you forget, Elsie, to how great, how good, how kind a Saviour you could go?"

"No, uncle; I went right to him. Carl told me he would always hear me, that is he used to tell me: I thought when I was sick, I heard him tell me so again."

"And what did you say to Jesus?"

"I said what first came into my mind."

"What was it, daughter?"

"It was much like this: Jesus, here is a little girl wants to love you, and don't know how. Please to teach me, and

if I die, take me to the same home with my cousin Carl, for I know that must be near you."

"And you felt better then?"

"No, uncle, I cannot say that I did; but I told Aunt Meggy all about it, and she talked to me so sweetly about my precious Saviour, and repeated to me so many texts, that I felt I could just go to him with all my sins and all my troubles. I have felt much better since, though I never can be happy without — never mind, dear uncle," she murmured, laying her hand caressingly on his cheek, "I will not mention him again: I have made you so very sorry, dear, dear uncle."

"Talk to me about what you please, darling, but let that Saviour and that home be your constant theme; strive to please him by pleasing others, by trying to make them happy. Do nothing in your own strength, Elsie; pray always for the Holy Spirit's guidance."

"Did n't you pray with me every day, uncle, while I was sick?"

"Not *with*, my child, but *for* you. It was my daily and hourly prayer that the Lord would raise you up, and make you a lamb of his fold."

"How long was I very ill, uncle?"

"Eight days we had little hope of your life — the fever was unbroken; but the many prayers offered for you were heard; and our little Elsie, I trust, will be a greater comfort to us than ever. To Dr. Baden and Aunt Meggy you owe much; their attention and kindness were unbounded. The wife of our good deacon, Mrs. Weberstadt, gave herself little rest until she saw you were out of danger."

"I always loved her dearly."

"Did you, Elsie?" questioned the Dominie; "she felt a little hurt that you seemed so indifferent to her before your sickness."

"Mamma would not allow me to go there: she said she was weaning me from her. I am going to try to love mamma more than I have done, and try to obey her," promised Elsie.

"The Spirit will teach you, dear child, to do all that is right, if you pray to be guided by Him." Elsie, raising her eyes and seeing her mother enter, discontinued the conversation.

"What a fine little boy Galen is," Mrs. Vandoren remarked, drawing her chair near the one Mrs. Ravenscroft had taken. "Do you not think so, Annette?"

"Indeed, I have scarcely noticed him, Meggy."

"I have often gone with Cousin Carl to see his poor mother," said Elsie; "she would invite him to read the Bible to her, and thank him over and over again for the trouble and kindness. How did Galen get here, aunt?"

"Bertrand did him some favor," explained Mrs. Vandoren, "and the grateful little fellow feels he cannot do enough to repay him. Indeed, he is of service, running errands, and doing many other things; his being here will be quite an assistance to his mother, as she will be well supplied by Katrine, this winter, from her ample kitchen store. I made her a visit yesterday, at the earnest solicitation of her little boy; she was much gratified, and begged me to read to her a chapter in the Bible, which she keeps always beside her. She seems yearning for the bread of life."

"Oh, let me go!" plead Elsie, "and read to her; when I get well, I shall delight in doing it. Shall I not; mamma?" Mrs. Ravenscroft hesitated. "Say, mamma," urged the child, "you surely have no objection."

"No objection, exactly, Elsie, but it would require one better versed in Scripture to become a teacher. The Bible is of no private interpretation."

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Ravenscroft; "they are a

dead letter to all not taught by the Spirit of God, but through the aid of that Spirit, a 'wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein.'"

"Man is in great danger of misapprehending Scripture without the assistance of the clergy," contested Mrs. Ravenscroft.

"Your sentiment, sister, savors of Romanism: the simplest mind may assuredly understand the plan of salvation. Jesus died for sinners; they who feel their need of him, may go direct to him, with all their sins, casting them at the foot of the cross, and say, 'Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'tis all that I can do.' Annette—" A slight tap at the door interrupted the conversation. It was Galen with a message for Mrs. Vandoren.

"A gentleman wants to see you, ma'am."

The summons was obeyed. Aunt Meggy proceeded to the parlor; there she met a stranger, a fine-looking young man, who arose at her entrance. His frank countenance and manner attracted her; she was drawn to him as to an old friend.

"Captain Blucher, Mrs. Vandoren," he said, extending his hand to her. "Your name has become very familiar to me of late, although this is our first meeting."

"You certainly have the advantage of me, Captain Blucher," replied the lady; "my memory is sometimes treacherous."

"The most retentive would not avail you in this instance," he rejoined, laughing heartily, "as my name has probably never reached your ear. I am the master of a small schooner sailing between this port and Coburg Haven, trading occasionally along the coast. This is the best voyage I have ever made,—freighted with the richest cargo, and certainly the only one in which *you* have ever had any interest."

"Interest to *me*?"

"Yes, fraught with the deepest interest to you. In this voyage I have had the unspeakable happiness of rescuing from a watery grave, one, then a stranger, now dear to me as a younger brother." The arm of Captain Blucher was grasped convulsively. "Is Carl safe?" she murmured, her voice refusing utterance, "safe — rescued — returning home?"

"He is; and is now safe and well at the house of Deacon Weberstadt, impatiently awaiting my return. *He* advised my asking for you, Mrs. Vandoren, as the sudden intelligence, he thought, would act unfavorably on the nervous system of Mr. Ravenscroft. Carl did not agree with this opinion; it was with difficulty I persuaded him to remain there — his anxiety is so great to see you and his father, and little Elsie, who seems almost equally dear to him. He was very certain you would be here."

"He must not return so suddenly. I will go with you, and caution our dear boy." Hastily throwing on a shawl and bonnet, they were soon at the house of Mr. Weberstadt. The door opened, the next moment Carl rushed into the arms of his aunt. No word was uttered for some time. Tears flowed freely. At length Carl, seizing his hat, asked impatiently, "Can I not now go to my father? I must see him; I can wait no longer."

"Have patience, dear Carl," persuaded Mrs. Vandoren; "you are not conscious to what a state suspense has reduced him; any sudden reaction would, I am confident, prove very injurious to him." Carl threw his hat on the floor impetuously.

"Must it be much longer? Ages seem to have passed since I left the shores of Eidelsberg. Is my father not yet prepared to see me? I cannot think such pleasant reaction could hurt him. Oh, my father! my father!"

"Be governed by others, dear Carl ; you will regret your haste."

"At least I may go home with you," he entreated. "Bertrand and Katrine are there; I can remain with them until it is broken to father."

"If you will promise to restrain yourself until a fitting time."

"Oh, thank you, aunt, thank you. I will promise anything. Let me but get within those dear walls, and within the sound of my father's voice — once more know that little Elsie is near me — I shall be comparatively happy."

Opening the front door as he spoke, he stood impatiently awaiting the movements of his aunt.

"You will return and dine with us, Captain Blucher," said Mrs. Vandoren, glancing at Carl. "Our host seems to have forgotten he has a guest in Eiseldorf."

"Pardon me, Captain ; I am sure you will make every allowance for my forgetfulness. You will come with us."

"Do not suppose you are to deprive me of *all* my guests, Mrs. Vandoren," interfered Mr. Weberstadt; "Captain Blucher dines with me."

"My vessel requires my presenee, or I would be happy to accept your kind invitation, Mr. Weberstadt. Master Carl, here, would throw me so entirely into the back ground, were I to return with him, that I shall defer my visit till he has done lionizing. Good-by, Carl. An early visit I shall expect to-morrow on board my little craft."

"Many, many visits, I hope, will pass between us while you are in port," answered Carl, seizing his proffered hand. "What do I not owe you ? how many grateful hearts you will meet at the Manse, and how truly welcome always there. As you cannot make ours your home while at Eiseldorf, you will at least dine with us to-morrow."

"With pleasure: I long to be introduced to little Miss

Elsie, Carl's paragon. There is not a member of your family, Mrs. Vandoren, to whom I have not been introduced, and of whom I have not heard pleasing anecdotes."

"Great allowance to be made, Captain Blucher, for our boy's family pride and affection," returned Mrs. Vandoren.

"He has certainly made me desirous of a personal knowledge of you all, which, I trust, I may soon have the opportunity of gratifying. But Carl is more than willing for a leave of absence." Again promising to meet them on the morrow, the Captain took leave of Mr. Weberstadt's family. Carl and his aunt proceeded homeward.

As soon as Mrs. Vandoren was apprised of the safety of Carl, she immediately told Bertrand and Katrine. Their joy may be better imagined than described. Bertrand seized his hat to go directly to his young master. "Not so, Bertrand," remonstrated Mrs. Vandoren; "you are needed here; the utmost caution must be used in breaking the tidings to Mr. Ravenscroft. You may have an opportunity, before we return, of preparing his mind in a measure for them. At any rate, you must be here to receive Carl, and keep him from rushing directly to his father. You know his impetuosity, and will know how to meet it."

"Let Carl come in at the back-door, Mrs. Vandoren; there will be one at least there to welcome him," said Katrine, laughing and crying alternately. "If my dinner is spoiled, Carl can't complain; for I am sure it will be altogether his fault."

"I do not think there will be much beside thanksgiving at the Manse this day, Katrine. I will soon be back with Carl, and give him into your charge."

Bertrand went immediately to seek Mr. Ravenscroft. Not finding him in his own room, he tapped at the door of Elsie's. Seeing her mother, he drew back; but was recalled by the Dominie.

"Come in, Bertrand; have you business with me? What has made you so bright this morning?"

"The college boys have taken great pains to find out, sir, what vessels were in the bay on the night of the eighth of September. It was literally studded with them; no less than twenty being on the merchants' books as ready to sail on the following morning. It is almost impossible that Master Carl could have passed unnoticed. I feel satisfied he is safe, that he is in one of these vessels, and that the first one that comes to port will bring him in it."

"Bertrand, Bertrand," groaned Mr. Ravenscroft, "do not excite hopes never, never to be realized."


"No, master; I trust it is a hope not without foundation. The schooner Ariel has probably arrived by this time; she was seen in the bay at the time of the storm, and the master, Captain Blucher, is known for his great humanity; he would have taken every method to save a fellow-being."

"Do not, Bertrand, excite my hope. I must not, dare not,—another disappointment would be more than my frame, in its present weak state, could endure."

"We will wait, then," said Bertrand, almost beside himself with excitement. "I feel confident our dear boy will be with us to-night."

"*Boy!*" repeated Mrs. Ravenscroft, scornfully: it was unnoticed.

"I know your sanguine temperament, Bertrand; refrain, for my sake, refrain: you are greatly excited. I fear to allow myself even to hope." At this moment his sister entered. Mr. Ravenscroft had risen, and was pacing the room. Elsie, forgetful of her weakness, sprang from her chair and seized the hand of Bertrand. The effort was too much; she was near falling; taking her in his arms, and forgetful of her mother's presence, he kindly kissed her hand. The eye of Mrs. Ravenscroft flashed with indignation; instantly re-



moving Elsie from the comfortable position she seemed to be enjoying, and saying, in a low voice, "By a *portion* of this family familiarity will not be tolerated; from henceforth I would have you remember the difference of your position."

Bertrand turned quickly, and met a glance of mingled scorn and anger.

"In my position, Mrs. Ravenscroft," he answered, in the mildest tones, "however lowly that may be, I endeavor to fulfil my duty, and to keep a conscience void of offence." Mrs. Ravenscroft stood transfixed for a moment, then casting a look on him he could scarcely define, she left the room. By Mr. Ravenscroft and his sister all this passed unobserved; the mind of the latter was wholly bent on the meeting of Carl and his father. "I have just seen Mr. Weberstadt's brother," she tried to speak calmly. "After all that has been ascertained about the vessel in the bay, he is in high hope Carl may be safely harbored in one of them; indeed, he seems certain the schooner of Captain Blucher is laden with the precious freight. If so, he may dine with us to-day."

"Meggy! Meggy!" exclaimed her brother, "have you tidings of our dear boy? You surely would not excite hope on such slender foundation."

"If I should tell you, Eldred, that he is in the bay, drawing near to the shore, could you bear the intelligence?"

"Safe! well!" repeated Mr. Ravenscroft, slowly. "My own boy — my Carl — my only son — my staff — my pride — safe! Can it be such happiness is vouchsafed to me?"

Bertrand disappeared.

"He is safe; he is well, dear Eldred, and will dine with us to-day."

The next instant the door burst open; Carl threw himself into his father's arms.

"Father, dear father!"

"My son, my own son!" was all Mr. Ravenscroft could utter. He would have fallen to the floor, had not the strong arm of his son supported him. "The suspense has been too much for you, dear father; you look ill, very ill!"

"I shall now be soon restored, with my own Carl near me; joy overcame me."

Leading him to the couch, and placing him tenderly upon it, he turned to Elsie. A warm kiss was imprinted on the tearful cheek; she was soon in her old resting-place, her head against his bosom. "Why, my darling little cousin," he said, cheerfully; "I cannot have you cry so much, now I have come back. I must carry you down to the river-side to-morrow; the pleasant breezes will bring back color to your cheeks, and you will be my bright Elsie once more."

The little girl was chatting cheerfully with her cousin, and the father gratefully enjoying the restoration of his son, and the consequent restoration of his own and little Elsie's health. An hour elapsed, when the trio were summoned to the dinner table. Carl giving his father his arm, followed by Katrine carrying Elsie, who decided she must take her first meal with Cousin Carl.

CHAPTER V.

Look on this picture of joy;
And remember that portrait of sorrow.

MRS. RAVENSCROFT had not seen Carl until they met at dinner. Carl warmly greeted her.

"Where were *you*, Aunt Annette," he queried, pleasantly, "when all the world was upside down at the unexpected appearance of so important a personage?"

"I intended coming to greet you, Carl, but was prevented by a severe nervous headache."

"I hope it will soon be better, aunt. I have so much to tell you, when father and Elsie are able to listen. Years seem to have passed in the weeks I have been gone. The imminent peril, the almost miraculous preservation, and then for my restoration to my home; how can I express my gratitude?"

"We have *all* abundant cause for gratitude, dear Carl. We of yesterday, and we of to-day, hardly appear the same beings. I wish Cassy were here to enjoy our happiness."

"Where is Cassy, Aunt Meggy?"

"At home, attending to house matters during my absence. I expect her this afternoon."

"I long to see her. Can she not remain a few days with us?"

"She can, if you so much desire it. Bertrand has gone to tell her the joyful news of your return, with directions to bring her back with him."

"Bertrand! what does he not do? I have not a better friend in Eiseldorf." Mrs. Ravenscroft's brow darkened.

"What about Ernst?"

"He has had your garden under his daily care; it is in perfect order — not a weed finds a place there."

"I observed its neatness, and attributed that, too, to Bertrand's thoughtfulness. Dear Ernst, he has a loving heart and noble intellect. He will not be long bound down by senseless forms: he will investigate, he will find the truth."

"What is the truth?" demanded Mrs. Ravenscroft in a tone of scorn that startled him.

"The truths of Holy Writ," he answered, gently, "penned by inspiration, of which the prominent one is that Jesus is the only Mediator between God and man, at once breaking down the flimsy fabrics of Romish superstition."

"It is the oldest Church among us," asserted the aunt, much excited.

"Older than the apostles?" asked Mr. Ravenscroft. "No, no, Annette. If you will examine for yourself, you will find that, as the Church became fearfully corrupt, they gained the ascendancy, and spread themselves over a great portion of the world. A pure Church still remained: the Albigenses and the Waldenses, notwithstanding all the persecution they have endured, continued a Protestant Christian people."

"I am satisfied to leave investigation to those who will not be so likely to err as myself."

"We are all liable to error, Annette, if relying on our own strength; but by prayer we can do all things through Christ, who strengthens us."

"President Vonberg's card," interrupted Katrine. "I told him you were at dinner. He came to offer his congratulations to Mr. Ravenscroft on the return of his son. He inquired for Mrs. Ravenscroft also." Katrine withdrew.

"President Vonberg!" exclaimed Carl. "What has induced a visit from him? *I* cannot surely be an object of interest to *him*. *I* certainly have no affinity on my part. He is a man from whom my whole nature recoils."

"Do you not speak rather unadvisedly, my son?"

"No, father; I have seen him in every situation, and respected him in none. His fascinating manners and commanding appearance cover a heart warped by prejudice, narrowed by avarice, and hardened by constant intercourse with Jesuit priests. Known to the College boys as a spy on all their actions, they sedulously avoid his society. I do believe, were they not afraid of consequences, they would now throw off the yoke of their President and of two of their Professors, Fathers Antoine and Basil, as they call them. Many of these lads, as you know, are my personal friends; they are frank, generous, and noble-hearted, with minds capable of examining for themselves, and with spirits unwilling to be so restrained. Let them once have access to the Bible, and that school, now tottering, will be shaken to its foundations. They seldom speak on the subject; but their constrained manner when their tutors join them at recess, or try to engage them in religious conversation when walking on the shore, show their appreciation of their attention to them. So different from our College. Out of school, President Stuyvezant is our companion. It is nothing uncommon to see him engaged in a game of ball, or entertaining us with some pleasant story; often in the evening you may see him strolling along the shore, the boys leaning familiarly on his arm. At study hours he is our President; at other times our companion and friend. Our reward is his commendation; our punishment, his rebuke; and nothing could be felt more keenly. The Bible is investigated carefully and prayerfully in the College; last year, you recollect, father, there were twenty young men hopefully converted. Among them

was Gustavus Weber, now in the Medical School—a splendid fellow, fitted to fill any station.”

—“Is he a son of Frederick Gustavus Weber of Berlin?”

—“The same.”

“I know him well. There is not a man of greater worth among us.”

“Gustavus, or Gus, as we call him, was telling us an anecdote that will give you an idea of his tact. He was walking leisurely one evening by the side of the Neisse, where he was joined by one of the Romanist boys with whom he was well acquainted. After chatting awhile on unimportant subjects, he suddenly inquired:

“‘Gustavus, how do you get along without a confessional?’

“‘We have one,’ was the reply.

“‘No! Then I was misinformed.’

“‘You certainly were. Morning and evening I confess my sins.’

“‘Is it possible you do? We are under no constraint to go more than once a week.’

“‘I go willingly and joyfully.’

“‘May I ask you, Gustavus, how your clergyman makes it so pleasant to you?’

“‘Come to my room to-morrow, and I will tell you all about it.’

“‘Thank you; most willingly. To me the confessional is hateful. I would like to learn the way to have it made more tolerable, as they who live in the College are obliged to submit or be expelled. Good night. To-morrow—but it must be after dark—you may expect me.’

“True to his promise, the next evening he was sitting beside the study lamp of his friend, anxious for the explanation.

“‘In the first place,’ began Gustavus, ‘I would ask who is the propitiation for our sins?’

“‘Jesus Christ, of course,’ was the reply.

“‘Could any man have greater love than to lay down his life for his friend?’

“‘Certainly not.’

“Avoiding Scripture phrases as much as possible, he proceeded :

“‘How are we to know we are the friends of Jesus?’

“‘Father Antoine would say by attending to all the observances of the Church. I acknowledge *I* cannot tell.’

“‘Christ says we are his friends, if we do what he commands us.’

“‘We have gone far from the subject, Gustavus; my question was, What is your mode of confession?’

“‘Pardon me; I am only answering that question. I go to the fountain head, Lewellyn—to the Bible.’

“‘Yes; but I am interdicted that, Gustavus. The holy Fathers would lay their bans upon me if I meddled with it.’

“‘Thanks be to God, I am permitted to read it; for there I am told by the pen of inspiration, in the words of Jesus, “I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; he that believeth on me shall never thirst.” It is written in the prophets, “They shall be all taught”—of whom?—“of God.” Not through the Church, but through the teachings of God’s Spirit. By the same pen it is written, “Knock, and it shall be opened unto you; ask, and ye shall receive.” Then to whom should *I* confess?—to whom should *you* confess? Unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. Examine this’—handing Lewellyn a small pocket Bible. ‘In it you will find many passages marked in answer to your question; and I desire you will note any passage in which saint, angel, cherubim or seraphim is to intercede for us. It is your own Catholic Bible

—take it, hide it, if you choose; but make it the man of your counsel; and may God bless you in its study.’

“The young man stood irresolute; then striking the table vehemently, he said decidedly :

“‘I will take it, Gustavus, and I will read it, too, in spite of all the Fathers in the College—yes, or in the Church of Rome.’

“‘May you learn all its truths, dear Lewellyn. You will then soon find the confessional a place where you will delight to go. May the Spirit bless his own truth!’

“‘Thank you, thank you, Gustavus—the bell rings for vespers. Good night; I shall often steal a visit to you.’

“Gustavus told me seldom a day passed that he was not asked to explain some texts of Scripture, showing his interest in the book. Weber left soon after for his home. I have not heard any more of Bryant’s progress.”

Raising his eyes at this moment, they met those of Mrs. Ravenscroft; he was surprised at their scornful, sarcastic expression; but being accustomed to her strange sallies of temper, it was forgotten, and the conversation turned on other subjects.

“At what time, my son, were you rescued?”

“At about eight o’clock, father; but I would rather say nothing of it until you have entirely recovered. Then I will give you the whole account of my miraculous preservation.”

Dinner over, Elsie, not feeling fatigued, declined going to her own chamber, as her mother proposed—remaining in the dining-room with Cousin Carl, Aunt Meggy, and Uncle Eldred. Mrs. Ravenscroft excused herself on plea of headache.

Toward evening, much to the joy of all parties, Cassy Vandoren joined the little group. At the first sound of her

well-known footstep, Carl sprang to the door; the next moment her arms encircled his neck.

"My own dear Carl!" she sobbed; "how rejoiced I am to see you once more."

"Rejoiced indeed!" he replied, returning her embrace affectionately. "Rejoiced with your eyes brimming over; and here is Elsie, too, crying and laughing ever since I came home, yet protesting she is so glad to see Cousin Carl."

"Well, well," pronounced Cassy, laughing through her tears, "I will try to be a better example. Come, Elsie, we will leave the tears for a more fitting occasion. We have reason to be thankfully joyous. I verily thought Bertrand would never get me here, so impatient was I to annihilate space. I could not be convinced we were making any speed, until he invited me to count the posts of the fences. That was quite impossible."

"It was three o'clock when he started for you."

"Yes, uncle; it is now six. I was obliged to make some home arrangements which detained me, as I do not intend making only a flying visit here. A week, at least, unless mother put her veto on it."

"Come, Aunt Meggy," called Carl, "set our minds at rest on this subject."

"In a week school begins, daughter; have you your books with you to study your lessons for the first day?"

"Books! No, indeed, mamma; I shall have enough to do to listen to Cousin Carl's story. But, first, I must run see Katrine. Carl shall not place her entirely in the shade." She disappeared, and was soon seated beside her old friend in the kitchen, whose cordial welcome showed how she loved her "young lady."

"How different an aspect everything assumes as soon as Cassy comes among us," the Dominie remarked. "Just listen to that merry laugh of Katrine."

"Cassy is always ready to rejoice with the rejoicing or to mourn with those who mourn."

"Cassy is a noble girl; I know not her equal," decided Carl.

"Her lovely, affable manners," rejoined his father, "win all who know her; her kind, loving heart is open to all suffering."

"Her appearance fascinates every one, father; there is something in that beaming expression of countenance so striking, yet combined with such regularity of feature. She is not in the slightest German outwardly; how is that, aunt? Those black eyes and long lashes do not belong to these parts."

"I have marvelled myself, Carl. Her family are German throughout; she is not even very fair. Were it not for the light brown curls, I would have to disown her, especially as she is tall and slender, instead of being, to use a homely expression, 'Dutch built.'"

"Dutch built, indeed! she is fleet of foot as a roe. In vain have I tried to catch her when she was determined to elude me."

"Listen," said Mr. Ravenscroft, "there is the ringing laugh of little Galen; no doubt she is telling him an amusing story to suit his capacity."

The sound of the tea-bell brought Cassy into the parlor; Mrs. Ravenscroft came in at the same time.

"Why was not tea ready before?" she asked; "it is much later this evening than usual."

"I plead guilty as the occasion, Aunt Annette. The cook and waiter had such an intellectual feast, they forgot the physical wants of others."

"You have been poorly employed, Cassy, in promoting entertainment in the kitchen."

"I am happy, Aunt Annette, to contribute to the happi-

ness of any, rich or poor, low or high; and I feel it just as much my duty, as my pleasure, to please such as little Galen as any of this present company, not excepting yourself, aunt," playfully dropping her a low curtsey; then, stepping before her, and eyeing her closely, she exclaimed: "Why, auntie, how is this? You will certainly bear the palm, if any beaux arrive this evening."

"Yes, mamma; I never saw you look so pretty."

"Rather an ambiguous compliment, Elsie, that my good looks are a matter of surprise to you."

"I meant, mamma, that those crimson ribbons contrast beautifully with your dark hair, that those coral ear-rings suited your complexion, and that handsome —"

"Any more remarks, Elsie, on the same subject will be excused." Elsie colored deeply: she said nothing more, and the conversation turned on other topics. The table was scarcely removed when President Vonberg was announced.

Cassy was seated at the piano, Carl busily engaged looking for a piece of music. Elsie had been placed on the couch by Carl; she was reclining comfortably among some cushions, her uncle Eldred at her side. "Here it is, Cassy," cried Carl, "'Sounds from Home;' I want once again to sing it with you."

"Do you not like it with the variations, Carl?" she asked; "you know it is a duet; we can play it together."

"I want to listen to your voice first, Cassy."

The music was arranged, the first chord struck, when President Vonberg entered. Mr. Ravenscroft arose, and received with courtesy his congratulations on the safe return of his son.

"You and I ought to be better acquainted, Carl," said the President, taking his hand between both of his; "we often meet on common ground along the banks of the Neisse."

A cold, formal bow was the only return for the low, courteous one of Dr. Vonberg. "The fine scenery from its borders will no longer charm you," he remarked, without seeming to notice Carl's manner; "the feeling will be so mingled with what you have suffered on its waters."

"There would be so much cause for thankfulness to my deliverer," replied Carl, gravely, "that looking upon the stream and its surroundings, through Him who formed them, would add to the sublimity."

"True, true, most certainly," he asserted, with some confusion; "you have, indeed, much cause for thankfulness; it was a wonderful deliverance, as you say. But I fear I have interrupted some sweet strains of music."

"Let me introduce you, Dr. Vonberg, to my sister and niece, Mrs. and Miss Vandoren; with Mrs. Ravenscroft you are, I believe, acquainted; Elsie Ravenscroft is also a stranger to you: sickness has excluded her from society some time."

Miss Vandoren left the instrument and courteously received the visitor. The pleased countenance of Mrs. Ravenscroft surprised her. To a look of displeasure she was well accustomed, or heeded it never; but what had transpired to obtain her approval, was more than she could devise. After some bland expression to each member of the family, he turned to Elsie, seating himself beside her, and remarking, "As Miss Alice is still an invalid, I thought a few bunches of fruit from my grapery would be acceptable. These are some of the finest; the few bunches remaining, Miss Alice, I shall keep purposely for you."

"Oh, thank you, Dr. Vonberg, thank you. They will, indeed, be very grateful to me; I do so much relish grapes."

Mrs. Ravenscroft was delighted. "Elsie is already greatly indebted to you, Doctor, and —"

"I am glad to contribute to her pleasure in any way," he

interrupted. "I was about to propose a short drive for Elsie to-morrow morning. Do you not think she might be benefited? I will be at leisure, and my carriage will also be at the service of the ladies."

Mrs. Vandoren excused herself.

"The young ladies have a prior engagement with me, Dr. Vonberg; I must therefore beg to make their apology," answered Carl.

Of what nature her engagement could be with Carl, Cassy was at a loss to imagine; but she awaited the departure of the President to ask an explanation.

"My sister is particularly desirous, Mrs. Ravenscroft, you should accompany us to my new cocoonery, about ten miles up the river," resumed the President.

"With pleasure, Doctor. In the labors of the ingenious little silk-worm I have always taken quite an interest."

"My time will be governed by your leisure. What hour will suit you? Shall I call at eleven?"

Mrs. Ravenscroft bowed a smiling assent, and President Vonberg, pleading an engagement, bade the family good evening.

"How much I like Dr. Vonberg," asserted Elsie; "he is so kind and clever. Only think, he is going to keep all his best grapes for me. Do you not think it very kind, mamma?"

"I think all he ever does is kind, my dear. What very important engagement have the young ladies, Carl, that they could not ride to-morrow?"

"I intend taking the carriage and giving Elsie the fresh air along the borders of the river; Cassy and father are going with us."

"Is this the wonderful engagement?" she asked, contemptuously. "I would have thought the other ride for Elsie far more pleasant."

To avoid further unpleasant altercation, Carl struck the

key-note, and Cassy, taking her seat at the piano, commenced singing with him, "Sounds from Home."

"There, Miss Cassy; pray do not begin another verse; I cannot wait a moment longer," exclaimed Dr. Baden, who had entered unobserved. "Such waking up is worth the fortnight's nightmare we have all suffered." Their warm, affectionate meeting drew tears from every eye; little Elsie actually sobbed.

"Why, my pet," said the good Doctor, taking her on his knee, "I would have been very happy to have produced these tears during your cousin's absence; but come, we must drive them all away now. Smiles of thankfulness, daughter, smiles of thankfulness"—his own eyes overflowing as he spoke.

Elsie suppressed her tears, and could not help laughing as she met Carl's look of affected reproach.

"Let her come to me, Doctor; her nervous system is a good deal shattered; I must try to build her up again."

"And you will bring the roses back to Elsie's cheeks, Carl, far sooner than all Baden's tonics." Turning to the Dominie, he said, "My dear friend, all my sympathies have been stirred for you; how delightful to rejoice with the rejoicing." He held the hand of the Doctor in a close clasp, but had no power of utterance.

Carl, with his usual adroitness, changed the topic, and very soon the conversation became general,

"I am impatient to show myself at the 'Heights;' I can hardly wait till to-morrow. Can I cross to-night, father?" he asked, doubtfully.

Mr. Ravenscroft objected.

"It will take several to agree to another evening sail, be the Neisse as smooth as a mirror, youngster," said the Doctor. "There may not always be a Blucher at hand to fish you up."

"That bridge ought to be rebuilt," asserted Cassy. "There is such constant intercourse between the 'Heights' and Eiseldorf, we should not be dependent entirely on boats."

"A happy thought, you shrewd Miss Cassy. I will head the petition, and to the Burgomaster it shall go. I will certify to every name of note both sides of the stream."

"Why, Doctor, the Burgomaster will smoke it off in three puffs of that vile pipe of his," argued Cassy. "Get up a subscription list. I will vouch for the signatures of all the young ladies; Carl, think the students will withhold theirs?"

"The bridge is as good as built, Cassy, if it depend on you," replied her cousin, laughing. "But is there no fear we shall tramp out our new bridge, and our welcome, too, if our fair exemplars give us such a facility for visiting."

"Well, well," returned the merry-hearted girl, "let us have the connecting link; if we find it an incumbrance, we can try the force of names to disunite us once more."

Their chat was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Weberstadt; they remained for evening worship. "Rock of Ages" was sung with deep feeling. The voice and full heart of Dr. Baden leading in prayer completely overcame Elsie again.

"I cannot help it," she whispered, in answer to his look of concern. "Is it wrong?"

"No! Elsie, you have had too much for your nervous temperament," he answered, caressingly drawing her toward him and patting her cheek. "Time, with the sovereign balm of Gilead, will heal that poor stricken heart—as much air as possible, Carl"—with a kind, fatherly kiss, he bade her good night.

The other visitors soon after left the Manse, and the in-

mates, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, retired to their respective chambers.

"Good night, Cousin Carl," said Elsie, whom he had carried to the landing. "I never expected to say that again."

"Come in a few minutes, Elsie," he whispered. "How long since Vonberg thought himself entitled to visit here?"

"He has made daily inquiries for you ever since you have been missing, and has kept me plentifully supplied with fruits from his garden. Mamma says every morning he inquired for you, and every afternoon his servant came with choice fruit for me. He is very charming, is he not?"

"Where were you, Elsie, when I spoke of him at table to-day? I supposed you were present."

"Katrine had something to show me in the kitchen, and took me away long before you had finished dinner. I did n't hear you mention him."

"It is well, Elsie, perhaps. I must say I have not cultivated much intercourse with him. He may possibly improve on acquaintance."

"He does, indeed. Good night, coz; mamma will wonder after me." Giving him another good night kiss, she left him.

"Dear, innocent child," he murmured; "I trust no trouble is in store for her. Her mother's fortune may be a great inducement to the villain."

CHAPTER VI.

"Freedom gloweth in his eyes and nobleness of nature at his heart;
And independence took a crown and fixed it on his head."

A **SPLENDID** evening, Vancleve!"

Ernst started from his reverie, and returned the salutation of President Stuyvezant.

"You are fond of rambling on the banks of the Neisse, Ernst." A faint smile played for a moment over the features of the youth. He replied, "I have looked on the river with romantic fondness from my cradle, but as the grave of Carl it has magnetic attractions." The sympathizing eye of Stuyvezant fell on the quivering lip of Ernst; laying his hand gently on his shoulder, he said, "Ernst, I should exceed my province, and overstep prescribed bounds, were I to point you to the source of consolation found only in the Scriptures; yet I may ask you, why bind your thoughts to the humanity of Carl? Why not follow his glorified spirit to the banks of the river of life—to the bosom of his Saviour?"

"I am unable to unfasten my mind from the spot of our parting; and my thoughts continually revert to his rejection of our blessed Mother, whose protection I proffered him."

"As Provost, I may not discuss that point with a Romanist. We Protestants give scriptural honor, but no power, to the Virgin."

"I know it, sir; and in this affliction I may be shown this error of your Church. What is truth? is an intricate

question, and this is a very dark world, President Stuyvezant." As he spoke, Ernst threw himself on a projecting rock. Dr. Stuyvezant immediately sat down by his side.

"Ernst," he resumed, with deep interest in his manner; "Ernst, such a sentiment is more fitted for one of my years; I grieve to hear it from the lips of eighteen. The first sorrow is always most keenly felt. Once and again has my heart been crushed, but as often has the healing beams of the spirit of God passed over my soul, cheering and illuminating my darkness, even as that brilliant orb rides through the heavens, reflecting her mild rays on the bosom of these waters."

"That moon!" interrupted the youth, impetuously. "Her very serenity mocks my troubles, and the unruffled flow of the Neisse adds treble weight to my burdened spirit. The calmness of the waves now can scarcely be recognized as those lashed to fury a fortnight since — my own dear, but deceitful stream."

President Stuyvezant sighed. "Endeavor to be calm," he said, resting his hand on the knee of Ernst. "Shall I tell you there is balm in Gilead, and a physician there? Go to your Fathers, Ernst; ask them for their soothing influence. I know not their resources, but surely there must be something to assuage sorrow. Cannot we both look from our beloved Carl to his God? He never afflicts willingly: he will give rest to all who are heavy laden. You have been favored, while attending to that garden, with daily intercourse with the bereaved father of an only son. You are thrown into the society of the preceptors of no common pupil. We all have an assured hope of the salvation of the missing one, and all look forward to a reunion beyond the skies. No Church is forbidden this consolation."

"Both cannot be right," contested Ernst; "still, the question arises, 'What is truth?'"

"Yes; a question of momentous interest, my young friend," replied the President. "Our Churches differ widely in the response. Sift them both, Vancleve; leave not a stone unturned; overturn from turret to foundation, until you are satisfied which is right. Make thorough investigation, and may you find the way, the truth, and the life," concluded the President, rising, and taking his hand.

Ernst returned the pressure; he was about to say something, but checked himself.

Dr. Stuyvezant did not seem to notice it. "I must leave you, Ernst," he said; "it is within a few minutes of the hour for prayer. I shall have no more than time to reach the chapel."

Ernst also arose; taking the hand again of the President, he said, with a great effort to appear calm, "Pray for me."

"I did not require to be asked," he replied, with an affectionate smile.

"I know it, I know it," exclaimed Ernst, closing his hand in both of his; "not only pray for, pray with me—here at the sepulchre of Carl. Pray that I may find the truth—his truth—to illumine my dark spirit, to comfort my distressed heart."

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

The force of this truth was manifest in the calm demeanor, gentle spirit, and subdued manner of Ernst ever after. Circumstances had made him sad; but there was freedom from general depression which could not but be noticed, and was particularly by his parents.

On his return home that evening, he and his sister received a note from a committee appointed by the Protestant department, inviting them to unite with them in an excursion on the bay next morning, to start at twelve o'clock. Many of the young ladies of Eidelberg had been invited, the note

stated, and they would be disappointed to receive a regret from Miss Adele Vancleve. Baron and Lady Vancleve were much pleased with the project.

"Your sister will be much better, Ernst, if her strength will only be sufficient for the trip; it will so entirely change the current of thought," remarked Lady Vancleve. "Ernst, the Medical School are not invited?" she questioned, with uneasiness.

"Yes, mother; but Dr. Weber has declined accompanying the party. If all the rest accept, you will not object?" he asked, with a sad smile. "I go myself to take Adele. I do not anticipate any pleasure in the sail; yet, if it would benefit her, I would gladly go every day in the week. I must omit my morning work at Eiseldorf to-morrow. That is a great, though a mournful pleasure to me, mother. Mr. Ravenscroft has assisted me the last two days; he is a remarkable man. True, he is sad, very sad; but so submissive, so uncomplaining, so perfectly resigned. How can he be thus sustained by his religion, if false? What else can it be? He does not mention Carl; he never calls me son, as was his custom, but he makes great exertion to talk with me, instructs me about plants, points out the different wonders in nature to me. He would amaze *you*, mother. I know from whence he obtains strength; from the book forbidden by our Church; the book I may not call mine without offence to my father."

"Ernst," admonished his mother, "be cautious; it was only your gentle acquiescence to your father's will, in giving up that volume, and ready promise to stay some associations, that induced your father to withdraw the further opposition recommended by Father Antoine. Do not, by contemptuous words, deserve the anathemas of the Holy Mother Church you have already greatly offended, nor rouse an earthly parent's wrath, whose only fault is loving you to

blind indulgence. The tearful remonstrances of Father Antoine, last night, showed me most vividly the hazard of the soul of an only son in the permission of continued intercourse with this dangerous family."

The cheek of Ernst grew pale with indignation ; he spoke emphatically :

"Dear mother — for you are my mother, and much does that only son love and honor you — but hear me, mother. *You* may be satisfied in your own mind concerning papacy ; father may be influenced by her Jesuit priests to try strenuous measures to keep me within her thralldom ; mother, it is my firm determination to openly declare myself a Protestant so soon as I may be handed over to their jurisdiction. Go wealth — welcome poverty — ay ! ay ! disgrace. Ernst Vancleve shrinks from neither. Good night, mother."

He left her for the first time in his life without kissing her.

"Dr. Bryant's carriage is at the door," reported little Cassy, "with Miss Tony in it, waiting for sister to go to the landing, to the grand sail this morning." She sprang up stairs to hurry Adele, who was preparing to go.

"A larger shawl, Miss Adele," urged Bertha ; "it will be chilly on the water, though it seems so warm to-day."

"It is right hot," decided Cassy, dashing back her curls ; "brother says he will meet you at the boat, sister ; he has to go for somebody, I forget who. Tony Bryant says don't hurry, there is plenty of time. I wish I was big, then I could go ; could I, sister ?"

• "You darling child, we are only afraid some evil might befall you, or you should not be left behind, little or big," replied Adele. She kissed her good-by two or three times ; her father coming to meet her, placed her in the carriage by the side of Miss Bryant. The carriages were drawn up at the college landing. Most of the students of both schools

were there. Many from the Medical. Some of the Professors as spectators.

"We could not have selected a more splendid day," Ernst remarked, passing hat in hand with the beautiful Meta Vance on his arm.

His sister, he had ascertained, was in charge of Lewellyn Bryant and Paul Schiller. Ernst had expected to accompany his sister, and was not a little chagrined to find a note in the morning, under his chamber door, from Professor Vance, asking him to call for his daughter, as she would have no one to escort her to the boat. To refuse would have been uncourteous; but with tact peculiar to himself he placed her in one of the most comfortable boats, introduced and put her under the protection of Mr. Henry Keft, who received her with smiling graciousness, and bowed himself off; a short time after Adele recognized her brother's voice close behind her in the same skiff.

At a signal given from the shore, every boat started; it was beautiful to behold the exquisite regularity with which they were guided.

"How Ravenscroft would have enjoyed this," observed one of the young men; "he was the soul of all pleasure parties."

"He was indeed," assented another; "and although the breeze is invigorating, and there seems a good deal of animation throughout, yet, were it not for the ladies, our sail might be pronounced tolerably dull." They had neared Eagle Island; the leaders were about turning the point to enter the bay.

"Vancleve, adjust that sail a little," called young Bryant; "she bears south."

Ernst heard not; his eye was intently fixed on the eastern shore. He arose; bending far over, he seemed to be endeavoring to see into the distance. "It is, it surely is,"

he murmured, rather than spoke. "Adele, do I see a spirit? is it my imagination? tell me, is that not *his* figure before us in Eiseldorf? It moves." His sister's eye followed the direction of his finger, before she could reply, there was a burst from every boat, which echoed and re-echoed among the mountain rocks, until the reverberation was deafening. "Carl!—Carl!—he lives—saved—home—Ravenscroft on shore—to Eiseldorf—to Eiseldorf. Set sails." In less than a moment, every prow was pointing toward that shore. With one consent, the crapees were torn from every arm; they fluttered an instant in the wind, then seeking the water, floated swiftly toward the bay. Ernst sat transfixed, not a word escaped him; his crape was untouched. He saw nothing but the figure on the shore.

The carriage of Mr. Ravenscroft was standing on the banks of the Neisse, and they were admiring the appearance of the boats. As soon as Carl discovered they belonged to the College, he suggested to Cassy the idea of standing on the rocks, as they turned the point, to enjoy the astonishment of the students. Carl was unprepared for this tumultuous manifestation of joy. The boys of both schools, generally, had professed great esteem for him, and he knew among many he was a great favorite; but that there would be such an exhibition of feeling on his re-appearance was far beyond his most distant anticipations. He bowed and waved his hat at every fresh shout of exultation; but none can tell his delight when once more folded in the embraces of his dear friends.

Ernst Vancleve's was not the first foot on shore, nor was he the first to receive the warm clasp of the hand of Carl; yet their rapture when they met eye to eye was inexpressible. Both shed tears of joy. Carl was the first to speak.

"This, I imagine, is one of the black kites my cousin had

to account for, Ernst. Why may it not seek a home elsewhere?"

Ernst glanced at his arm. Cassy untied it; Carl bid it fly after its companions as he waved it off into the air.

"A joyous finish to our bay trip," observed Theodore Clyde; "we shall be on the *qui vive* to hear your marine adventures, Ravenscroft; but the ladies must be at the 'Heights' before dinner. So, allons!"

In a little while the boats were filled with glad hearts and cheerful faces. The deep voice of Clyde commenced the air:

"The dark clouds are breaking, the bent bow is here."

Soon the rocks sent back their echo to the merry singers, amidst the universal wave of hats and kerchiefs.

The skiff of Ernst rocked in the cove.

"Ernst, dear Ernst," entreated Carl, "you must go home with me and dine to-day. I long to give you an introduction to my friend and deliverer, Captain Blucher."

"And Adele will spend a few days with us also," said Cassy. "Lady Vancleve promised for you as soon as your health would admit."

"Oh, yes, Miss Adele," urged Elsie, affectionately kissing her. "It will be so delightful for us all."

"I think you can hardly resist so much solicitation, Miss Adele," remarked Mr. Ravenscroft; "particularly when I tell you how much I shall be gratified by such an arrangement."

"Solicitation will not be needful," she replied; "it will give me the greatest pleasure. Ernst can return home to-day evening and report my intention. I am sure mamma will be delighted with my remaining, as she desires change of scene for me."

"The carriage is just at hand, Miss Vancleve; you must not be fatigued standing. Father will drive you home with my cousins. Ernst and I will join you in a few minutes.

Oh, father, I had forgotten to mention that I had executed your commission this morning; Mr. and Mrs. Weberstadt will be with us at two o'clock."

Carl and his friend stood conversing earnestly some time after the carriage left them; they then slowly proceeded to the house.

All was bustle and preparation there. The servants of Mrs. Vandoren were put in requisition, also; and the smiling importance of Galen, performing many little offices for everybody—filling no particular department—was quite amusing.

When the meal was over, Mr. Weberstadt was invited to dismiss the table; and Mr. Ravenscroft, who was fatigued, requested permission to retire for the purpose of resting. The guests returned to the parlor.

"Now, Carl, in your father's absence, this seems a fitting opportunity of giving an account of yourself the last fortnight," proposed Dr. Baden. "I do not think he could bear a recital of particulars, nor is it necessary he should ever hear them. The restoration of his nervous system depends greatly upon freedom from excitement."

"Just as you say, Doctor. You are his physician, you know best; yet it is father's desire I should give him a detailed account."

"He overrates his own strength, my son; it might produce serious consequences."

"As it is a sad story, will it not throw a gloom over this bright, cheerful group?" All expressed desire to hear the recital. As Carl was about commencing he hesitated; looking around, he said, "There is one request I wish to make, to which, I have no doubt, you will accede: that my two friends, our domestics, may be permitted to come in, while I tell of my danger and deliverance. It will be a gratification to them, as in everything that concerns me they take the deepest interest."

"I will answer for a simultaneous consent," replied Dr. Baden.

"All who know good Katrine and Bertrand will rejoice in giving them pleasure," responded Mrs. Weberstadt.

"We all will," was reiterated throughout the room. Mrs. Ravenscroft arose, with angry countenance and haughty step she left the room, saying to Carl in a low voice, as she passed, "So great an innovation on the rules of society is an outrage to which I shall not submit." Carl colored, but said nothing; allowing her full time to get to her chamber, he went to the kitchen. Katrine had gone up stairs to make some arrangements for Adele's comfort, but immediately came down at Carl's bidding, and, with Bertrand, joined the party in the parlor. Bertrand placed two chairs for them near the door, quite a distance from the rest of the party. Carl made no remark, but drawing near them rested his hand on Bertrand's knee. The door-bell rang. Katrine answered the summons. A fine-looking young man entered.

"Gustavus Weber!" exclaimed Carl, springing up and grasping his hand. "How rejoiced I am to see you."

"Dear Carl, the first tidings I had of you I came to greet you. You have guests,—am I an intruder?" he asked in a low voice.

"It is an offence to me to hear you call yourself by such a name. Let me introduce you to my friends—that is, those with whom you are not already acquainted. To Baron Vancleve's family you need no introduction."

Gustavus, whose eye had been fixed intently on his friend, now looked toward the group; it met that of Adele. Both started and changed color. A slight bow was the only recognition. The heart of Adele beat quickly. Cassy, observing her confusion, with her usual tact, handed her a glass of water, remarking on its limestone properties, and ask-

ing her opinion of its healthful qualities. Adele, with grateful look, took the proffered water. Cassy well knew, from her own lips, all the particulars of this attachment.

Mr. Weber, seeing Mrs. Vandoren at the other side of the room, advanced to speak to her, and bowing to the gentlemen, entered into conversation with Elsie, who was rather separated from the others by her position on the sofa. Ernst crossed the room to him; a warm grasp of the hand was the only greeting between them, and he returned to the side of his sister, for whom he felt much concerned.

"My friend Gustavus, you have arrived just in time to hear the history of Carl's adventures; he was beginning when you came in," hinted the Doctor.

"Do not let me interrupt you a moment longer," and, stealing an anxious glance at Adele, he seated himself at the farthest side of the room, near Carl.

The seat of Carl had been resumed, and the hand placed again on the knee of Bertrand.

"You will remember, Ernst, our parting on that eventful Saturday evening."

"Remember, Carl? it was a parting to be engraven on my memory forever."


"I saw that you were very anxious. I was selfish in persisting giving you so much pain; I built too much on the good qualities of my little skiff, and my skill in guiding her. I was not half way across the river, before I bitterly repented leaving the shores of Eidelberg. The rain poured in torrents, and the waves rising to a vast height in an incredibly short space of time, rendered my boat almost unmanageable; the wind, blowing a hurricane, rent my sail into tatters, and I was left entirely dependent upon my oars. With them I succeeded in springing the waves, as they threatened to engulf me. I could make no headway to either shore, the current bearing me rapidly down the

stream toward the bay. For two hours I kept my boat free from water, but when I found darkness gradually coming upon me, I almost gave myself up to despair. I tried to lift my heart to God, but something seemed to say, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. Have you not thrown yourself into needless danger? Will he give his angels charge concerning thee, when you enter into temptation? Can you say, Lord save me?' By this time thick darkness enveloped me, when suddenly a light gleamed upon me, and threw its rays far down the bay. At first I was dumb with astonishment, almost thinking it something supernatural, but becoming more composed, I tried to discover its origin. Looking to the top of Point Rock, from whence I found it proceeded, I recognized a large lantern of our own, fastened in a crevice, which, I knew, was the work of none other than Bertrand. I watched it eagerly; I saw a figure moving cautiously near it; sometimes it stood erect, at other times I would lose sight of it altogether. I soon observed a horizontal posture was taken by the figure. I guessed the intention: he was scanning the stream for me. I should be saved; I should be at my father's fireside, in my own comfortable home."

A deep groan from Bertrand interrupted Carl for a moment; turning, he pressed his hand affectionately, then proceeded:

"Thinking only of my expected deliverer on the rock, I was careless of present danger, until, by the lightning's flash, I perceived a tremendous wave just upon me. With more than human strength I overleaped it. Hope gave new vigor to my frame. The sound of 'Carl, Carl,' now faintly reached my ear. I recognized the voice of Bertrand. I endeavored to make his name resound, but it was lost in the deafening roar of the waters. At this moment came a thunder-clap, such as I never heard before, almost rending the rock asun-

der, and echoing from hill to hill, making my very heart quake for fear. But I felt that I had now a strong arm and valiant heart to lean on; again I tried repeating the name of Bertrand with my whole strength of voice. It was in vain; the wind blowing in a contrary direction, brought sounds to me, but carried none to him. At length my voice failed—I could not utter a word; how intently I gazed on every movement of the figure. It disappeared; the next moment I heard a clanking of the well-known chain fastened to Point Rock: I heard a plunge. In my mind I measured its length; I was far beyond its reach. I struggled to draw nearer; every wave bore me farther into the bay. My heart beat violently with intense anxiety: I listened breathlessly for every sound; my heart thrilled with the familiar voice of Bertrand, ‘Carl! you are safe—thank God!’ A lengthened chain was in my imagination; I was only awaiting the strong grasp of Bertrand, when a feeble cry of ‘Help! help!’ reached my ear. From that moment the raging waves, and terrific claps of thunder, were the only sounds that met me. My feeling of horror and desolation now, none need picture to themselves. I gasped for breath; I tried in vain to utter a sound; a feeling of suffocation came over me; hope had fled—hope that had amounted almost to certainty of safety. Must I die? Must all the loved ones, then, be given up? Must the sun and moon be shut out from my sight forever? Covering my face with my hands, I sobbed convulsively. Suddenly I became calm; a voice within me seemed to say, ‘Fear not, I will be with thee. Though the waters compass thee about, they shall not overflow thee.’ I felt a peace that truly passed all understanding—a joy that cannot be described. At this moment, a tremendous wave dashed over me, carrying me headlong with it into the waters. I rose twice to its surface; I was sinking again, perfectly exhausted, when I felt a strong



hand grasp my hair—my senses forsook me—I knew no more. Captain Blucher will finish the recital.” As he concluded, all heads were bowed in silence; there was not a sound except a stifled sob from Elsie.

“Alice, my child,” remonstrated Dr. Baden, hastily rising and dashing the tears from his own eyes, “Alice, this will not do; we must only rejoice at Carl’s deliverance; remember he is safe and well.”

“I fear we are exciting your little cousin beyond her power of endurance. Would you not rather, Miss Alice, we would defer the remainder of the story until you are stronger?” questioned Captain Blucher.

“Oh, no, no!” she replied: “I would rather you would go on. I am quite able to listen now.”

“You are weak, Elsie; I fear I was wrong in allowing you to be present at the recital.”

“No, Carl, I am quite calm now; but I realized those awful waves in the dark, dark night; it was that overcame me. The worst is told; Captain Blucher has only to tell of your preservation.”

Captain Blucher proceeded: “When I found the wind blowing heavily in the bay, fearing I might be cast upon the shore, I drew my little craft off, intending to put out to sea as soon as possible. As the gale came up so suddenly, I kept a look-out lest some little boat had been caught upon its waters. I swept the whole bay with my spy-glass; for a long time I saw nothing. At length I espied a speck in the distance; on examining it closely, I discovered a skiff, too frail to be the boat of a fisherman; there was no sail, and it was tossing to and fro; I knew it must be under some guidance, or it would have been overturned. I gave orders to bear immediately upon it, but losing sight of it, I feared running it down; countermanding my directions, I was irresolute how to proceed. I knew that a life was in imminent

danger; I became almost sick with apprehension lest any effort of mine might bring on it sure destruction. In a short time we were enveloped in thick darkness, and now believing the stranger boat irrevocably lost, I had thoughts of going below. Lingered, however, on the deck, I suddenly perceived a light,—the light of which Carl spoke gleaming down the bay—and by its rays I again caught a glimpse of the little boat; immediately our long boat was lowered; I, with one of the men, sprang into it, taking the precaution to make it fast to the vessel by means of a long rope, that in case of danger it might be drawn in by those on board. By that light we kept the skiff in sight. It was evidently guided by a skilful hand; wave after wave was stemmed, until that fearful one which overturned his boat and threatened to engulf us also. That lantern saved him by its beaming light. I saw him rise, and seized him, as Carl has described. At a signal agreed on, our boat was drawn to the vessel. We carried Carl to the cabin; with all our efforts, for a long time there was little sign of returning life. Gradually he was restored—a firm constitution prevailed; and it is unnecessary to tell you,” he added, pleasantly, “that he is now in a pretty good condition both of mind and body.”

“Any expression of our gratitude to you, Captain Blucher, would be meagre indeed,” said Mrs. Vandoren; “for the restoration of our darling boy, we owe you a debt of gratitude that never can be repaid.”

“Believe me, Mrs. Vandoren,” replied the Captain, “instead of feeling that any gratitude is due me, I am only grateful that I have been the means, under Providence, of imparting so much happiness to others, and saving a life so valued and so valuable.”

At this moment, Mr. Ravenscroft came in. An introduction to Gustavus Weber followed. He sat down beside him,

making inquiry for those of his relatives, once dear to him, who had removed many years since from Eiseldorf.

"It is not very easy to leave you; but I must; for I am to cross the Neisse," observed Ernst, looking at his watch.

"And I," said Captain Blucher, "have an appointment at five," and promising frequently to look in at the parsonage, he took leave; Dr. Baden accompanied him.

"Come, Weber," proposed Carl, "let us walk with Ernst to the cove."

Gustavus declined, preferring to chat with Mr. Ravenscroft; he and the ladies cheerfully excused Carl leaving them.

"My garden has not suffered by any means in my absence," Carl remarked, passing through the gate.

"As much cannot be said for the gardener *pro tempore*," returned Ernst. The beaming countenance of Carl spoke his deep affection and gratitude; there was no other reply.

"Yes," resumed Ernst, "I worked in that garden with an aching heart—there was a void nothing could fill. I endeavored to conceal my feelings from your father, who spent the two or three last mornings in it with me. His beautiful submissiveness attracted me; the thought arose, Mr. Ravenscroft is the far greater sufferer, yet how resigned; true, he is sad, very sad, yet so uncomplaining. Whence his composure? The words of a hymn I had so often heard you sing, fastened on my mind.

‘Oh! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?’

Yesterday morning, as your father parted from me, he said, ‘God bless your labor of love, Ernst.

‘He has gone to fields of living green,
Where flowers immortal bloom.’

There remaineth the same rest for us, Ernst.’ His face was illumined, Carl, by holy truth. I felt its reflection. I asked,

from the recesses of my heart, 'Oh! where shall rest be found — rest for the weary soul?' He slowly repeated these two lines.

'T were vain the ocean's depth to sound,
Or pierce from pole to pole.'

Then he added,—his manner I cannot describe, yet shall never forget it,—Carl, 'The only resting-place for earth's weary pilgrim is at the cross of Christ. He has invited such, Ernst. Our great, our *only* Mediator, he alone can give rest. Believe me, Ernst, believe one who has ever found it the fountain head, the unfailing source of consolation, and in this bereavement, a solace the world can never give, neither take away. Ernst, will you try my remedy?' I knew the hand he held trembled in his; for my heart beat hard with the resolutions it was forming. Carl, I did resolve, and made the desired promise. Yes, on that spot I determined, and said to your father, 'His home shall be my home, and his God shall be my God.' He blessed me, and we parted. A conversation with President Stuyvezant finished the work. The superstitious errors of my Church — penances, masses, purgatory — fell to pieces, like Dagon before the ark. The intercession of apostles, angels, saints, and martyrs sank into insignificance. My stronghold, my faith in the power and supremacy of the blessed Virgin, was shattered to atoms. With a broken heart and humbled spirit, I laid all my false belief, my former errors, at the foot of that cross which is all my hope, my only security for salvation. Carl, I know I am a Protestant; I trust I am a Christian:" he paused, wiped his brow, and sat down on the steps of the lower terrace. Carl sat beside him.

"Strange I should be amazed," observed the latter, after a short silence. "It is what I have prayed for daily and oftener. Yet I *am*; but it does not exceed my delight, Ernst. Could the whole realm of nature be made mine, I

would not exchange for it the happiness this recital has given me. My dearest friend, now Christian brother, for time and for eternity. Shall my father share my joy, Ernst?"

"It is difficult to refuse you anything, dear Carl," he answered, apologetically. "But not yet; my father is entirely under the dominion of our College confessors. To declare my apostasy openly, just now, would lead to much misery. I would be sent to Rome."

"In such a result I would be the greater martyr," interposed Carl. "Fear not them that kill the body, Ernst, but work while it is day. The night cometh; how soon, who can tell? Go, stand on your papal battlement; plant the standard of the Captain of the world's salvation. Light the lamp of truth in every dark corridor. It is plainly your duty to spread the glad tidings."

"So speaks the Protestant born," replied Ernst, rising and unclasping the chain which attached his boat to the rock. "On my present prudence depends all my future success. Are we not directed to be wise as serpents, even in our dependence on Almighty power? Believe me, your counsel has more of zeal than knowledge. The premature disclosure of my views would add gloom to the present darkness in yon College, and rivet upon her additional fetters; all communication between the schools would be at once suspended. Whatever my example might effect would be prevented by my banishment from Eidelberg. Be assured, only by a gradual development of my changed opinions will be accomplished our desired end. Are you convinced, Carl?"

"There always was power in your reasoning, Ernst. The Lord direct you aright."

The hook fell; Ernst silently clasped the extended hand. Before Carl had reached the top of the rock, the boat was nearing the opposite shore. Slowly he retraced his steps.

"What wonders has the last fortnight accomplished!" he exclaimed; and, without seeming to be aware of what he was doing, he threw grape after grape from a bunch he had plucked from a wild vine twining among the hills, watching the dimples and then the circles, as each expanded upon the waters. He saw the last grape sink, but his thoughts were far distant. His busy brain was collecting the strange transactions of the period of his absence. The garden gate he found open; the brown stick had fallen, and the twine connecting the elysium to it loosened by the fall. With a presentiment natural to the German mind, particularly to the youthful, he saw the foreboding of evil. With hasty nervousness, he seized a stone, and, with it, planted the tall stick firmly in the ground, binding the strings again around it. Turning from it with a deep sigh, he murmured, "Sweet Elsie will droop, indeed, deprived of this support." There was an undefinable apprehension of trouble for Elsie, with which he associated the President of the Papal College. He passed into the house. President Vonberg was there.

CHAPTER VII.

"Hath he been prosperous and blessed ?
A flower may show thy gladness.
Is he in need ? with liberal love
Tender him the well-filled purse."

WHICH road did you come up from the river, Carl ?" queried President Vonberg, after he had joined the family in the parlor. "I thought Point Rock was your favorite landing?"

"Ernst started from James's Cove," Carl answered, coldly. "I must apologize for my long stay, ladies. Vancleve and I became interested in our subject, so forgot the flight of time. Are you not tired, Miss Adele?" He drew a chair near hers."

"No, Carl ; this chair seems a preventive to weariness."

"It is comfortable. It belonged to my mother : she often remarked on its soothing qualities, and sometimes preferred it to her couch."

"How well you remember your mother, cousin."

"Remember her, Cassy ! I had her six years, and was her constant little companion during her protracted sickness. Strange, if I did not remember her."

"My mother was her intimate friend ; she speaks of her with much affection," said Miss Vancleve.

"Yes, until the change in my mother's religious views separated them, as my father has since told me. You are aware my mother was by birth a Romanist, Miss Adele?"

"I knew *that*, but did not know there was any estrangement in consequence. Mamma still speaks of her as one of the most perfect of her race, and never has alluded to their difference in religious opinions."

"I regret *I* did; Ernst and myself have always been as brothers, though we were opposed in our belief of what was truth or error many years."

Cassy saw the color deepen on the cheek of Adele, and asked Carl what the boys had done with the "Sea-bird," to change the now unpleasant topic.

"True, Cassy," he exclaimed; "I must find out, for she has been a very pleasant 'bird' to me, and will no doubt be once more and again. I shall be careful not to try her so hard in future."

Coffee was now brought in, with some light biscuit.

Dr. Vonberg accepted the invitation to remain; Mrs. Ravenscroft taking the head of the table, and attending to her guests with a grace natural to her — nothing occurring to disturb her equanimity. Mrs. Ravenscroft was really an elegant woman.

The conversation, led by the Dominie, flowed cheerfully. Dr. Vonberg was telling an interesting incident relating to some of the students, when the whole party was startled by the joyful vociferations from the lungs of little Galen. He shouted, hurrahed, jumped, and clapped; yet gave no intelligent idea of the occasion of his noise. To follow him was the universal impulse.

"No wonder he screeched," cried Dr. Baden, returning; hastily throwing a shawl over Elsie, and raising her on his strong arm, he was off again in a moment. No one waited for the other; the sight was as splendid as unexpected. Bonfires had been made on the tops and sides of the hills, wherever they could be seen from Eiseldorf. Some of them

seemed to blaze into the very clouds; others glittered brilliantly into the stream.

"I feel so delighted, cousin," said Cassy, "that you are the subject of so much regard."

"I am glad you are delighted, Cassy; but I feel humbled at being so undeservedly honored. But you will assuredly take cold."

Then gently releasing his arm from hers, he took from his pocket a neck-warmer, for which he sometimes found occasion in boating. Placing it over her head, he wound it round her throat, fastening it neatly under her chin.

"There, now, you are safe from harm," he said, drawing her hand through his arm again.

"Carl, you have consideration to the last degree; how often I am indebted to you for your forethought."

"My cousin is very grateful for trifles," was the reply.

"Life is made up of trifles, Carl. Great deeds fly over oceans, traverse both continents, then die a natural death, are buried up and forgotten. To enlighten a fellow-student in an arithmetical difficulty, make a Greek translation quite easy to another, give peace of mind to troubled beginners in the classics—these, and many other such like trifles, go right into the heart; they have been the origin of all these joyful greetings, so pleasant to behold this evening. I anticipate your inquiry 'Who informed you on these points?' I answer, half the Freshmen, and plenty of Sophomores, too, now engaged in making a public blaze in attestation of their gratitude and joy at your return. See, Carl, there is a rocket; how beautiful?"

Rockets now flew in quick succession.

"It is ten minutes after eight," observed Dr. Vonberg. "I wonder what is the cause of their delay?"

"The gentleman seems perplexed about something," whis-

pered Carl. "I am sure *he* has never been my debtor or creditor for little or great favors."

"There!" exclaimed Vonberg, "was not that well done."

As if by magic, every bonfire was extinguished; and at the very same instant every window facing Eiseldorf was illuminated. They burned brightly nearly an hour; the bells ringing merrily, "Welcome Home."

As the last light was put out, the gratified party, after receiving congratulations of friends and the blessings of the peasantry, who had collected on the shore, returned to the Manse.

When the others left the parlor, Gustavus Weber, aware Miss Vancleve was unable to undergo any fatigue, remained to arrange a window toward the river that she might have a full view also. Adele, supposing he had gone, walked slowly to another window and seated herself there. Her ear was attracted by a light footstep. Turning, Gustavus Weber stood before her.

"Fearing you were unequal to much exertion," he explained, to her look of inquiry, "I supposed a good view might be obtained from a window. Let me give you this chair; you decided it comfortable in the afternoon."

"Do not let me detain you here, Gustavus," she spoke with much emotion.

"Allow me to remain with you, Adele; an interview I have been seeking anxiously since my return to Eidelberg without success."

"Were you not aware I was here, Gustavus?"

"So far from it, I declined to sail, believing my acceptance would prevent yours. I supposed you had returned home with the party."

"You lift a burden from me; I feared it was concerted with Ernst."

"No; I was told of Carl's restoration by Philip Baden,

and came immediately over, for no other purpose than seeing him. I believe, Adele, it was arranged by Providence that I should see you also."

"Do not say so; it cannot be. It is much better there should be no intercourse; my father's commands are absolute."

"Say rather the commands of Dr. Ostend," he replied, bitterly. "*He* is the bane of my life; *he* has poisoned the fountain of my hope, and made me the most miserable of men. Will you yield to such authority as this, Adele?"

"I acknowledge none other than parental authority, Gustavus. In this I am guided by that book which you profess to take as a lamp to your path. Can I read the fifth commandment of the law proclaimed from Sinai and disobey my parent?"

"That parent is unconsciously standing in the way of your happiness; his eyes are blinded by prejudice, which an enlightened conscience as yours surely cannot approve."

"His word has always been my law, and ever shall be whatever may be the result in regard to my own happiness."

"Remember, Adele, the happiness of another is involved in your decision. It is selfish, worse than selfish, thus to trifle with the feelings of one who would willingly lay down his life for you. In six months I am of age; my large property comes into my own hands, with my homestead, the old chateau. You know it needs a mistress. I have neither parent nor sister to occupy it with me; I shall be desolate indeed. Will you not listen to me?"

"Gustavus, would you be a tempter to me? Have I not shown the sincerity of my attachment to you? Am I not fading out of life? Is it necessary to increase my sufferings? Until that command is blotted out, or we obtain my father's consent, I can be no other than Adele Vancleve."

Gustavus walked the floor in silence; stopping suddenly before her, he said, determinately, "I will see your father, Adele; I will show him his injustice. Yes," he added, in a tone almost of despair, "I will unmask that hypocrite, Ostend, I will ——"

"Stop, Gustavus; take that course, and all hope of our union is at an end. Leave matters to Ernst."

"Will you abide by *his* decision?"

"Not altogether; he believes too much in the influence of Father Antoine; he partially forgets the duty to parents."

"One request I may make, Adele; you will not deny me so small a boon. I intend spending three days on this side of the river; shall I see you each day while here?"

Adele sighed heavily, shook her head, but spoke not.

"Is this pleasure, then, denied me?"

"Gustavus, act as conscience ought to dictate. Pray over it; keep filial duty full in view; let the Bible guide you, not your own feelings." While she spoke, young Weber stood, his eyes resting on the floor. As she finished, taking her hand in both of his, he said, very solemnly:

"Adele, these four years I have endeavored to make that Bible the rule for all my actions; there is no command more deeply engraven on my heart than filial obedience. Three years since, standing at my father's dying bed to receive his blessing, overwhelmed with sorrow, I entreated to be forgiven, if in any instance I had ever offended him. 'My son,' was his reply, 'your obedience has been the greatest comfort of my life. In making a retrospect, this morning, I could not recall one act of wilful disobedience.' I speak not boastingly, but to show you my appreciation of the fifth commandment. Yet had my father been cursed with such spiritual advisers as Ostend or Weisse, my course would have been far different. You forget the Bible, in giving this command, adds, 'in the Lord.'"

"Gustavus, am I right in listening to the temptation?" she asked, doubtingly.

"Hear me to the end, Adele. I could conscientiously visit you here, see you daily, hourly, even without consent; and in the fear of God, with the clearest conscience, lead you to the altar, and have our union irrevocably sealed. Oh, that I could induce you!"

"Gustavus Weber!" exclaimed Adele, endeavoring to release her hand from the clasp in which he held it. "Let not such thoughts intrude upon you; at least, do not sully *my* ear with them."

"Adele," he persisted; "listen one moment. Is my happiness to be sacrificed forever? Is your health to be undermined? Are you to find an early grave, and leave me desolate. Take but this step, these Jesuit priests would then know their interference could no longer avail; the affection of your father would rise beyond all other feeling. Your health would soon return, and I would be the happiest of beings, blessed with such a treasure."

"Again I say, Gustavus, whatever it may cost me, I am resolved my parents must be the arbiters between us. Until their consent can be obtained, we had better never meet. Should it be withheld, I at least shall have the happiness of knowing I have done my duty toward them."

The hand of Adele fell from the firm grasp of Gustavus. Turning from her, he slowly paced the apartment with folded arms and bowed head: he seemed to forget her presence. Her eye was fixed upon him, but agitation prevented her again speaking. At this moment Dr. Baden came in, carrying Elsie.

"Do you not think, Miss Vancleve," he inquired, pleasantly, "one needs a strong arm when forced to bear such a burden?"

"I am not so very heavy," laughed the child, as he placed

her comfortably on the sofa. "I know I am pretty tired. Was n't it beautiful, Miss Adele?"

"It was, indeed, beautiful," she assented; "though the view from the house was limited." The languor in the voice attracted the Doctor. "Miss Vancleve is pale from fatigue; she requires immediate rest, as does my little patient," he observed. "I marvel the medical skill of Dr. Weber had not discovered it."

"I am seldom otherwise than languid, Dr. Baden," said Adele, with an effort to appear composed. "No doubt Elsie and I will both be benefited by a night's repose."

"We are going the same road, Gustavus; a seat in my carriage is at your service," proposed Dr. Baden.

Gustavus, who was standing near and talking to Elsie, accepted the proffered seat. After a few more directions for the comfort of the two ladies, the Doctor bade "good night," Dr. Weber accompanying him. Very shortly after the whole party came in, the guests remaining for worship. After they had gone, the family separated for the night.

Adele was charmed with the appearance of the chamber, as she entered it. "This is comfort," she remarked to Katrine, who followed to see whether she could render her any assistance. "Miss Cassy has often said that everything you touched, Katrine, turned into comfort; just as the philosopher's stone turned all things into gold."

"I hope Miss Cassy's report of me has more foundation than the other story; the philosopher looked in vain, you know, for his riches." Adele was surprised at the answer; although common-place, there was a refinement about it she scarcely expected from one in a menial station. She now fully comprehended why that *touch polite* given by Katrine rendered everything so inviting.

A small fire was burning upon the hearth merely to remove the dampness, a polished brass fender surrounding the

front. The green shutters were bowed to exclude the bright rays of the sun in the morning; long dimity curtains, with deep fringe, were gracefully drawn to one side, fastened with a crimson silk cord and tassel; the bed-curtains were arranged similarly, the white spread was also trimmed with fringe of the same pattern. A couch covered with dimity, fitted with large cushions, was drawn from the recess, partly across the fire, an Afghan thrown over it; everything was perfectly plain—bookcase, wardrobe, bureau, washstand, and chairs, all being made of maple. On the opposite side of the fire-place stood an old-fashioned easy-chair, also covered with dimity. A few choice books lay upon the table. A small silver waiter beside them, containing a plate of biscuit and some wine, which Katrine had learned from Cassy was necessary for the invalid.

"I have never had so home a feeling outside of the chateau," she said to Cassy, as she kissed her "Good night."

"Mamma and I are in the room adjoining, with the door between; should you have a fancy for any home comfort, a tap on that will soon procure them," Cassy promised. The home comforts, however, were not needed, as the sun had risen far above the horizon before Adele roused from her slumbers refreshed and strengthened. "Why, Cassy," she inquired, with her eyes only half open, as her form peeped laughingly upon her through the communicating door partly open, "What anodyne do you use here to produce sleep? I scarcely expected to close my eyes, and the morning light has surprised me before I was conscious of settling myself comfortably."

"Every one makes the same complaint of uncle's house; it might literally be called the 'stranger's retreat'—for all have a home-feeling at once, and cannot tell to what to attribute it. But come, Adele, it is almost time for prayers. I fear we shall be too late if we loiter chattering; I think

the delightful worship here, shedding such a cheerful spirit through the household, is, perhaps, the source of all the charm so striking to every one." Adele colored deeply.

"Do not wait for me, Cassy," she urged. "I do not dress rapidly, and may not be ready for some time."

"Shall I then make your apology?"

The blood mounted to the brow of Adele, while she answered, "I cannot tell my duty, Cassy; my inclination and my Bible prompt me to go with you; but my father, I fear—indeed, I *know* it would not be in accordance with his wishes. What would you advise my doing?"

"I am not fitted to advise, Adele, but I heard this very subject discussed some time since, and the answer of Uncle Eldred was this: 'In the words of the Apostle, I would say, "Whether is it right in the sight of God to obey God rather than men judge ye."'"

Adele said nothing. Cassy left her to complete her toilet. In about fifteen minutes Adele tapped gently at the door. "I will go with you, Cassy; are you ready?"

"How rejoiced I am, dear Adele," she whispered, kissing her affectionately; "this decision may be the turning-point in your life; it may tell on your destiny for time and eternity."

"Pray, Cassy," she entreated, "that I may be able to see clearly my duty to my heavenly as well as earthly parent." A warm pressure of the hand was the only answer.

At the head of the stairs they were met by Carl; giving Adele his arm, they slowly proceeded to the study. The kind, benignant smile of the Dominie, as he advanced to meet her, with the greeting of Mrs. Vandoren, she almost forgot she was treading on forbidden ground.

"You look pale this morning, my dear Miss Vancleve; your sleep was not so refreshing as at the chateau."

"Indeed, Mr. Ravenscroft, I slept delightfully: but will

you allow me to ask that *Miss* may be thrown aside? with you I would rather be Adele."

Mr. Ravenscroft smiled. Mrs. Vandoren arranged a cushion nicely on the sofa for her. Adele's home-feeling was unaccountable even to herself. Could she be among comparative strangers? Elsie at this moment entered, with one of her brightest smiles she sat down beside her, clasping her hand closely in her own. Adele was not conscious before of her extreme beauty; her mother, who had exquisite taste, had so tastefully arranged a cap to conceal the loss of hair, that it was quite a question whether it were not rather an ornament than disadvantage?

"Mamma begs to be excused this morning," said Elsie; "she will not be down until breakfast time; she has headache."

The bell was touched by Mrs. Vandoren; Bertrand and Katrine appeared, and quietly took seats.

Mr. Ravenscroft read that beautiful hymn, "The Lord is my Shepherd." The rich full voice of Carl mingled with the sweet notes of Mrs. Vandoren, the warbling of Cassy with the full bass of the Dominie, entranced Adele; her imagination roved to those sweet strains which angels use.

Psalm xxxiii. was then chosen, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." When he came to the fourth verse, the head of Adele sank. Could she indeed, in the midst of all trouble, feel such implicit trust? In her present situation could she be quite happy? Could she resign Gustavus? The duty—if a duty—seemed harder than ever. If a duty—that doubt had never before arisen—she vainly tried to shake off the suggestion; her mind wandered into the future. She was mistress of the Weber chateau, kneeling at the family altar with Gustavus, both the happiest of human beings. Then the fifth commandment rose up before her, "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother." Her

whole mind was absorbed, when the "Let us pray" of Mr. Ravenscroft roused her from her reveries: she was shocked that the sacred words of Scripture had been unheeded. She knelt, with great effort she recalled her wandering thoughts. What heart-felt earnestness was poured forth in that prayer! how different from the cold, unmeaning forms of Father Antoine! Her special case seemed to be laid before the throne of grace; those who were in circumstances of doubt and difficulty—whose way was pent up, and who saw no light. Mr. Ravenscroft had, in her view, faith almost equal to sight; she felt it would be answered. When she arose from prayer, her faith was strengthened; she had clearer views of duty. She felt in this act of disobedience to her parents she was sustained by conscience; she determined also to obtain a Bible, to study it diligently, notwithstanding the injunctions to the contrary. This was clearly her duty as regarded her salvation, and she resolved nothing should interfere with her effort to find her Saviour. On other points, points affecting only her temporal happiness, duty was more obscure; she determined to leave all her interests, temporal and eternal, to the keeping of Jesus; to study his will, and to suffer his righteous will; to be passive in his hands.

By this resolve a burden was rolled from her heart and conscience; the religious fetters which had bound her were loosed. The cheerfulness with which she now conversed delighted Mr. Ravenscroft, who had noticed her sadness the evening before; he felt concerned that care should be written on the brow of one so young and lovely.

After breakfast all was hurry and bustle "to get things to rights," Katrine said. The Dominie retired to his study; Carl busied himself making improvements in his garden. Cassy, making Adele "delightfully comfortable" on the sofa to rest from the unusual fatigue she had undergone,

took on herself to wipe the breakfast things for Katrine, while Elsie rolled herself up in a large arm-chair, to work at a pair of slippers intended as a Christmas gift for "Cousin Carl." Mrs. Vandoren had disappeared to attend to house duties. Mrs. Ravenscroft was awaiting the arrival of Miss Vonberg, who had invited her to ride. The three young ladies were chatting pleasantly in the parlor, when the voice of Doctor Baden was heard.

"Where are the young ladies, Katrine? Come, little girls; I am going to see a patient some five miles off, through a beautiful country. Get your bonnets quickly. It will do you all good, and I shall be quite set up with such pleasant company. Miss Vancleve, you are looking better this morning; let Cassy bring down your things, to save you the walk up. Plenty of warm shawls, Cassy," he directed; "I have your present, my Afghan, for the feet of our invalids, on the back seat. As for you and I, Cassy, we are not afraid of braving a little cold air."

They were equipped presently, and without the slightest ceremony. Adele found herself the willing occupant of the Protestant Doctor's carriage; one who until the day before was an entire stranger to her, but with whom she already felt well acquainted. Carl assisted them into the carriage, wishing them a pleasant ride.

"I am sorry I have no seat to offer you, Carl; I do not like to be an object of envy to you."

"Thank you, Doctor," laughed Carl, "I really could not go with you. I have an engagement to make several visits with aunt and father on the other side of the river; besides, I am anxious to see my friends at the College."

"Well! well!" rejoined the Doctor; "but only remember you have a prior engagement to dine with me to-morrow. I have no doubt such a lion will have many invitations, and I wish to secure you. We are to dine *a la* Ravenscroft.

I admired your father's independence, and intend to adopt it. It is the first time I ever sat down to table in Germany without being annoyed with courses, and never had the wit to make a change myself. Now, good-by, Carl; the patience of the ladies must be almost exhausted," so saying, the old gentleman jumped into the seat beside Cassy; giving his horse the rein, they were soon far on the road to Mrs. Vanklapp's, the patient of whom he had spoken.

"I hope we are included in this said invitation to-morrow, Doctor?" queried Cassy.

"Included!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Whoever heard of Johannes Baden overlooking the ladies? Yes, indeed, my child; Elsie and Miss Adele here I shall take in the carriage myself. I hope you have no other engagement, Miss Vancleve?"

"None whatever, Dr. Baden," she replied, running at once into the spirit of his sociability, delighted with his kind, fatherly manner. "I will be gratified to accept your invite, and also your considerate escort."

The air was invigorating, and the country looked particularly beautiful to the invalids. When at home, Adele was deprived of the pleasure of riding, owing to the hilly country, which necessarily made the roads exceedingly rough. At Eiseldorf much pains had been taken to level them; the road the Doctor had now purposely chosen was as smooth as velvet. As they emerged from a thick wood, they came in sight of the dwelling of Mrs. Vanklapp. "You are acquainted with this worthy woman, are you not, Cassy? She is only one mile from you."

"Perfectly well; mamma often visits her."

As they drove near the door, the reins were thrown to Cassy. The Doctor, promising to return shortly, disappeared. In a few moments, however, he came back, accompanied by Mrs. Vanklapp. Her invitation was so pressing

that Miss Vandoren and her friend would alight, it could not be declined. They were soon all seated in a neat little parlor, chatting to two pleasant children, and refreshed by some cool water which Jemmy had brought for them from the spring.

"How cheerful everything looks here, Mrs. Vanklapp," Cassy remarked.

"We have reason to be cheerful, Miss Vandoren," she acquiesced. "The Lord has been truly good to us, a present help in every time of need. In our distress He sent His ministering servant to us, who has, indeed, plentifully supplied all our necessities. He was here only a few minutes since, on his way to his uncle's, Baron Keift. He brought the children each a little book, with which they are highly delighted. Mr. Weber's kindness to us seems unwearying."

The head of Adele bent low, in apparent interest over the little book.

"He has been a guardian angel to us," Mrs. Vanklapp resumed; "supplied every want of my sick husband, paid our rent; and, since his death, he has furnished these two rooms, as you see, and allows me a sum monthly, on which, he says, I may always depend."

"With his large income," replied the Doctor, "many a young man would be ruined. Instead of wasting it on himself, I know of at least twenty families he nearly maintains. Of course, his income never increases, that is, in gold or silver; yet, he 'casts his bread upon the waters,' and he will surely gather a rich reward. But come, ladies; Don becomes restless, if left too long standing. Good-by, Mrs. Vanklapp. You will not need me for a few days, you are so much better. Can you tell me how long Mr. Weber will remain with his uncle?"

"He said he would allow himself just time to get to College on Friday morning."

"I am really disappointed that Gustavus Weber is not here," regretted the Doctor, as he drove from the gate of Mrs. Vanklapp. "I had hoped to add him to the number of my guests to-morrow. He is a noble young man, that very Weber. When he first came to these parts, four years since, he brought a letter from his father to me, asking me to have an oversight of his son, to watch over him, and guard him, as far as I could, from the temptations incident to college life. I did so as far as lay in my power; made many inquiries relative to him of the Professors. I have yet to hear anything but commendation. Once a week he has regularly dined with us. On the Sabbath he always remains at College, as the Episcopal Church with which he is connected is at Eidelberg. His father, Frederick Gustavus Weber, was one of my warmest friends."

Adele's cheek glowed with pleasure. It was observed by Cassy only.

"Gustavus has an uncommonly bright temperament," resumed the Doctor. "Lately, there seems to be a cloud over his usually elastic spirits; but he is a true child of God — a man of prayer; all will yet be well with him, I have no doubt."

"How beautifully the Neisse flows around this spot," interrupted Cassy, anxious to change the subject, fearing a painful chord might be touched. "And the scenery! can anything be more perfect? Those hills on the opposite side, almost mountain high, sloping to the very water's edge! — the trees forming a forest on their brow and sides."

"Yes; and the houses, large and small, of every hue, seem to be thrown in among the hills and trees," said Adele. "Who that could escape it would dwell in a closely-built city?"

"Your uncle Oberlin seems to prefer a city life, Miss Adele."

"He prefers it for himself, Elsie, but his boys are to be sent to us to spend one year; there are so many temptations in the city from which it is necessary to shield them."

"We certainly cannot complain of their want of life," rejoined Cassy, laughing, "unless they are greatly altered since last year. Michael's description of them was by no means flattering. 'Sure, and Miss Cassy, for such wee things, they are the greatest pests in natur. They 'll not lave me a lafe nor a flower, if they don't soon take themselves off to Brasburg. A pleasin' sight, ralely, to say their backs.'"

"They were then only on a visit," replied Adele; "now they are coming for the purpose of attending school. Kate is to return with her father at the end of the week; the boys only will remain. I hope they will not be quite so wild."

"What are their ages?" asked the Doctor.

"Twelve and fourteen," was the reply.

"Tut! tut! too old to be skittish — must make them better, Miss Adele."

"My influence will not be much; I am very little with them. Uncle Nicholas builds much on the example of Ernst for them; they will go with him to and from school."

"By example much may be effected, my dear — precept on precept — all followed by sincere prayer to avail anything."

"I know it, Doctor Baden, I know it," replied Adele, as she leaned on his arm up the avenue to the Manse. "I realize daily more and more how little can be done in our own strength."

"You will never realize it too much, daughter. Just roll all your troubles upon the cross; you will need no other strength. 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' An invitation from his own lips; do not reject it. Good-by, children," he called

to Cassy and Elsie, who were before; "to-morrow, at two o'clock, you may expect me."

Adele watched the carriage from the window until it was out of sight.

"What are you looking at so intently, Adele?" questioned Cassy, laying her hand playfully on her shoulder. "Do you see horsemen in the distance, and does your life depend on their approach?"

"I should be sorry to think, Cassy, the horseman I have been watching would never again approach. His very horses must love him more than they would a common master. What a man! What a soul! How I wish he were my Doctor. Even sickness would be more easily borne with such a friend and comforter. I feel better now for his few impressive words. Cassy, life must, indeed, be sweet to you!"

"Life *is* sweet to me, Adele; my comforts are many, and my pleasures very great."

"Would that I had been Protestant born," thought Adele: it was an unspoken wish. She thought of Father Antoine; contrasted him with Mr. Ravenscroft; of Dr. Bryant and Dr. Baden. An involuntary sigh escaped her.

"You are tired, Adele; I will take you to your own chamber to rest," Cassy proposed.

"No; I will recline on this lounge. Suppose, Cassy, you sing for me one of those sweet airs I so much love."

Cassy took the guitar from the case; seating herself by Adele, she played.

"That is an exquisite air, Cassy; has it no words?"

"Yes; the words far exceed the music. It is a favorite hymn at our evening lecture."

Again she struck the instrument, and sang:

"My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his work and bless his word:

Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

“But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

“There shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.”

The words sank deep into the soul of Adele. The parting counsel of Dr. Baden, “Roll your sorrows upon the cross,” had deeply impressed her. She resolved to implicitly follow his advice, to take all her sins and cares to Jesus — to go just as she was; to rest entirely upon her Saviour. These words seemed framed for her; she appropriated them to herself; she made each verse her fervent petition. She took Jesus for *her* Saviour; in the same hour found that “peace which passeth all understanding, that joy in believing, that hope, that confidence, that perfect love which casteth out fear.” Closing the book, Cassy murmured, “The bosom of Jesus is, indeed, a sure refuge.”

“Sure, indeed,” was the response; “truly a ‘covert’ from every storm.” Cassy raised her head in surprise; the expression of Adele’s countenance was almost heavenly.

“Dear Cassy,” she whispered; “I have entered into a covenant with my Maker; he has accepted me just as I am, all covered o’er with sin. He has said to me, ‘Fear not, it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.’”

They wept together — wept tears of joy. Elsie’s head was buried in the lap of Cassy; delicacy prevented her speaking. The heart of this young disciple of Jesus rejoiced that one, whom she had already learned to love, had

also determined to devote herself to her precious Saviour. There was perfect stillness a long interval. Then Cassy struck a chord of the guitar she was carelessly holding, accompanying it with her voice :

“Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.”

Rising, she crossed the room, placed the instrument in its case, and, offering her arm to Adele, they proceeded slowly up stairs. After partly closing the shutters, she stirred the smouldering embers, placed a few sticks on them, and drawing the divan nearer the fire, she kissed Adele affectionately, and passed into her own chamber.

Elsie ran into the kitchen to communicate the glad intelligence to her dear friend Katrine. Katrine received the news with unfeigned joy : she cautioned Elsie to let it spread no further, as Miss Adele was a Romanist, and it might lead to much trouble.

“Well, that is indeed news to me, Katrine. Her mother and father love her very much ; would they not rejoice that she would have a home prepared for her in heaven, should she die ? Adele is very sick.”

“They have their own notions about these things, Elsie. You must ask your uncle, or your cousin Carl ; they will tell you all about it.”

Adele fell into a sound sleep, from which she did not awake until long after the return of the party from Eidelberg. Cassy listened several times at the partly-closed door. Finding all quiet, she went to the parlor, where were her mother, uncle, and cousin discussing a point apparently of much interest.

“Just in time, Cousin Cassy,” said Carl, giving her his

chair and drawing up another, "to help us adjust a knotty point. We differ in the mode of expressing our gratitude to Captain Blucher. I have six hundred rix-thalers laid by, two years' interest from my capital, which, since we all agree, shall be disposed of in that vessel. My suggestion is to divide two hundred among the subordinates, and purchase something of value for the Captain with the remainder."

"A splendid silver pitcher, or tea service, or goblet, with his name engraved in full, I advise with all my heart," exclaimed Elsie, coming into the room unobserved.

Her uncle smiled. "Of what use would a silver pitcher be to him?" he questioned. "Gold coins to the amount of four hundred would be of far more service to a man with three little children, in receipt of the small sum of fifty rix-thalers a month. No, no, dear, that will not do."

"No, father, my idea is something serviceable; what, I cannot tell exactly. Some good books on navigation, a chronometer, or a splendid compass."

Mr. Ravenscroft shook his head. "What does Aunt Meggy's judgment suggest?"

"I like the proposition of Carl to give the sailors two hundred rix-thalers. Let Carl go to the vessel and pay them, just as a business transaction. Previous to making any other arrangements, Eldred, you and I will make a visit to Mrs. Blucher."

CHAPTER VIII.

"My soul, look well around thee,
Ere thou give thine infant unto sorrows;
Yet there be boisterous tempers,
Stout nerves, and stubborn hearts."

ERNST," said Lady Vancleve, rising from the breakfast-table, "I would like you to go over with me to Eisdorf at noon. I begin to feel like having your sister home, and wish to make the ladies another visit before Mrs. Vandoren leaves there."

"It would be very pleasant to me, mother; but I am at a loss for an excuse to Professor Vance. He is to deliver his introductory to-day, and has taken the trouble to send me word 'he cannot miss *me* there.' I have always avoided popular lectures; I do not see why he so much desires my attendance on *his*. Shall I stop at Mike's? At what hour will you be ready?"

"At one o'clock precisely. I am really much disappointed you cannot go, my son."

"I imagine I will be through with Father Basil before then; if so, I will accompany you *myself*."

"That is more than I could have asked or expected, Lorenzo. I supposed condolence was all that could possibly take *you* to the house of Mr. Ravenscroft. I regret there exists this barrier to our social intercourse. If the Churches would only agree to disagree, the members of both might have more friendliness of feeling. My late visits, although

very few, have revived many sweet associations. Mrs. Vandoren is perfectly charming, and Cassy seems so to love Adele; as to little Alice, she is a gem of nature, a perfect beauty."

"It is about as easy for 'a camel to go through the eye of a needle,'" quoted Ernst, "as for father to oppose you, mamma; yet I am confident a repetition of his call at the Manse will have more influence in gaining him over than any reasoning."

"It is that very captivating influence induces my fears, Ernst. Carl Ravenscroft is considered almost faultless in the school, and I am not prepared to dispute this opinion, from my personal acquaintance with him. Who is superior to Gustavus Weber? I have the vanity to believe my children would not be fascinated by other than those of elevated standing, morally and intellectually. Yet how melancholy to a father to behold those born and faithfully instructed in the doctrines of the only true Church, enchained in the wiles of heresy."

"Here comes the apple of my eye, the jewel of the house of Vancleve, the beauty of the homestead, my precious little sister!" Catching Cassy from Bertha, Ernst turned the conversation by a stream of unqualified praises of this model of all babies.

"The Vancleves always look on their own through flattering glasses," said his mother, with a bright, pleased smile. "I guess Cassy is pretty much like all other little girls."

"No, indeed," persisted the brother. "I have noticed others, and she is totally different. She plays so joyously, yet so gently; is so willing to remain still, if required, and she is never out of humor."

"Her brother never allows her temper to be tried; the other little girls of Eidelberg have not the same advantages of Ernst Vancleve's sister," argued his mother.

Ernst colored; he only asked, softly, "Who is for their own now, mamma?"

"Well, you are a pattern son and brother, Ernst," she replied, kissing his forehead, as she lifted Cassy from his knee. "As your father intends crossing the river, we will take this paragon. Would you love to see sister, dear?"

"See *sister*? yes, indeed!" Claspings her arms around her mother's neck, she kissed her over and over again.

"We must take Bertha. Go tell her, little dear."

"No, no," interposed the Baron, laughing. "I will be nurse, and feel it quite a privilege after her brother's encomiums. What do *you* think of yourself, Cassy?"

"I am the darling child of all the 'Heights.' Papa says so."

"Caught in my own trap," said her father, taking her chin between his fingers, and fondly kissing her. "Ernst, as you are going to the lecture, you had better take the carriage for some of the young ladies. You are not the beau you are expected to be. There is Miss Vance, some youths of eighteen would be captivated by such beauty. You have opportunities of judging; is she not very agreeable?"

"I suppose so, father, as much so as most young ladies. I like the society of *all* ladies — no one particularly."

"Ernst is his father over again; you used to express your entire satisfaction with the life of a bachelor, 'so long as your home held two sisters.' A certain Henriette Oberlin changed your views."

"And never has had the slightest reason to regret the change, much as he loves those sisters," replied the Baron, with such a rich smile of sincere affection.

"Well, when *I* meet with a Henriette Oberlin, she shall share my heart with Adele and Cassy," promised Ernst. "So now for the carriage and the ladies."

Then picking up for his little sister a pencil she had

dropped, and stopping to hear her "Thank you, brother," Ernst left the room.

"What a labyrinth I am in with regard to that boy," the Baron observed, after he had gone. "I am to meet Father Basil, to-day, relative to pursuance of measures best adapted to recall his wanderings. I shrink from what may perhaps be my duty."

"The spirit of our son will never yield to coercive treatment. I am an enigma to myself, Lorenzo. After a conversation with our clergyman, I feel the salvation of our boy depends on our strenuous efforts, and I am excited to make any sacrifices. An interview with Ernst almost allays my fears for him, and I cannot but contrast his frank nobleness of character with the reverse in his advisers. Lorenzo"—she lowered her voice to a whisper—"I have doubted more than once the policy of obliging Ernst to give up that Book."

"Strange, very strange," murmured the Baron; "the same idea has been tormenting me; but I have tried to put it aside as a suggestion of the Evil One. Our course is extremely difficult, Henriette."

"It is. Oh, do not commit yourself by any promise to Father Basil," she entreated. "With the most holy motives, we have, by the advice of our clergy, embittered the life of a darling daughter. I could not see the noble spirit of Ernst crushed."

A ring at the hall door admonished Baron Vancleve that his visitor had arrived. Laying little Cassy, who had gone to sleep in his arms, on the sofa, and promising his wife he would be cautious, with a heavy heart he repaired to the library.

Michael came with the carriage punctually at one o'clock. At fifteen minutes before two, Baron Vancleve rang for admittance at the door of the Manse. Mrs. Ravenscroft received her guests with great courtesy, caressed Cassy, tell-

ing her how much her sister wished to see her. Doctor Vonberg, also, was making a morning call. He was excessively attentive to Baron and Lady Vancleve, for whose titles he had profound respect. Mrs. Vandoren came into the parlor in a few minutes. After most cordial greetings, she asked them to walk up to Adele's room, as she was slightly fatigued by the ride. She had been persuaded to stay where she was, and to request her father and mother to come to her. Mrs. Vandoren, taking Cassy in her arms, led the way to her sister's chamber. They were charmed with the air of perfect comfort the room presented, and with the improvement in Adele. Her father had not seen her since she left home. The sisters were overjoyed to meet again; Cassy laughed and danced with delight.

"Well, daughter," asked the Baron, at the close of an hour's visit, "do you feel like wending your way homeward?"

"A few days longer," interceded Mrs. Vandoren; "we cannot indeed spare her yet. Might she remain until Cassy Vandoren resumes her studies next week?"

"Say yes, Baron Vancleve," urged Cassy, coaxingly; "we are taking such good care of her, and Uncle Eldred and Adele have an unfinished game of chess, too."

"I see very plainly she will be very happy to be left, Miss Cassy; I am afraid I shall yield if her mother do not veto."

"I shall love to pass a few days more with our kind friends, mamma, if you do not greatly prefer my returning with you. I certainly am much revived by the change. I am so glad you brought little darling Cassy with you: I really pined to look on her dear sweet face."

"Are you not coming home with us, sister? Brother says he has some trouble to keep me from missing you."

"No, my darling," said the mother, as Adele was about

to answer; "sister is looking so well, and Miss Cassy and Miss Alice are so kind in their entreaties that she may stay, you will come with us some other day to bring her home." This satisfied the little girl; she kissed her sister "good-by," resting on her promise not to stay behind the next time she came for her.

"Not brought Adele—is she sick?" Ernst anxiously inquired, lifting Cassy from the carriage, and walking into the house with his father and mother.

"Have not seen her as well for months," replied the Baron; "it seems incredible four days could have wrought such a change."

"Perhaps," suggested Lady Vancleve; "this very skilful physician, Baden, has been prescribing for her."

"Not he—I will answer for that, mother—without father's sanction; neither would the Dominie have permitted it."

"Why, dear, Dr. Bryant would not hesitate, if he thought he could be of service."

The peculiar rise of Ernst's brow and expression of his countenance amused his father. He replied, "I question if our good Doctor is always actuated by benevolence, Henriette, that may be measured by the financial condition of the patient. I have understood his interference has sometimes been rebuked by a refusal to defray the bill. We can attest to the no small amount of his annual messenger. However, the Doctor is a very pleasant man; we will not take cognizance of his charge: he has not nearly so extensive practice as Baden, and cannot afford, as he does, to attend the peasantry gratuitously."

"Very likely," assented Ernst, scornfully. "His son Lewellyn intends practising medicine; he has more brains than his father and far more liberality: meanness among College boys is never tolerated; he is entirely free from it."

"I like him much, Ernst," said Lady Vancleve. "The

day after the sail, Bertrand came over for some additions to Adele's wardrobe, and I proposed returning with him. You were not here; at the landing were Lewellyn Bryant and Nicholas Smith; they insisted on escorting me over the river; they might be held in contrast. Lewellyn constantly called my attention to something beautiful in nature; his practised eye did not miss the most minute object worth seeing: but what most attracted me was the serious and eloquent manner in which he alluded to the great Creator of all these wonders; how greatly man was indebted to a first Cause for only the beauties afforded his sight. He spoke of the littleness of man, of his thanklessness in beholding, without remembering to whom he was so much a debtor. I listened to him with delight. I made an effort to draw out the sentiments of the other, but Nicholas was trifling and insipid, although extremely polite. They declined going into the house, but when I left Mr. Ravenscroft's, they were both waiting with Bertrand, whom they would not allow to come back with me, as they purposed rowing 'Lady Vancleve' over themselves, which Lewellyn did. His mind found another vein, returning; he was comparing different countries. I was not a little diverted to mark how all others sank in his estimation before Germany. He will make a great man, mark my words."

"Lewellyn always commends himself," remarked the delighted Ernst.

"His manner is exceedingly winning. I wonder he visits here so seldom, Ernst."

"We meet every day at school, and our lessons keep us pretty much engaged at our respective homes."

"Is that the sole reason, my son?" questioned his father, regarding him attentively.

"Not entirely, father; as the residence of Professor

Weiss, I would avoid the house of Dr. Bryant. Lewellyn would not be satisfied with one-side visits."

"Is Lewellyn ignorant of the cause of your having so little social intercourse, my son?"

"He is not, sir," said Ernst, dropping his eyes, and turning a little toy of his sister's nervously between his fingers. Lady Vancleve taking Cassy's hand left the room.

"Ernst," resumed the Baron, with the same seriousness, "however your own mind may be tinctured by Protestantism, do not, I pray you, add to the distress of your parents by endeavoring to spread your heresy into other now peaceful, happy families." Ernst was silent. "Father Basil is fearful of your influence; it would be felt, if put forth. Must I *command*, or is my request sufficient, Ernst?" The Baron was standing with folded arms, his shoulder resting against the mantel; Ernst was sitting on a low chair, immediately before the fire. As his father paused, he slowly rose and deliberately laid the toy on the mantel. "Ernst, your promise."

Ernst shook his head.

"Ernst, is authority to be enforced? Is not the desire of your father to be gratified?"

The cheek of the son grew pale as the father's flushed. In a low, solemn voice Ernst at length spoke. "The progress of the gospel might flow on without human aid; but it has pleased God to choose man as his instrument. Father, a dispensation of that gospel is laid upon *me*: woe unto me, if I preach not that gospel. You may silence my lips by parental authority; but neither commands nor entreaties can check the unconquerable desire to proclaim the truth."

The entrance of the servants with dinner closed their lips. Lady Vancleve, with Cassy, came into the room at the same time.

"I will see you in the library at five o'clock, Ernst," said the Baron.

Ernst bowed. The child was the only one who was unrestrained. She descanted volubly on the delights of her visit.

"What did sister say about coming home, Cassy?" asked Ernst, steadying the glass she was endeavoring to hold with one of her hands full. She gave him a bright look over the top of it; when he replaced it on the table, she answered eagerly:

"Oh, sister doesn't want to come home at all; but she wants to see *you*: she says so, brother. When will you go? Will you take me with you?"

"I would like to, dear."

"Shall brother, mamma?" Her mother smiled, but shook her head. "I love Miss Elsie," she went on, quite satisfied with the dissent. "She gave me these pictures; I will draw them this evening. Shall I, brother?"

"To be sure, dear; if you wish to."

"She asked mamma to leave *me* there till sister came home, but I said, 'No, no, Miss Alice; brother can't do without me.'"

"And how would Cassy do without her brother?" inquired her mother.

The big tears filled her eyes, and turning quickly to him, she said, eagerly, "*You* will not leave me, will you, Ernst?"

"Never, willingly, my sweet little sister. See here what I have for you." He unrolled a little box containing a very nice lead pencil. She soon forgot all her sorrow in the beauty of her brother's gift, and was all life and gladness again.

"Mrs. Vandoren thinks the resemblance of our Cassy to her Cassy when her age, is very striking," observed Lady Vancleve.

"There is a similarity even now," said Ernst, regarding

his little sister very attentively. "Yet, I think, it is more in voice and countenance than feature. I suppose Stephen Hengis was under the impression Cassy Vandoren was the sister of Carl, when he remarked, 'That little girl looks as if she belonged to Ravenscroft rather than you, Vancleve; she is so like his sister.' At the time I thought he meant she resembled Carl, and replied there could scarcely exist a stronger contrast. I recollect his answer, 'How strangely differently people view the same object.'"

"They *are* alike, though I never noticed it before," said the Baron.

"What sort of lecture had you, Ernst?" asked his mother.

"The Doctor did not succeed in entertaining *me*, mother. I was so annoyed at my reception, I was not a fair judge of its merits."

"What annoyed you?" queried the Baron, with seeming indifference.

"You will hardly think it worth the repeating, father; but there was a reserved seat for me with the Professor's family. I declined taking it, but was told by the janitor it was Dr. Vance's order; so I was forced to sit there amidst the winks and blinks of the collegiates. Hess Winterstein was particularly amused; nothing is ever lost on him."

"What martyrdom!" exclaimed his mother, laughing. "What else, dear?" Ernst would not laugh.

"Well, after lecture, the Doctor invited me very courteously to see Mrs. Vance and his daughter home. Dr. Bryant had offered his carriage, and he (Dr. Vance) had an engagement. I could not decline, of course; but why *I* am singled out among so many of Miss Meta's friends, I cannot conceive."

"Unheard of calamity!" commiserated his mother, "to be compelled to sit by an admired beauty, to be the envy of a bevy of beaux, to be obliged to ride through a delight-

ful country in a very comfortable coach, in the society of two very elegant ladies—my unfortunate son! Now, to *recruit* yourself, fulfil a promise I made to Cassy, that you would show her the black colt after dinner; you will have time to make Adele a visit before the hour your father requires you."

"It will be far more to my taste than my morning's performances, though you may laugh at me, mamma." Cassy resigned her pencil and pictures into her mother's safe keeping, and went off with Ernst in high spirits.

"Ernst has avowed himself a decided Protestant, Henriette," said the Baron, when they were alone; "and we might as easily check Blitzen Wasser cascade, as arrest its progress; he is thoroughly imbued with the poison, and will yet be a leader among the heretics."

"What was the result of your interview with Father Basil?" asked Lady Vancleve. The Baron said nothing. "Ernst is all we could desire he should be," she resumed. "He improves intellectually daily; how could he be altered for the better? I sincerely wish he *would* see as we see; yet, Lorenzo, I confess I do not feel that intense anxiety I did once. And may it not be advisable to let him alone? Listen to him, now he is calling Michael's two boys to go with him and Cassy to the cattle inclosure; he never passes by an opportunity of giving pleasure."

The Baron smiled sadly. "His heart and principles are faultless in our view, Henriette—but his eternal destiny!"

"He is to meet you at five o'clock; what course do you intend to pursue? Was any suggested by Father Basil?"

"Yes, that of forming an alliance, if possible, between our family and that of Dr. Vance."

"The *commencement* was rather unfortunate; and I much doubt if such a scheme will prosper, Lorenzo."

Again Baron Vancleve smiled; he made no reply.

"Depend upon it," she resumed, "all stratagem will fail with Ernst; he must be dealt with frankly and openly."

"*I* cannot tolerate the system of deception, either; yet Dr. Weiss is so confident he will be restored from his apostasy by this connection, I consented to make no opposition to any manœuvres he and Dr. Vance may judge necessary; *we*, Henriette, are to remain neutral."

"Very certainly *I* shall be neutral; I should be sorry to be otherwise," Lady Vancleve said, scornfully. "Husband, how can you permit our son to be so grossly imposed upon?"

"The means will surely be sanctified, my dear Henriette, if our beloved boy's salvation is secured by an alliance with this family, so truly devoted to our Blessed Lady. Drs. Weiss and Vance tell me that heresy is creeping alarmingly through the College; they both agree that if by *any* means their plan can be accomplished, the restoration of Ernst to the true Church will stay the progress of this heresy in the school; *his* influence is unbounded there."

"May not his influence as a Protestant be felt in the family of Dr. Vance, and thus render abortive all their schemes — introducing misery and discord, in the vain hope of establishing the Catholic faith in our own?"

"I hinted such a sequence to Basil; he assured me there would be no hazard of the kind in forming the connection. Miss Vance is so well fortified. She would be able to repel a whole army of heretics."

"Is her armor transferable?" sneered Lady Vancleve.

"Henriette," answered the Baron, a little bitterly. "Meta is so entirely convinced of the infallibility of her beloved Church, she is invulnerable to every shaft. There seems no other way of recovering our wanderer."

There was heart-sadness in the sudden fold of those hands, as Lady Vancleve sat silently, steadily gazing into the fire.

The Baron, with folded arms, walked the floor; he did not resume the subject.

The merry voice of Cassy asking for "mamma," and her light bound into the room, dispelled for the time all melancholy feeling. It has been said with truth, by the poet, "A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure," so there was in this little child a power to subdue or charm away "evil spirits;" her innocence, her happy laugh, her guileless affection was so winning, and her playfulness so contagious, that no matter what the mood of her companion, little Cassy was sure to excite mirth, and they would be engaged in some innocent romp before they were aware.

"There!" she exclaimed, springing toward the door, "I told Ernst to whistle 'The Rose of Badenbug,' for me to know when he was coming." The door was opened for her; gliding like a fairy through the hall, in a few minutes she returned on her brother's shoulder, calling to her father 'that Ernst said she had mounted a new 'coat of arms.'"

"Adele," he reported, "was still improving, and very bright."

"Was Dr. Vonberg there, Ernst?" inquired his mother.

"He was, mamma; he was in the parlor with Mrs. Ravenscroft. I was with the rest of the family in the study."

"He has been quite attentive there since the night of Carl's incident on the Neisse."

"Carl has never named him to me. Winterstein reports the President particularly attentive to *one* of the widow ladies. Hess has to confess himself the 'Circulating Intelligencer,'—the title given him by the College boys; he is always on the *qui vive* for gossip, and has such an amusing way of retailing his news, he generally finds an audience."

"What a contemptible character, Ernst."

"He is not much respected, mother; his good temper is

his redeeming quality. A college is composed of every variety; ours is as select as most schools."

The hour hand pointed to five. Lady Vancleve excused herself to prepare for evening visitors.

"Am I to understand, my son," inquired Baron Vancleve, seating himself by the side of Ernst on the sofa, "from your language, this morning, that when your collegiate course is finished, you propose to enter the Protestant ministry?"

"Such would be the strong desire of my heart and soul, dear father; but never without your sanction will I enter a pulpit. Preach the gospel I must, but probably it will only be by private precept, and, I trust, by my example. My precious father, why does the Church deny her children the comfort of the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures?"

"My son asks a question his father dare not. The wisdom of our Holy Church is not to be questioned, not to be doubted, Ernst; it would be a mortal sin even to inquire; our clergy will direct us unto all truth." Ernst laid his forehead on his father's hand that he held in his; he did not speak. Baron Vancleve continued. "I have not a wrathful feeling toward you, my son; in this apostasy you have crushed my fondest hope; in deserting the Church, you draw upon yourself her terrible anathemas. I would willingly—gladly, gladly ask my bread from door to door—gladly lay down my life to reclaim you; but no sacrifice of mine would avail."

"Father, I could better bear harshness—forbear; your sorrow, with your gentleness, almost breaks my heart; yet I feel, I know, I am right. In the light of eternity I see clearly my path. Let one year try my sentiments; if the change is of God, it will be permanent; if it should prove the infatuation you believe it to be, surely, father, in that period it might be tested."

The Baron hesitated. "In that time, it may please our Blessed Lady to listen to our prayers for your restoration, my son, if we adopt the proper means also."

"All would fail; my principles could not be changed by any means human imaginings can suggest. I leave myself and all my difficulties on the arm of Sovereign Power—I trust in God. I can add nothing more, father."

"During that year, my son, what religious services would you propose to attend?"

"Until of age, father, I am under your jurisdiction; it remains for you to decide."

"You have asked one year—*that* year is your own, Ernst. I shall not thwart your will during the time."

"Will you consider it taking undue advantage of your clemency, father, if I exchange the services of a Church which can no longer benefit me for one which now has all my sympathies?"

"That movement I had anticipated, Ernst; your actions are your own; for one year we will avoid all allusion to this discordant subject."

"For *one* year, dear father," said the youth, gratefully throwing his arm around his father's neck.

"I am far from hopeless, my son. I trust the power of our Blessed Lady will be exerted to recall her wayward child." The tea-bell rang opportunely—Ernst would have been at a loss for a reply; he only observed, "I did not think it was so late; I must finish my address this night, if I sit up the whole of it."

"Your mother expects the family of Dr. Vance to pass the evening with her; she will be greatly disappointed to miss you from the circle, Ernst."

His mother thought his reason satisfactory; readily excused him, saying she would proffer his "regrets to the ladies."

"Apology, not regrets," requested Ernst, laughing, at the same time lifting Cassy over the back of her chair to his shoulder. "Come, my left-hand aid," he said, playfully; "you and I have an evening's work before us." Cassy wrapped her arm around his head, he marching off with her, whistling an air.

"Your heart is bound up in that baby, Ernst," said the Baron; "what a queer conceit it is to have her always at your elbow when you study. Is it credible that she never disturbs you?"

"Not in the least, father; I sometimes almost forget she is by my side. She would be content to sit half the night, I believe, with an occasional kiss or a smile to break the tedium. What are you to do this evening, Diamond?"

"Draw Miss Elsie's pictures with my new pencil, and dress my dolly in her night-clothes."

"You see, father, she is not far behind me in her evening arrangements. But we shall lose our playtime, if we do not get to work soon. Leave your compliments for the ladies, pearl of the 'Heights.'" Bertha carried in her chair; and the thoughts of the two were soon absorbed in their different employments. After awhile the attention of Ernst was attracted by some little fingers gently creeping over the cuff of his coat. He looked lovingly into the little face uplifted to his, inquiring, "What is it, dear?"

"My new pencil has brokeed, brother," she whispered. Taking the disabled article from her, how great was her astonishment to see him produce a beautiful point by twisting a little screw at the top. "Next time my little sister will say 'has broken' not 'brokeed,'" whispering in return, with a very bright smile, "and you bear on a little too hard."

"I will draw softlyer," she promised, taking the pencil again in her little dimpled fingers.

"More softly, dear."

"More softly," she echoed, still in a whisper, drawing a line over her paper, as her brother resumed his pen. Ernst was so absorbed he did not notice a slight tap on his arm once again. It was not repeated until she saw him turn from his writing to adjust some papers; he was attracted by her eager gaze.

"My new pencil has broken again, brother; and I did draw more softly."

"Why, Cassy, you have done nothing toward the leaf; have you been asleep?"

"No; it broke very soon, and you were too busy to mend it, brother; so I watched you writing."

"I am very sorry, dear, I did not see it. But I will put away all my things now, and play match pictures with you till Bertha comes." This was a game Cassy delighted in; she clapped her hands, as the brightly painted pieces of flowers, houses, trees, and people fell from the box on the table. Ernst patiently taught her to arrange them properly. Indeed, all these evenings spent with her brother told on her after years. Neither did he consider them unprofitable to himself; he saw in Cassy a grasping intellect, and he felt amply repaid in the pleasure of watching the expansion of her mind under his tuition; he never felt wearied in his occupation. She always left him cheerfully when her nurse came for her, unless it happened to be before "playtime," as she called it. By eleven o'clock that night his salutation was finished. The first thought of Ernst on awaking the following morning was intense gratitude for his disenfranchisement. "I am free to worship Thee, my Saviour," he murmured, "without molestation at least one year." This freedom of spirit seemed to give elasticity to his whole system; there was a bounding of the heart in view of the future. Days passed without any reference to the vexatious theme; he almost hoped it would never be revived. To

Ernst there was a pleasant monotony in his life: his daily sail far up the Neisse was a favorite recreation. He was usually alone, and the solitude of the place afforded him the opportunity he loved, to contemplate the past and form future plans. He rather enjoyed the chat of the lads of both colleges, as they every day clustered among the rocks. Sometimes he met congenial spirits, frequently not; yet it was always a relaxation after the morning's confinement in school. On one occasion, a knot of students from the Catholic college had grouped on a rock near Michael's lodge.

"There is Mike Malony hard at work," observed Leopold Extein. "His wife Molly is as nice a little woman as our peasantry can boast. Neither of them think it any trouble to warm us fellows in skating season. That cabin of theirs is real comfortable."

"I have often pondered how a 'son of Erin' should have been planted on our shores," said Alphonse Hassinger.

"And never asked?" queried Hess Winterstein. "I heard the why and the wherefore when I had only been here three days. Vancleve told me himself. The Baron was traveling with his wife and daughter, for the latter's health, through the Continent and over to Britain; at a hotel, serving as a waiter, was Michael Malony. Michael became enamored with the young lady's nurse, and the young lady's nurse did not turn *her* back on Michael. But Lady Vancleve had no notion to leave the nurse behind, so Michael Malony pulled up stakes and followed them home; and Baron Vancleve, finding Michael could handle a hoe and hold a rein, and withal a very worthy fellow, consented that Molly, the nurse, might be Mistress Malony. Now sometimes Michael talks of taking his 'bride' and the 'childer' to the 'auld country;' but the 'bride' always talks about something else."

"Well, *I* might have lived in Eidelberg half a century

without discovering an Irishman was any rarity here," declared John Steuben.

"Humph!" whispered Winterstein; "here is Bryant's carriage, with Dr. Vance, his wife and daughter."

"The old Doctor lends them his coach very often," remarked Extein. "I wonder if they are related?"

"No," laughed Hess. "I'll bet they hire it spare hours. Think Vance could pay, boys?"

"It took *you* to think *that*, Hess," said another. "But hush, Vancleve is coming down the river in his boat."

"Vancleve," Hess began, "the beautiful Miss Meta has just gone up to see you — I mean your sister. Her father and mother are with her in Bryant's carriage. Do they hire or borrow?"

"I have not had the curiosity to inquire," was the reply.

"The Professor peered out of the window considerably, looking for you among us, likely; if you hurry, you will get the visit still; rush, Vancleve."

Ernst sat down.

"Guess you won't throw sand in our eyes; you know you would pull our hair out by the roots, if we dared dispute your claim to the beauty's attention — I mean heart."

"It is well you have been advised of the fact; it will at least serve to keep you in check. Hess, your informant seems to have taken no small license."

"My own eyes and my own ears are the culpable agents — dispute them, Ernst," he laughed, merrily.

"And your tongue undeniably keeps pace with them both," replied Ernst, quite nettled, yet provoked at the feeling.

"Look! there is Brock, the land-agent's wife," (regardless of the sneer of Ernst:) "she is trying to draw that coach up the hills: she classes herself among the gentry since her husband got the situation. He has three agencies, at six

hundred rix-thalers each per annum, and she spends every cent of it. *You know about her, 'Phonse.*"

Young Hassinger, the lad appealed to, was intent on arranging a bird-box among the vines. When thus addressed, without turning his head, he asked:

"Who?"

"Why, Stellwagon, the blacksmith's daughter."

"Well, what of her? some of Hess's yarns."

"Why, she spends every cent of Brock's income, and holds up her head above all her neighbors. Brock is the man, 'Phonse, your father forbid our caning when he seized the Widow Hallett's baby's cradle, among other things, for rent she could not pay. Some of the fellows made up the sum, and sent her a better one."

"True," exclaimed Hassinger, flinging a piece of vine over the nest, and coming round among the others; "what has become of Mrs. Hallett? is she still Brock's tenant?"

"Yes; but the medical students made an agreement to pay her rent quarterly, on condition Brock should absent himself from the cottage."

"Whew!" whistled Hess; "that is a version or a *perversion*. Yes, the medical students *did* make up that quarter, of the cradle memory, but ever since that, Gus Weber has made himself responsible, and threatened a vacant house on Brock's hands, if he ever offered to ask the widow for it."

"Just like him," commended Ernst. "Weber is always ready to stand between the oppressor and the oppressed."

"That is a man I cannot get near, somehow," said Hess. "I dare say he has forgotten me, for he never *seems* to see me. When he was at College, he offered me the choice of a thrashing, or to hold my tongue. I never hear his name without thinking of a switch."

"It is well something may be found to have a salutary effect upon the channel of your thoughts, Hess: it is mar-

vellous how you get so much matter for your day-book. I wonder if you have heard the bridge is to be begun next Monday, October 1st?"

"You are surely funning, Leopold. How did Schiller get the wherewith so soon?" He closed his knife, with which he had been clipping a stick, and dropping it in his vest-pocket, he stood straight up before Extein, in astonishment. There was a general laugh, as he slowly sat down again, asking, "How on earth was the money raised?"

"Why, you were one of the largest contributors yourself." Ernst informed him.

"No; Ravenscrofts and your folks took the lead. I gave Schiller all I had in my pocket; I don't know the sum."

"At any rate, from all the colleges, and from among the hills, there is more than sufficient to build a substantial stone bridge."

"There goes Ravenscroft," espied Hess, "sailing toward the upper landing; how much he looks like an eagle. I always get behind Carl when I ask him a question: the light of his eyes blinds mine. The others I have never spoken to; when we get the bridge, I will make their acquaintance. Boats are a troublesome medium. I think the Manse might be called the 'Eagle's Nest.' The Dominie, his sister, Mrs. Vandoren, and that little Miss Alice, are exactly alike, and precisely like Carl the whole of them."

As Carl landed, Ernst, leaving the party on the rock, walked along the shore to meet him.

"What is the reason Schiller is selected for the salutatory, when Ravenscroft is considered the ablest Greek scholar in the province?" inquired Hassinger.

"He is to take the Latin."

"Yes; but the Greek has always been voted the far more honorable. Why is it?"

"Paul is a hard student, and deserves it," answered Hess.

"I guess Ravenscroft might have had either. Schiller is the son of a widow, and Carl knew it would delight her more than all the *éclat* he would receive. He is high enough in the scale; no risk of his popularity."

"Do you know this to be the fact, Winterstein?"

"A reasonable guess," replied the orator, with one of his peculiar laughs. "Their commencement comes off the week before us; ours will be a sorry concern, I'm thinking."

"Why?" exclaimed several of the boys.

"We have as good mettle, I know; but next month will show 'the right' and 'the might,' or my name is not Hess Winterstein."

"What do you mean?" demanded Leopold Extein, with affected indifference. "How came you acquainted with the private affairs of the tutors?"

"I was in the classroom, finishing an exercise, when the President came in with Dr. Weiss; they were in such earnest conversation, neither of them perceived me."

"Did you remain, Hess? That was too contemptible; how could you?"

"Contemptible or not, remain I did. They are eager enough after our private sayings and doings; why might not I take a similar method of acquainting myself with theirs? Well, I tell you, before commencement there is to be a grand investigation. A meeting of the trustees is to be called, and in the presence of the President and all the Professors, every student of each class is to take an oath that he does not possess the Scriptures, or produce the book—and they are all to be burned."

"Students or Scriptures?" inquired Leopold, forcing a laugh.

"Weiss would not care much which," returned Hess, with a merry peal.

"I do not like much the manner of getting the informa-

tion; yet it may be of importance to some of the fellows to be advised of this movement," suggested Hans Wirtz.

"The Bibles will be burned to no purpose, unless Vancleve is put on for a back-stick — for he is so full of texts, they drop out constantly. I know some of them haunt me when I would as leave not; how all this became known is the mystery: some one with real evil design has given information; if not, they would not be afraid to appear as the exposé," intimated Hess. "Vonberg said, repeatedly, 'I was told;' so whoever it may be, he went straight to head-quarters to inform."

"But Vonberg would be rather disaffected; rumor says he is turning Protestant himself," said Wirtz.

"Not he," denied Hess; "he is thorough; *he* will never desert the Pope; he will never change to anything else; he may change *somebody* to Romanism."

The boys good-naturedly laughed at this sally of wit, as they obeyed with one impulse the summons of the College bell to the afternoon session.

CHAPTER IX.

"Wouldst thou be rich, give unto the poor;
Thou shalt have thine own with usury:
For the secret hand of Providence
Prospereth the charitable alway."

THIS is a bright, lovely morning, Eldred," said Mrs. Vandoren, after worship. "Shall we make the promised visit to Mrs. Blucher?"

"I have about two hours' writing in my study, Meggy; by ten o'clock, I will be at leisure."

"It is now half after seven, father. I shall have time to take the young ladies a ride before you require the horse. Dr. Baden recommends plenty of fresh air to all his patients, Miss Adele," he added, as he offered his arm to assist her into the parlor.

"A pleasant prescription, truly; of which I shall be happy to avail myself."

"You must let me stop at the bank a few minutes; I will not long detain you."

The bright and happy party soon set out, and after a delightful ride returned, bringing with them the money intended for Captain Blucher and his sailors. The four hundred were safely deposited with Aunt Meggy, and Carl, with the remainder, proceeded to the vessel to remunerate the sailors.

At the door of Captain Blucher's, the knock of Mr. Ravenscroft was answered by a lady apparently about thirty.

"Have we the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Blucher?" he inquired.

Mrs. Blucher, bowing affirmatively, with refinement and courtesy that rather surprised them, invited them to enter.

"I am the father of Carl Ravenscroft; permit me, Mrs. Blucher, to introduce my sister, Mrs. Vandoren, to you."

"To Mrs. Vandoren or Mr. Ravenscroft, I scarcely need an introduction," she replied, extending a hand to each; "by character they are well known to me. Mr. Brock, Mr. Ravenscroft," she said, with some hesitation, turning toward a well-dressed, though vulgar-looking, man, with an exceedingly dark countenance, who was seated in the parlor. The man, with a slight nod of recognition, immediately arose to go. The lady turned an anxious look toward him, and, excusing herself for a moment, followed him to the door.

"You will tell Captain Blucher, ma'am," he spoke, loud and threateningly, "that Mr. Brock has called for the last time. Two weeks to wait for rent is some too much for John Brock; to-morrow his goods will be under the hammer."

Mr. Ravenscroft started to his feet; but the front door closed, and Mrs. Blucher returned before he had time to reach it. A deep color suffused her cheek; but she showed no other sign of agitation.

"Shall we not see the children of whom Captain Blucher has talked so much with Carl?" Mrs. Vandoren asked, wishing to relieve the awkward pause.

"Luther is at school; the little girls I will call down, if you would like to see them."

Two pretty-looking little girls, about four and six years old, soon made their appearance; their dress, though perfectly neat, looked worn and faded. The furniture had the same aspect. The house consisted of a small parlor, and a kitchen behind it, with a narrow strip at the side, not

worthy the name of a garden. They were evidently much straitened in circumstances, and although Mr. Ravenscroft yearned to relieve their present embarrassment, delicacy prevented his doing so. Knowing it must be an effort to Mrs. Blucher to talk with them, they made but a short visit.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Mrs. Vandoren, when they were again seated in the carriage; "only to-morrow, before that wretched man comes down upon them."

"I know him of old," replied Mr. Ravenscroft; "a cold, calculating, hard-hearted man where he finds poverty; but he has artfully ingratiated himself with several wealthy landholders, and is employed as their agent. Baron Vancleve places implicit confidence in him."

"What time is it, Eldred?"

"Fifteen minutes past twelve."

Some purchases were made as presents for the female members of the family, and by half after one they arrived at the door of the Manse. Carl, much distressed and excited at the recital of the pecuniary embarrassment of his preserver, hastily prepared to see him. "That such a spirit as Captain Blucher should be in the power of that paltry, cringing fellow," he exclaimed, indignantly; "I always despised the very sight of him. Subservient to his superiors, coarsely familiar with his equals, and arrogant to the last degree with those over whom misfortune gives him some power. The very sailors of the *Ariel* might put him to the blush, if shame were in him. The sailors, and that fellow!—why do I even contrast them? They are a set of noble fellows, father; but I cannot wait to tell you now; just give me your riding-whip. I will drive immediately to the schooner, see the Captain, and dine with him on board."

"Your arrangements are all good, my son," returned Mr. Ravenscroft, laughing; "but would it not be as well, and as Christian, to be silent on Mr. Brock's good qualities?"

"No doubt, father, you are right, as you always are; but the idea of such a fellow, connected with his present power, is too irritating."

"Then banish him from your memory as unworthy a thought, unless to take him to the footstool of mercy; only be grateful that Providence has placed it in your power to free Captain Blucher from his odious bondage."

"Cause for thankfulness indeed," he murmured, as he hurried down the walk, and took the reins from the hand of Bertrand; "but I would *beg* it, ere he should be held his slave. But he has driven the last nail rather too deeply, the worse for him — the worse for him." The prescription of his father was, for the moment, quite forgotten.

The Captain received his friend with a kindly greeting; but Carl observed a depression which he vainly tried to conceal.

"I have come to take some pork and beans with you, if you do not object."

"A most welcome visitor at all times, Carl: just in time; I am on my way below, to dinner. I shall be most happy to have your company."

After the meal, Carl, taking a package from his pocket, remarked, "I want you to gratify me by accepting a slight memento of friendship, Captain; many things I thought of, such as chronometers, etc., but fearing I might purchase something you already possessed, I would ask you to receive this little package from me."

The color mounted to the temples of Captain Blucher. "Is it to remunerate me for the service Providence placed in my power to render you, Carl?"

"No wealth would suffice for that," was the reply; "neither would I wish to lessen the weight of obligation. Do you decline this small token of affection?"

The hand of Captain Blucher was extended immediately.

"Pardon me for appearing for a moment ungrateful for your kindness."

The package was placed near him.

"Can I possibly accept so munificent a gift?" he said, his voice trembling with emotion. Claspings the young man's hand warmly, he added, "I cannot, dare not, refuse it. God has answered prayer; you are the means he has chosen to open a way which seemed pent up. Thank, thank you, dear Carl; at another time, I may explain."

Carl shook his hand affectionately, and knowing he would be anxious to return home, took leave soon after.

"Well, Carl," exclaimed Cassy, as he entered his father's study, "do, please, come and tell us the success of your mission. Our patience is almost exhausted waiting for you. Was it, or was it not, accepted?"

"Yes, in the kindest manner; but it was evident stern necessity alone compelled him to do so."

"Did he make any allusion to present difficulties?" his father inquired.

"Not exactly. He spoke of prayer being answered, etc., which would have been Hebrew to me had I not known of his embarrassment. The acceptance evidently cost him a struggle. He has a proud spirit, that very Captain."

"I regret it; but we all have our imperfections."

"I did not speak disparagingly, father."

"I know it, my son, and wished to point out to you how little compatible with a Christian spirit is a proud one. Even a proud look the Lord hateth; how must he then view a proud spirit."

"I rather meant an independent spirit, father; it was evinced so often on the voyage. He would be happier in bestowing than in being the recipient. I am sure he would fully accord with the Scriptures: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Poor fellow ! the pleasure must be altogether unknown to him, with his present salary."

"You are mistaken, father ; it was relieving the wants of a friend, immured in prison for debt, after a long illness at Coburg haven, which has brought him into all this difficulty. We brought Captain Horn home as passenger ; but I never knew his history until yesterday. I met him on the wharf, looking for a situation. He told me his principal anxiety was to liquidate his debt to Captain Blucher."

"This accounts for his pecuniary difficulties," said Mr. Ravenscroft. "He has a noble heart, indeed. I am too happy it was in your power to extricate him. Such a man ought not to remain in obscurity. I wonder what his talents are as a seaman?"

"Of the first order ; the most experienced captains in the port came to him for information. He once gave lessons on navigation, and, it is said, turned out some fine scholars. I heard an old captain say that if the worth of Captain Blucher were only known, he would soon command one of our largest vessels."

"Then I will at once see Baron Vancleve. His friend, Hassinger, owns the *Africanus* ; they are looking for a captain, and are quite at a loss as to the choice."

"Suppose I see the Baron this afternoon, father, and tell him all I know about him. To-morrow may be too late."

"What time is it now, Carl?"

"Just four o'clock."

"I'll accompany you. It is at least worth the effort. Ask Bertrand to get the carriage ready ; as I am tired, we will ride to the landing."

Baron Vancleve, alarmed at seeing Mr. Ravenscroft at this unusual hour, came hastily to the landing to meet him.

"You have no ill news, I trust, sir?"

"None whatever ; we have the best report to make of

Adele. But I came on business of a very important nature. I wanted to interest you for Captain Blucher. The Africanus, I understand, is still without a commander."

"Ernst has been making many inquiries relative to your friend — indeed, as the deliverer of Carl, the friend of all of us — and finds he is a young man of excellent parts; a good seaman, with high moral principle. I have recommended him to Hassinger & Brothers as a fit person to take command of the Africanus."

"The very business we came on, and are truly happy to find it in such good hands."

"But you will return with me to the house and see Mrs. Vancleve a few moments?"

"Not to-night, thank you. There is some fear already that darkness will overtake us. With many thanks for your kindness."

The friendly clasp of the hand showed that alienation of feeling in consequence of religious opinions, had been forgotten by the worthy Baron.

"Cousin Carl," said Elsie, as they gathered round the table in the evening, "you have not told us about your sailors."

"Well, Elsie, I have only to say that the money, instead of being safely lodged in their pockets, is still in my own. To a man, they withstood me. There seems something in the very atmosphere of that vessel that forbids all approach to covetousness. Mr. Graef, the mate, assured me, with a politeness worthy of a courtier, that the pleasure of my society had far more than repaid him for all his trouble, and 'I hope, Mr. Ravenscroft,' he added, laughing, 'does not wish to bring me more deeply into his debt.'"

"Nor I," said Peter Hause; "won't have none of Master Carl's money — not I. Hain't all the Bible readins, and all your notice to a poor Jack tar to go to no account? No! no! for as it stands I'm the obleeged after all."

"Nor I, nor I," echoed his two comrades, raising their hats and whirling them into the air; "hurrah for Master Carl! Hurrah! hurrah! long life and many good days to him — hurrah! hurrah!"

"Shaking hands heartily with them, I was glad to escape from their noisy demonstration of affection. They must be rewarded in some way; how shall it be, Aunt Meggy?"

"Suppose you defer it until Christmas, then a new suit of clothes, and a new gown for their wives, if they have any, can be presented."

"The very thing, Aunt Meggy, the very thing."

The entrance of Miss Vanclevé changed the topic; music was proposed, and the evening pleasantly beguiled.

We will now follow Captain Blucher to his home. It was five o'clock before he was able to leave the schooner. His wife met him as he entered his home, vainly endeavoring to conceal her agitation.

"Your eyes are red with weeping, dear Marguerite; have you been annoyed with that daily visitor?"

"Yes, yes, Alfred, he has been here; we shall be beggared, turned out of doors, out of house and home. He gives us no longer than to-morrow."

"Compose yourself, my darling wife; we place our trust in a higher power than Mr. Brock. I am now, thanks to Him who has always provided for us, beyond the reach of his sordid grasp."

"And are we relieved, dear, dear Alfred?" she exclaimed, bursting into a flood of tears. "By what means? Oh, tell me, tell me."

"Here is a little present for you," he said, pleasantly, "that will set all matters straight."

"What is in it?"

"Gold coin, a gift from that noble boy Carl Ravenscroft. Necessity, stern necessity only induced my acceptance of it,

as it was not my just due ; as it is, I consider it the hand of the Lord."

It was opened by Mrs. Blucher, each piece carefully taken out, counted, recounted, then placed in piles before her on the table. "Four hundred rix-thalers!" she exclaimed ; "four hundred!" In her ecstasy, the amused and delighted expression of her husband's countenance was not noticed until, kissing her brow affectionately, he inquired, "Not worshipping the mammon, Margueritte?"

A beaming smile was the only reply.

"You evidently do not regret my accepting it."

"Declining it under such circumstances would have been madness, Alfred, and certainly not pleasing to our Maker. A little speck of the old leaven, dear?" she asked, playfully.

"Carl gave it as though a favor were granted *him*. Just like himself; he is unlike all others."

"Dear young man, may the richest blessings rest upon him. We can lie down and sleep to-night, a comfort we have not lately enjoyed."

"In the morning I will quite enjoy the thought of the old man's visit."

"Take care of pride again, my husband."

The sleep which Mrs. Blucher anticipated for that night was not obtained, neither was it courted ; for the morning dawned before they could recover from the delightful reaction sufficiently for repose.

"It is seven o'clock, Alfred. I was a false prophet last night ; but our wakefulness was so pleasant, and I feel so refreshed, that I doubt being Margueritte Blucher."

"Why, mother," said Luther, laughing ; "have you been swapped in the night?"

"I do not know, Luther ; on that point I should hardly be a competent witness."

A loud knock arrested their attention.

"An early visitor," Captain Blucher remarked; "run down, Luther, and open the door."

The child returned, looking pale and frightened. "Mr. Brock is here, father, and another man with him. I wonder what he is going to do?"

"No harm to us, my little son. I will go down with you, and send him away. Do not fear him."

The child, thus reassured, followed his father down the stairs, keeping, however, very closely by his side.

"Good morning, Captain; good morning!" said the agent, as they entered the room. "We have come on very unpleasant business, very, sir. I am sorry, but stern necessity compels."

Captain Blucher, with folded arms, silently listened to his harangue and calmly watched his proceedings.

"Proceed to business, Mr. Hahn. This table, as furniture goes," (pointing to a family relic, of great intrinsic value,) "is worth about a dollar; but, as I don't want to take advantage; I'll give a dollar fifty. Just put that in my carriage, Hahn, before we begin the valuation."

In a low tone Captain Blucher inquired, "Have you now finished all you have to say on the subject?"

"Hity-tity!" he exclaimed, facing him contemptuously; "you talk more like a creditor than debtor. High flying airs don't become men in debt, I assure you. When I see men so proud, I lose all pity for them."

"Truly, you must have a proud set of debtors, if we are to judge by your humanity. Relative to the table, Mr. Hahn, I countermand that order."

The man stood irresolute, poising one end of the table which he was about raising to his shoulder; but the calm, determined manner of Captain Blucher induced a feeling of respect that arrested him. "I am most happy, Mr.

Brock, to relieve the *sorrow* that oppresses you in the execution of this *stern* necessity. Your rent for the last six months amounts to one hundred rix-thalers. There it is," laying it before him on the table; "I have written the receipt. Sign the paper, and, by further impertinence, do not oblige me to show you the front door. At the end of next quarter place a bill upon your house, as I shall vacate it."

"What would you have, Captain Blucher? Must people pay taxes, and give their houses away to their tenants? Last quarter the rent was not paid punctual."

"We were only three days out of time; then you made six calls on us for it."

"Well, I can tell you there is not a house in the whole village half so good for the same rent."

"When I want your advice, I will ask it. Until then it may as well be withholden."

"Perhaps," Mr. Brock remarked, with a sneer, "the house on Elfin Heights might suit you. That is vacant — Mr. Bremer has gone to England. As it belongs to the estate of Baron Vancleve, I have the renting of it. Would you like the refusal? You would find Baron and Lady Vancleve pleasant and near neighbors."

The brow of Captain Blucher darkened; but a look of supreme contempt was the only reply to this sally,

The money lay before him, and silently he awaited Mr. Brock's signature. The latter endeavored to hide his confusion by an effort at bravado.

"I hope, Mr. Blucher," said Mr. Hahn, "you won't blame me, sir. You know I was only in the line of my duty."

"Certainly not; the responsibility does not rest upon you."

The receipt was given. The agent attempted to speak; but was evidently awed by the stern countenance of Captain Blucher.

"Our business is now concluded. Until the 25th of next

December, never enter this door. Then you may have the rent and key together. Good morning, gentlemen."

Mr. Brock, without returning the salute, walked hastily out, leaving Mr. Hahn to close the door after them.

Somewhat crest-fallen, he was proceeding on pretty much the same errand to another unfortunate tenant of the estate, when he espied the son of his employer, with an arm linked in that of Carl Ravenscroft, walking slowly along the shore, watching his movements narrowly. A most obsequious bow, and "I wish you good morning, Master Vancleve," was returned, with a very cold inclination of the head; as Ernst remarked, scornfully, "You are early abroad on your mission of love, Mr. Brock. If reports say true, you are rather overstepping your commission."

"Why, Mr. Ernst," he returned, in a confused, hurried manner, "I assure you, sir; I assure you that report is a liar, if it says anything against me, or mine. These tenants are a set of do-nothings; yes, sir, a set of do-nothings; and it's only for such as me that sees the Baron righted."

"On that score you need not be concerned. The Baron will see himself, and his tenants also, righted."

"Why, Mr. Ernst, there's not a hair of the head of one of them injured since I've had the agency. Now, there's a sassy hity-tity sailor that's got a tongue in his head none can stand. His rent stood and stood, and the Baron would never have seen a bit of it, if it had n't been for me. I've —"

"Do you allude to Captain Blucher, the intimate friend of Mr. Ravenscroft and myself? Before you practise your petty power further, the Baron wishes to see you, to relieve you of a trust so miserably abused."

"Why! Mr. Ernst!"

Without further notice, the young man pursued his way, leaving the disconsolate agent to digest the information as he best could.

"What a change since yesterday," said Captain Blucher, as he rejoined his family. "Then, I felt as if bound with the iron chain of despotism; now, there is a freedom I can scarcely realize. Carl must know of the happiness he has imparted. It will cost my pride a struggle; but it is his due. I will see him before I go to the vessel."

When the meal was finished, after commending his little household at the family altar to the care of One in whom he had long confided, he set out for the Manse.

Carl espied his friend from the parlor-window, as he came up the walk, and hastened to receive him.

"I was just contemplating a visit to the Ariel, Captain. This is the last day I can call my own, and I wanted to see you before I returned to college."

"I shall be particularly happy to see you, Carl. I want a little talk with you, and will defer it until you come down."

"But will you not come in?"

"Not to-day, as I have seen you. Mrs. Blucher intends in a few days coming with me to make a visit. Good-by for the present."

"Who were you speaking to, Carl?" Cassy inquired, as he came again into the room.

"To my friend Blucher; but not the same man of yesterday—such a change!"

"And you the instrument? How pleasant!"

"I never felt so happy, Cassy. I did nothing praiseworthy; but the circumstances of the case were so peculiar. I am so grateful."

"It only proves," returned his cousin, "as the Bible says, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"I have promised a visit on board his vessel to-day. I will settle that matter, and then be at the service of the ladies."

"And in the mean time we will settle some important

matter relative to the Christmas surprise for Bertrand and Katrine."

As Carl went on board the boat, a gentlemanly-looking young man accosted him. "Can you tell me where Captain Blucher is to be found?" he asked.

"Follow me," was the reply; "he is coming to meet us from the other end of the schooner."

"I have a note, Captain Blucher, from Messrs. Hassinger to you, which they desired me to deliver into your own hand."

"Is an answer required?"

"I presume not by me; my order extended only to the delivery. Good morning, gentlemen."

The eye of Captain Blucher remained riveted on the note long after its perusal. With a beaming countenance, he at length handed it to Carl.

"I verily believe that little dip I had after you in the water is to make my fortune. Read this, Carl."

The note ran thus:—"At the recommendation of Baron Vancleve, Messrs. Hassinger would be glad to see Captain Blucher in reference to the ship *Africanus*, for which they now require a commander. A prompt answer desired in person."

"What do you think of that offer? What do you think of it, Carl? The command of the *Africanus* for the master of the *Ariel*? Why, the best captains in the port have their eyes upon it; the most splendid vessel ever launched here. I surely must be dreaming; but I trust I may not arouse from such an agreeable revery."

"Had you not better see Messrs. Hassinger at once? They are very precise old gentlemen, eccentric in the extreme; but if you can only keep up with their strict notions of system, you will get along admirably. They are thoroughly just, but not benevolent, and make no allowance for the failings of human nature."

"Give me their direction; I will see them immediately."

"They are old acquaintances of father's; if you wish, I'll pilot you, and give you an introduction."

"Thank you; I will be glad to accept your offer. But do not think they are unknown to me by reputation. Having some insight into their peculiarities, I shall deport myself accordingly. In a moment, I will be ready for you."

After walking about a mile along the wharf, Carl stopped before a nest of old stone buildings, the architecture of which was so rude, it seemed to have been built ages since.

"This is it," Carl whispered, peeping in; "and there is the old gentleman, large as life, at his usual post."

The next moment they were standing in a large counting-room, in the centre of which was a square table, covered with what was once green baize, but age and ink had long since deprived it of its original color. Seated beside it was the gentleman in question, poring over the contents of a newspaper. About a dozen desks all occupied by clerks busy writing, and a large stove, completed the furniture of the room. Mr. Hassinger was so absorbed that he was not aware of their entrance until Carl spoke.

"Good morning, Mr. Hassinger."

The head of the old gentleman was quickly raised, and the speaker scanned closely—a pair of small, sharp, black eyes peering straight through silver glasses. Carl drew nearer. "I have brought my friend, Captain Blucher, to see you."

"Why, Carl, my young friend, is it you? glad once more to meet you; had rather a sorry time of it, eh? Your most obedient, Captain Blucher. Be seated, gentlemen, be seated." The spectacles were entirely removed, wiped, placed in the vest-pocket, and the paper, being carefully folded, was put on a pile with many others; the chair was then pushed back,

and, after a close survey of the person in question, he asked, "What vessel have you commanded, sir?"

"The schooner Ariel," was the reply.

"What! that little two-penny now lying in the bay?"

Captain Blucher colored. "The same, sir."

"Well! well! none the worse for springing from nothing — the best kind of men — much the best. These sprigs of quality, with their great expectations, what are they good for? Why nothing, and worse than nothing. Now, for instance, there was my master's son, Alick Vanbanerst, a clever, good-natured fellow, but spoiled by too much money — got all his father left; and what with his stud of horses, yacht, and other flummery nonsense, soon came to the end of a long purse, and left a family of two or three children to get along as best they might. I am a self-made man myself, sir; commended myself by my industry to old Philip Vanbanerst; it was the making of me. He took me by the hand; in time made me a junior partner, and you see what it's come to. But this is not the business: I have made every inquiry respecting you, and have sent to offer you the ship. The wages are one hundred and fifty per month; some tonnage privileges, not yet decided how much. Will you accept it?"

"I will, sir, and endeavor to do my duty."

"That's enough; six months will test it; for that time the vessel's yours. When can you go on board? We must get off in ten days. Ships lying at wharves are expensive things."

"In three days I can be ready for you."

"Well! well! the bargain is made. Archibald!" A young man came forward. "Draw up the papers for Captain Blucher. They will be ready for you to-morrow, young man; call for them precisely at ten o'clock: I shall be here at that hour." Before they could say good morning, he

was at the other end of the room, busily engaged in giving some directions.

"Mr. Hassinger is an estimable man," Carl remarked to his friend, as they again wended their way toward the Ariel; "but his worth is contained in a rather rough casket."

"Not over flattering to some of my relatives," the Captain returned, laughing.

"Your relatives? to whom do you allude?"

"Mr. Vanbanerst: he was my wife's father, and a more kind-hearted, benevolent man never lived. His father left him a handsome estate, and his living was in accordance with it: that did not injure him; he was ruined by giving his note for a friend in whom he had implicit confidence."

"And why did you not confess relationship, and turn champion?"

"It would have made a bad impression; besides, he might have discovered I was not self-made, a sin he would never have forgiven. Wealthy parents and a collegiate course would, in his view, be worse than unfortunate. I was seventeen at the time of the change in my father's circumstances. I had been intended for one of the professions; but having a partiality for a sailor's life, my father, no longer being able to aid me, reluctantly acquiesced in my wish."

"Mr. Hassinger would certainly have more interest in you as the relative of his patron."

Captain Blucher shook his head incredulously. "Let him make his own discoveries. I'll please him, because I know him better than he supposes. He is an industrious, plodding man, without an idea beyond a guinea. On points with which he is not acquainted, stand your ground; show an independent spirit: your fortune is made. Did you not observe there were no thanks on my part?"

"I did, and rather wondered."

"It would not do. Give him the value of the money he

pays you, and that is all he asks. He wants no thanks, because the courtesies of life for him have no charm: by them he cannot increase his income, therefore they are worthless in his sight. To say the truth, Carl, he has a narrow spirit, of which you know nothing, and could scarcely imagine. But I must now leave you. You will excuse me, as I want to see my present owner, to recommend Captain Horn as the commander of the Ariel. He will also take the house I occupy, as I can afford one more commodious and comfortable."

Bidding his friend good-by, Carl pursued his way homeward.

CHAPTER X.

"Knowledge holdeth by the hilt
And heweth out a road to conquest."

AN express has been handed me by Michael. Nicholas and the boys have arrived, and will dine with us to-day. This, too, I have received." As Baron Vancleve spoke, he placed a folded paper in the hand of his wife. It was a notice, calling a special meeting of the College trustees, that morning, to investigate a matter of considerable moment.

Lady Vancleve made no remark regarding it. She asked, "Does Father Ladoire come with brother?"

"No, I judge not. His note merely states his intention of remaining with Kate until after the commencement, to hear Ernst's speech; then leave the boys under our charge for six months. But why so sad to-day, Henriette? You look very pale. Are you ill, my darling?"

"Not physically; but the misfortunes of our house augment daily. Even little Cassy is to be subjected to trial: I had supposed that baby would be exempt. How can I support this?" she added, bursting into tears.

"You shall never be *called to support it*, my Henriette. Tell me, what happened to induce the fear?"

"Father Antoine believes there is necessity for an immediate separation from her brother. Her very first impressions, he alleges, will be heretical."

"Truly, we are an unfortunate family, Henriette; our path is very thorny. Yet the example of Ernst cannot be

other than beneficial to his little sister; her infantile mind cannot be banefully influenced by his sentiments. He evidently exerts no bias, or that cross would have been put aside. He constantly hears its praise, and that of the giver, yet makes no remark. No, Henriette, neither you nor I will ever yield to an attempt to dissolve the attachment between Ernst and Cassy."

The mother wiped away her tears.

"But what if you, Lorenzo, should listen to his persuasive arguments? How could I oppose you?"

"I shall firmly adhere to my resolve, dear, I faithfully promise you."

"Forgive me, my husband," she said, falteringly, taking a silver crucifix from her bosom, which she wore suspended from her neck, and holding it toward him.

The Baron pressed his lips reverently upon it; then kissing her pale cheek, he said, soothingly:

"Be comforted, Henriette; no heavy cloud shall ever intercept the rays of our precious sunbeam: she and her brother shall never be separated."

She saw him again raise the crucifix to his lips, and Lady Vancleve had no farther dread of Dr. Ostend's influence.

"There," said Ernst, opening the door and swinging Cassy into the room, "the school-bell is ringing;" then returning, he asked, "Father, at what hour does the committee meet this morning?"

"After the first session, my son. The students are all expected to be present."

Ernst answered, "Yes, sir," and disappeared. He just arrived as his name was called at the head of the roll.

This completed, President Vonberg arose. After requiring entire attention, he remarked:

"As business of very solemn import is to be transacted, the recitations will be heard in the reception room. The

classes will now form in order, and remain so until the investigation proposed by the holy Fathers as a necessary measure has taken place."

The Professors took their seats on the platform, each delivering his respective lecture. These were brief. The lessons, too, were hurried over; notwithstanding, the hour and the trustees came before they had completed them.

Order and silence reigned; wonder held the majority mute. There was anxiety written in the quietly-compressed lips of others. A few watched with unconcern the movements of the preceptors, and among them there was an occasional whisper. At the bend of the head of President Vonberg, who had taken his official chair, Professor Ostend placed a large crucifix on a table, and said, with great solemnity:

"With the deepest concern for the welfare of the rising generation, especially for the members of our own dear and honored institution, we have called together the secular board, the President, the body of Professors, the spiritual advisers, and the whole community of students connected with St. Gabriel's College, to ascertain (if in the power of mortal man) the source of the heretical tenets being insinuated among these beloved youth of our blessed Church — whether through the association with the Protestant schools, or whether some have been so far misled as to obtain, peruse, and introduce into this College that proscribed volume, the Protestant version of the Holy Scriptures. This honored board" (he bowed gracefully to the trustees) "has appointed me to require each lad, as his name is read, to take a solemn oath upon this sacred crucifix that he does not possess a Bible; and if he does, to place it on this table. We reverse the roll, and will begin with the younger classes."

The division of Ernst was nearest the platform. His heart kept time with the tick of the clock, as he anxiously

glanced toward the bowed head of his father, and awaited the issue of each call. Name after name was distinctly pronounced; lip after lip touched the image, and every boy of four classes reseated without producing a Bible.

"Lewellyn Bryant," read Dr. Ostend, touching the crucifix as he advanced.

Lewellyn bowed.

"The oath, my son."

"I possess a Bible, sir."

President Vonberg arose. "Your possession of that book, Master Bryant, led to the present examination. That volume you obtained through the most dangerous disseminator of heresy Germany has produced since the days of Martin Luther. I trust it is not too late to shield our institution from the diabolical machinations of Gustavus Weber. As principal officer of this College, I demand the book."

With burning cheek and faltering hand, Lewellyn produced the Bible, and laid it on the table.

"Your oath that it is the only one, Master Bryant."

Lewellyn took up his Bible, slowly raised it to his lips, and replaced it.

"The insignia of our Church," said Dr. Ostend, again touching the crucifix.

Lewellyn stepped backward a few paces, bowed, and folded his arms.

"Take your seat, sir," said Dr. Vonberg, unwilling to begin a controversy of dubious victory.

At the name of Leopold Extein, there was some excitement — his father being a Professor. He came forward with a Bible in his hand, and laid it by the side of Bryant's. For some reason, neither *he* nor the next *nine* Bible readers were tested by an oath. Dr. Ostend now held the roll of the first class; all eyes were planted on it in eager expectation.

"Now for my back-log," Hess Winterstein whispered; "no quarter for him in Dr. Antoine Ostend's heart; the rocks are mush to it."

"Hush!" returned his annoyed classmate; "they are all called but Vancleve."

Each had borne testimony to their fidelity to the Church of the Virgin by kissing the crucifix.

"Master Vancleve," said Dr. Ostend, laying his hand forcibly on the image.

As the name of his son was pronounced, Baron Vancleve raised his head, and for a moment fastened his eye upon him; but his position was resumed almost instantly. Ernst stood a few feet from the platform.

"You will approach, take the oath, or produce the book, Master Vancleve."

In a low, clear, distinct voice, Ernst replied: "At the call of my country, or even at the summons of the burgomaster, I might be induced to declare my fealty to the one, or recognize the authority of the other, by an oath; but in this presence, before the officers of this board, before my preceptors, my peers, and my compeers, my *word* must be sufficiently binding."

"The truth of Master Vancleve," the President remarked, "has always been undoubted. Your Bible, or your reliable word that you possess none."

"I do *not* own the book: my father has the only one I ever called my own. But, gentlemen, if to have indelibly impressed upon the memory, and in the heart, the four Gospels of the Evangelists, the whole of the Epistles, all of the Psalms, and very, *very* many detached texts of the Old Testament, will charge on me the possession of the Scriptures, I plead guilty!"

There was a murmur, very like applause, which a scowl from the President rebuked. The silence now was deathlike.

"Are you also indebted to young Weber for your volume?" demanded Dr. Weiss.

"I held my book sacred to the memory of one now a heavenly worshipper: it was *her* gift." The head of the father sank lower at these words.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, Ernst Vancleve," said the President, "you will have severe compunctions when you reflect on the sentiments you have uttered in the presence of your honored father, of this august assembly, and before the sacred representative of the Son of our blessed Madonna. For *that*, have you lost all veneration?"

Ernst paused until Dr. Vonberg had finished speaking; then, advancing a few steps nearer his father, returned, in his deep, clear tone, "As a member of this College, I appeal to this honorable body, collectively and individually, to testify to my conduct during the term of my scholarship, whether it has been beneficial or injurious to the fraternity."

The head of Baron Vancleve suddenly raised, and Dr. Vonberg met his eye as he rose to reply.

"Until you were suspected of having a Bible, in the name of the school, from the principal officer to the youngest lad, I avow your conduct during the entire collegiate course to have been unexceptionable."

Ernst bowed; the applause of the boys was dinning the next few minutes. Ernst stood with one hand on his father's chair, his eyes cast to the floor during the tumult. When order was restored, his voice once more broke on the silence. "The *veneration* required toward that representation of the Saviour, with *my* views, I dare not offer. The whole ground of my salvation is based on the Son of the Blessed Virgin, through the atonement made on the cross, which that represents. I hope to be saved by his blood, and by his blood alone. And there is no other Mediator between God and man. I believe every representation made

by man, and presented to man, to be 'a graven image.' God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Whatever others may do, with *my* belief, it would be idolatry to bow down to any representation of the Deity forbidden in the word of God."

"Does Ernst Vancleve, the only *male* descendant of the ancient house of Vancleve, able supporters of the Papacy centuries back, avow himself a heretic in the very ears of his father?" exclaimed Professor Vance, much excited.

"My father is not ignorant of my opinions, Dr. Vance; *my* only grief is that they should grieve *him*. But—" and raising his clasped hands over his head, with flushed cheek and kindling eye, he exclaimed, "the heights of Eidelberg shall be melted away, and the rocks of her shores may be ground to powder, but, oh, may I never be suffered to deny my faith in thee, Jesus, my Saviour." By a powerful effort, after a short pause, he calmly laid his hand upon his heart, as he very distinctly said, "I am a Protestant!" The President, with a dark frown, waived him to be seated.

After the lapse of a few moments, Dr. Vonberg read a list of the names of the offenders. "Young gentlemen," he added, as he closed the paper, "you have leave of absence until to-morrow." They arose in regular order, bowed to the speaker, and obeyed.

Ernst Vancleve was the last named; he arose, also, with flashing eye: for a time the power of speech was suspended by indignation; but suppressing his ire, he advanced in front of the platform, and more calmly than could have been anticipated, "Is the verdict of the accused pronounced in their absence, Professor Vonberg?" he inquired. "Does an ecclesiastical court so foully wrong the inculpated; and will the honorable head of this institution point his finger to where its laws have been infringed by me?" He stood with one hand thrust between the buttons of his vest, the

other extended toward his judges. He might have been taken for the personification of scorn and haughtiness, yet relieved by an eye beaming with the consciousness of truth and innocence.

"By infusing poison here through the introduction of proscribed pages when in your possession, sir."

"If that misnamed poison had never entered this house through any other channel, it would have been unnecessary to have called this meeting: my Bible never was in the school."

"Are you certain of that, Master Vancleve?"

"Your query, Dr. Vonberg, would question my reliability; you will allow it to pass."

At this, Baron Vancleve changed his position; President Vonburg slightly colored. "You will take your seat, Master Vancleve. It will require some time for the Board to resolve what course they will pursue toward the delinquents."

"If I may be permitted to speak," interrupted Professor Vance, "I would recommend great lenity; by gentle persuasion our misled youth may be induced to return to the bosom of the Church. As to the volumes, I do not care to cast a vote upon them; they will answer to light the cigars of Dr. Weiss."

"It would be well, in my opinion," retorted the gentleman, "to dismiss the school before jests are practised."

After a brief, cold lecture on the heinousness of apostasy, from the President, Professor Basil Weiss gave the classes permission to withdraw; soon after, the whole body adjourned.

"The next move," said Hess Winterstein, with a scream of laughter, as he passed out of the college avenue with a few of his class, "the next mighty move will be a permission from Rome to bless the waters of the Neisse. I'll bet it will take that and more to put out the fires which the

sparks from my 'back-log' will kindle. I'm thinking their reverences outwitted themselves. I, for one, will not long lack a Bible, and many a fellow who never thought of it before, will be curious to find out whether Vancleve's texts were spurious or not. I tell you what," he continued, more seriously, "there must be something in a book that never seems to trouble any but the"—he lowered his voice and looked around cautiously—"but the wicked. Well, I mean to read for myself;" and he laughed loudly again. "I may be a Dominie, too, some time."

"You do not think Vancleve will come to that, do you, Hess?" Hans Wirtz inquired.

"Yes, just as certain of it as of the rocks standing."

"Pity it happened before commencement; he will have to leave."

"Not a peg will he stir; he has read the charter as well as the Bible; and if that gives him liberty to remain, he won't go, I'll bet; and don't Vonberg know that his father is a rich Baron, eh? Wirtz?"

"I suppose so," returned the other, with a sigh; "*he knows*, and I *feel* I am obscure."

"*Make* a name, Hans; who knows but we may *both* be Dominies."

"I don't think I will have anything to do with that book, Hess, even to obtain great reputation," he added, with a faint smile.

"Yes, you will; depend upon it, Hans. I expect to be Bible agent to more than half of our fellows. Mark me, the next of our investigations will produce so many of these books, Vance will have to propose a partner or two to Weiss. Look yonder at Moulter, how he is holding forth to that lot of fellows." Applying two fingers to his lips, and shrilly whistling through them, he drew the attention of the circle, and the boys all advanced toward him and his friends.

"I'll bet, Moulter, you were not saying a word about proscribed books." The boys laughed. "Then I'll bet you were. I tell Hans I am for finding that book out; 'good' or 'evil,' the *best* folks I know are Bible readers, the *worst* are its rejecters; this certainly argues *favorably* for it. I do not say *positively*. I will own a Bible before that tide ebbs once more, and will not refuse to lend," he added, archly, "and strongly advise memorizing." There was no minority.

Wirtz halted at first, fearing discovery; but confessed he was as anxious as any of them to gain a knowledge of its contents, if he could without detection. The hour and place was agreed upon, and Hess appointed to procure the book. Other groups passed down the different avenues in close conversation. Dr. Vonberg's man and boat were awaiting him; he crossed the river alone. Lady Vancleve had sent Michael with the carriage. Baron Vancleve and his son rode home in silence. Mr. Oberlin with his family had arrived; the day lagged heavily with the former; but the guests were entertained with the usual courtesy and hospitality of the host.

Ernst longed for the hour when he could see his sister alone, and detail to her minutely all the painful events of the morning. The opportunity was not afforded until the family had retired for the night, then, tapping at her door and obeying her, "Come in," he gave her a full account of all that had occurred. Adele heard him through with intense interest. When he had finished, she tearfully remarked, "God be praised for such a brother; may I as ably support His cause when called upon."

"With you, Adele," he returned, placing his arm affectionately around her, "it will be more gradual; be assured, as your day is, your strength will be."

"And you, dear Ernst, having put your hand to the plough, must not look back."

"Nor will I, with your prayers to uphold me, dear Adele." He kissed his sister "good night," and was about leaving the room, when he espied Cassy on the bed. "Why!" he exclaimed, in surprise; "how did you contrive to separate Bertha and our baby?"

"A contest between her and her cousins," replied his sister, trying to laugh. "See, the playhouse has been ordered in, also, and placed under my especial care by its little owner; and this is to be the refuge of both until Miss Kate Oberlin bids farewell. The boys, too, tried the little thing considerably, by hiding her dolls, and running off with her drawings; but I do not think they can trouble her any more."

"I certainly will thrash those boys on the first repetition of their mischief. Cassy shall not be made unhappy by them," said Ernst, indignantly.

"No, no, dear; take no notice of it. I intend to shield her from all their ugly ways."

Ernst said no more, but, leaning over, kissed the cheek of the little sleeper, and retired to his own chamber, where he soon realized the verity of the passage, "He giveth to his beloved sleep."

The next day was devoted to his uncle and the boys; sailing, riding, entertaining them in every way imaginable, while his sister exhausted her powers in trying to meet the inordinate demands of Miss Kate, and screening little Cassy from what she called "only fun."

"Your brother," observed Baron Vancleve, with a lifting of the brow, "is fearful of Ernst's heretical influence."

"*Any* might improve them," his wife returned, with something between a smile and a sneer. "But why does he leave them with us, if his fears are so pungent?"

"I do not know; but I *do* know they will be a double handful, Henriette."

"I think so, indeed. I was greatly amused at Cassy's

preparations for her siege last evening. I met her carrying her night-clothes over her little arms into her sister's room from the nursery, and Bertha, looking like a Tartar, rolling her playhouse in after her. I asked no questions, suspecting the truth; but Bertha muttered, angrily, 'she has no peace any more in her own nursery.' But we must all try to bear with them; they are under no control at home. The example of Ernst may be exceedingly beneficial to them, notwithstanding his heresy; though I fear his patience will be put to the test, if his little 'none such' is troubled."

"Oh, Henriette! had he been pleading on any other cause than Protestantism yesterday. Even then I could not but feel proud of our noble boy: he proclaimed his sentiment with so much gentleness, yet so fearlessly."

"I almost shrink from telling you, Lorenzo; but our dear Adele absolutely refused to give an opinion about the expediency of a confessional, when talking with Dr. Bryant about her brother's apostasy, and was silent upon other duties incumbent on the followers of the Virgin."

"I would rather, Henriette, leave these unspeakably momentous subjects with you. I have been so unsuccessful with our boy in dissuading him from his phantom. I have suspected our precious daughter's non-allegiance; its confirmation would be too grievous to be borne. Do not compel me to inquire, dear Henriette; investigate, if you will, for your own satisfaction — the result sepulchre in your own bosom. Father Antoine suggests, as our only retrieving step, devoting Cassy to the Blessed Lady."

"I could not have answered him patiently, Lorenzo. What was your reply?"

"That it was too true the *mind* of our boy had strayed from its proper channel, yet the *hearts* of all my family were as one — a disunion could not be."

"Did he not find that unanswerable?" Lady Vancleve

inquired, turning her fingers through her husband's hair, as he sat on a low stool beside her.

"Yes; he was silenced, not satisfied. After some hesitancy, he told me I would be judged for my blind indulgence, that my pliability had occasioned the ruin of Ernst. I cannot believe this, much as I reverence his opinion generally. Our's are remarkable children, Henriette; even Cassy is the wonder of Eidelberg. Her observations on passing events, and on the remarks of your visitors, are really astonishing. She will make a great woman. Adele appears to me faultless; and Ernst has a colossal mind."

"Do finish off the picture," interrupted Lady Vancleve, laughing heartily, "by giving their mother as flattering a flourish."

"She is my *beau-ideal* of all that is beautiful in form and spirit," returned the Baron, joining in the laugh at his own expense.

"Well, I will not ask to add my husband to the group, or to his family pride might be united personal vanity."

"I will not attempt to outstrip that, Henriette; it is too extra a finish. And here comes Ernst."

Lady Vancleve had taken the stool her husband had just vacated; the Baron stood before her.

"Mamma in the attitude of a suppliant! I came to take that place myself," he said, pleasantly, raising his mother from her position, and, seating her on the sofa, he dropped on one knee at her feet.

"What is it I am expected to grant to so humble a petitioner?" demanded his mother, laughing; "name your boon, sir."

"Indeed, mother," he replied, rising, and flinging himself beside her, "I do so much wish to take little Cassy sailing. Carl has invited me, with Kate Oberlin and the boys, to try his renewed 'Sea-bird.' It has been repaired and painted

most beautifully by Captain Blucher's sailors. They did it without his knowledge; Carl is so gratified. She is a very safe craft, mother — Cassy would enjoy it so much. You know there is not a superior oarsman to Carl Ravenscroft in the province. Will you consent, mother?"

"No, dear, much as I dislike to disappoint you, I cannot allow Cassy to enter a boat unless with her father; and to-morrow we have made arrangements to pay calls. Lorenzo, is it your intention to go over with me to the vine slopes?"

"Certainly it is. Ernst, I too think it rather a risk for Cassy to accompany you in these excursions on the water. You had better not persuade your mother against her will; if anything should happen to your sister, I am sure *your* heart would be the latest in the healing."

Ernst quietly rubbed his mother's ring up and down upon her finger. At length he asked, in a subdued manner, "Whom shall I invite as a companion for Kate, as Cassy is out of the question?"

"I have heard Miss Meta Vance say she loved sailing; you had better invite *her*," suggested the Baron.

"Very disjointed kind of companionship," observed Lady Vancleve, with an amused smile. "I should suppose Miss Meta as too much advanced in years for Kate as your sister is the contrary.

"Kate is superior to Miss Vance, excepting in age; and it is not speaking much for Cassy to say that *she* is quite equal to either of the young ladies."

"Ridiculous, Ernst! Meta is seventeen years old!"

"I know that; but upon my word, father, she never makes a remark that my memory can retain a minute."

Baron Vancleve stirred the fire assiduously. Lady Vancleve kissed the forehead now resting on her lap, and whispered, "You are severe, Master Vancleve."

"The bridge is progressing in good earnest," the Baron

remarked, when he had fairly digested the last speech of his son. "Our burgomaster thinks it a 'mighty piece of nonsense;' he says the scholars will forget how to man a boat or handle an oar."

"Old Langdorfe? I do believe, father, excepting your agent, Brock, there is not a more sordid, contracted spirit on the heights."

"Brock's agency closes with the year, and I doubt he will retain the others; he has shown himself an oppressor, and as such will not be endured by his former patrons."

"From Winterstein's reports of him, I only wonder he has been kept in their employ so long."

"But, dear," said his mother, "you have not acknowledged you were *severe* in your remarks of Miss Meta."

"I am sorry to be *severe*, mother; but ever since father asked me what I thought of Miss Vance, I have observed her more particularly, and cannot perceive any intellect, and not very much more heart; yet she is good-humored, plays and sings exquisitely, and, of course, will pass well in fashionable society. But I certainly must engage *her*, or some other lady, to accompany Kate to-morrow," he said, rising from the sofa.

"Tony Bryant, dear?"

"Yes, mother; I will invite both. Can Peter be spared, father? I do not feel much inclined to go out this evening."

"Not better than his horse, Ernst. There will be a propriety in making a visit to both ladies, and most probably they will accept your *own* invitation."

Ernst smiled, buttoned on his overcoat, and disappeared.

"I almost wish," said Baron Vancleve, "that boy would sometimes swerve from such implicit obedience; if he would only commit some trifling wrong, I might get up some excuse to be angry with him; but, as Vonberg expressed it, 'his conduct is always unexceptionable.'"

"I confess *I* desire no alteration in our boy, as far as regards this world and ourselves; and you would not be less grieved than I, Lorenzo, to see the slightest deviation from principle."

"Perhaps so, dear. I have no definite ideas; my reasonings must all appear vague to you. I am unable to form any plans."

The entrance of Adele and Kate turned the conversation; they were afterward joined by Mr. Oberlin and his boys. Ernst returned late. The next day's excursion was talked over, and great pleasure anticipated by the young people.

"What girls are going?" Kate Oberlin inquired.

"Miss Vance and Miss Bryant."

"I am glad you asked Miss Vance, coz; I'll tease her to sing all the time — I like to hear her."

"I hope she won't," vociferated both the brothers. "I hate music."

"Let us all sing as loud as we can, Osk; it will be fun."

Ernst looked steadily at them a few moments, then, slowly withdrawing his eyes, he entered into conversation with his uncle on a different subject. The hour for retiring was hailed gladly by the members of the family, though Ernst's anticipation of the morning's sail was by no means pleasant; and he hailed the darkened heavens, when he awoke, as harbingers of good, and neither felt nor expressed concern when the rain poured in torrents, disappointing the party of their excursion on the Neisse.

Carl's boat was politely offered the next fair day, but was declined by his friend on the plea of an urgent engagement, nor was leisure ever found to take the sail.

CHAPTER XI.

"Wherefore, thou gentle student,
Bend thine ear to my speech,
For I also am as thou art;
Our hearts can commune together."

THE sun was sinking far behind the hills of Eidelberg and the gray twilight closing rapidly. Almost imperceptibly darkness was stealing over the face of nature. Gustavus Weber had drawn his table closer to the window to catch a glimpse of light, to enable him to continue some writing, in which he was apparently much interested. It was at length finished, folded, placed in an envelope, and about being directed, when a gentle tap interrupted him. A discontented expression was the only reply as he continued writing. A second summons, however, forbade farther delay, and, with a "pshaw!" he threw the letter on the table and opened the door. Lewellyn Bryant stood before him, his face flushed, and he evidently much agitated.

"I have come to take leave of you, Gustavus."

"Take leave?"

"Yes. I sail with my father to-morrow."

"Lewellyn, you astonish me! Come, be seated, and tell me all about it—what you mean by this announcement. But excuse me one moment, first."

The lamp was quickly lighted, the name placed on the envelope, the bell rung, and directions given to Peter (a man belonging to the College), who answered the summons, to give that letter into the hands of Mr. Ernst Vancleve.

"Now, Lewellyn, tell me the meaning of this sudden determination."

"I must only surmise the cause myself; no reason is assigned by my father, only that it is in accordance with his wishes that I should be placed at one of the schools of Heidelberg for three years. A private conference with Father Antoine, the evening before the decision, probably settled the matter. Fear of the light (misnamed by our confessor, heresy), which is creeping into the College, has, perhaps, alarmed my father for me. The influence of Ernst Vancleve may also be dreaded. He and I have always been, as you know, warm friends; a tie which could scarcely be broken even by the wiles of Father Antoine. Oh, that I had the independence of Ernst; I should then fear little the influence of all the Jesuit priests and Romanists of Switzerland."

"That was his peculiar characteristic always," returned Gustavus. "When a little fellow at College, if any one were treated ungenerously, or slighted for want of fortune, birth, etc., he was sure to be singled out by Ernst, and invited to spend the Sabbath at his house, a privilege all coveted."

"Had you seen him yesterday, Gustavus! There has been some secret informant in the midst of us."

"Have you any suspicions as to whom?"

"Not any; it is closely locked in the bosom of Father Antoine. He is as secret as the grave."

"What has the arch traitor been unfolding in regard to you?"

"That I was in the possession of a Bible."

"Did you ever name it, Lewellyn?"

"Not to mortal; but the question was asked by father before I had given him the slightest ground for suspicion. The day following, a committee was nominated to examine into the state of the school, and each boy obliged to swear sol-

emply that he did not own a Bible. No less than twelve were produced. When the turn of Ernst came, he refused positively to be bound by anything but his simple word. To this they were obliged to accede, knowing that opposition would be in vain. He told them his Bible had been resigned into the hands of his father; but he would confess his mind was filled with its holy truths; that light had beamed upon his soul, never to be eradicated; and that without the book he could now go forward, rejoicing himself, and ready to point out to others the only path that conducts to life eternal."

"God be praised!" ejaculated Gustavus, as his eye was fixed with intense interest on his young friend. Lewellyn proceeded. "His father, as a trustee, was of course present. His head was bowed, and the expression of his countenance painfully sad."

"Did he not speak? did he not try to check his son?"

"No; he remained silent. As Ernst finished speaking, he cast an anxious glance toward his father, and resumed his seat. Every eye was bent on him, and the breathless stillness was so great, that the ticking of the clock was plainly heard. I saw a glance exchanged between the two confessors—such a glance! The compressed lip of Father Antoine, and the almost satanic expression on the countenances of both, made me tremble for Ernst, in regard to the examination."

"They may occasion domestic difficulties, but in this Republic they are almost powerless."

"Their shafts are far from pointless, Gustavus. To have his name erased from the list of graduates, to be arrested in his collegiate course, which he was pursuing with so much honor—this would indeed be bitter to a spirit such as Ernst."

"Would they dare? Or could they be so base, so mean, so miserably unjust!"

"The last three queries I might answer in the affirmative, — the first might perhaps be poised with three points in the other scale: first, the wealth and standing of the Baron; second, President Vonberg wishes to ingratiate himself with a Protestant family; third, Professor Vance looks forward to the day when Ernst will become his son-in-law."

"Preposterous! Ernst Vancleve seeking the hand of Meta Vance! Who has fabricated such a report?"

"A report with some foundation, Gustavus, or I have no observation. On the day of the sail, he even permitted his sister, Adele, in whose shadow he lives, to be accompanied by Tony to the boat, whilst he escorted Miss Meta Vance. And if you had been present at her father's lecture, your skepticism would all have vanished. His devotion to Miss Meta was not to be misunderstood; he even waited on her home, although my father offered his carriage to Mrs. Vance, which, of course, obviated all necessity for his attendance."

"My surprise and disappointment know no bounds. What attraction can he find in Meta Vance?"

"Her exquisite beauty both of face and form."

"But she is so insipid, so unimaginative, so — so altogether unlike himself; and, I have understood, a most bigoted Romanist."

"She is, so far as form goes; but is entirely ignorant of Church history. She has a shrine in her chamber, to which she resorts three times a day."

"And how do you happen to be so well posted in Miss Meta's daily avocations?" Gustavus inquired, laughing.

"It is her daily boast. From her own lips I had the interesting information. This alliance, moreover, will enable Father Antoine to carry out his measures more fully to bind again the fetters of Romanism on Ernst. Depend upon it, he will leave no means untried to restore him to the Mother Church."

"Rash, rash young man! Truly Miss Vance is a light fetter to enchain him."

"It is more surprising to me," returned his friend, "contrasting her with such a sister as he has; — *you* know Adele."

"I have seen her," he replied, confusedly.

"Then I need not dwell on her attractions; none could see without admiring. But I must leave you, Gustavus," he said, rising, and extending his hand to his friend. It was clasped warmly by Gustavus.

"Will you add another to your many favors?"

"Most gladly. Anything you may ask, I promise."

"Will you give me another Bible? I dare not buy one; I should be discovered by our vigilant confessors; they are in all places at the same moment. My mind is not so well stored with its precious truths as that of Ernst. No! no!" he continued, sadly; "it is chaos. And when I try to scan the future, I fitly appropriate those words of Young:

"Night, in the zenith of its dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate."

"Look for yourself, Lewellyn; do not despond; take this Bible; it has been my daily companion for two years; passages that impressed me particularly I have marked; many of them will meet your case. Not only read, study them. Search with prayer, fervent prayer, and a blessing will surely follow. You are going into powerful temptation; you will perhaps not find a Christian friend. Keep near to the cross; make Jesus your friend — you will need no other. You will correspond with me?"

Lewellyn shook his head sadly.

"No? Is there a prohibition?"

"There is, Gustavus; you are known as the donor of the Bible."

"T is passing strange. Who can be the informant?"

"That we shall never know. I am forbidden intercourse with you, but may I ask an interest in your prayers?"

"Daily I will remember you. Shall we not now unite in prayer before we say farewell, perhaps forever?"

The word farewell struck a chord that vibrated in the heart of Lewellyn. He could command himself no longer, but burying his face in his hands, he sobbed aloud.

"God is good, Lewellyn," Gustavus said, gently, "and in the midst of temptation promises a way of escape, if his guidance is sought."

"You are a Protestant, Gustavus, and have felt nothing of the wiles of our priests. It is impossible to elude them, if once you are the object of their suspicions."

"Throw off their yoke, Lewellyn; be not held in this miserable thralldom. Come out; declare yourself a Protestant—what can they do?"

"So I purpose, two years hence, when of age. I will bow my neck to none save to Him whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light. Now I am under father's jurisdiction. Dr. Bryant is a man who would without hesitation disown a Protestant son. As he now loves, so would his whole soul recoil from me. But let us ask God's help; time is pressing."

They knelt, and Gustavus at the mercy-seat besought so earnestly, that the heart of Lewellyn was touched and strengthened. Clasp^g his friend's hand, he said:

"I must correspond with you, Gustavus; I will endeavor to escape detection. I must now take advantage of the darkness to see Ernst; he is proscribed, also."

Gustavus accompanied him to the door of the chateau, and, again bidding him farewell, returned to his chamber as the college-bell sounded the hour of ten. With a mind restless and troubled, he threw himself on his bed. Image after image pictured themselves to his imagination. The situation of Lewellyn distressed him, banished from his na-

tive land, and deprived of all Christian intercourse. But the predominant thought that weighed heavily on his spirit was the alliance of Ernst. Could it be possible? Would Ernst Vancleve voluntarily sacrifice himself? Would he bind the fetters of Rome more closely by becoming a member of the family of Vance?

He recalled his noble intellect, his warm heart, his frank disposition. He had loved to dwell upon his Christian character, his independence in casting off errors which had bound his ancestors for centuries, and which were dearer to a much loved father than life itself. And what was he to gain in return?—a vain, flippant, silly girl—one whose only attraction was outward appearance, and whose conversation, if such it might be called, was of the most trifling order.

There was also an undefined feeling that this step would throw a darker shadow over *his* prospect. Any access to Adele must be through his influence; the letter he had just written was entirely confidential. Would he betray the implicit trust reposed in him? No longer able to endure his feelings, he arose, and stirring up the dying embers, he threw his morning gown around him, and seated himself in a large leather chair. Long, long he sat, unconsciously watching the fire as it slowly flickered, and gradually went out. His mind was taking in a retrospect of his whole life; his childhood passed before him; vividly did he recall the days when, his head pillowed in his mother's bosom, all his little cares and sorrows were poured into her ear. Then his boyhood; when guided by a father's counsel—now, so different, so alone—alone; no human being with whom to exchange a thought. Slowly, present things receded, a dim floating of the brain, identity was lost in curious vagaries; the image of Adele appeared before him, her countenance radiant with a heavenly smile. Then a dim figure in the

distance, working some embroidery; it was Meta Vance, her eye fixed on the word *Mary*, which she had just finished on a pure white robe. "A present to the Virgin," she murmured. Ernst stood gazing on her with an expression of the deepest anxiety, while Adele held before her an open Bible. The text to which it pointed, he read distinctly, "Wherefore do you spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" The eye of Ernst rested upon it; he stood motionless. The countenance of Adele was radiant with a heavenly light. He tried to speak, but his tongue refused its office; he endeavored to rise; he put forth his hands imploringly, but he was enchained to the spot — fastened as with a band of iron, irresistible the pressure. Suddenly, she fixed her eye upon him, and pointing upward, clasped her hands around her Bible, pressed it closely to her bosom; then, casting one sad look toward her brother, she disappeared. Gustavus sprang up to follow her, but the sudden effort roused him, and he realized he was pursuing a phantom. The sun had long since risen, and was beaming through the casement. It was some time before he could sufficiently collect himself to recall the events of the preceding evening; when he succeeded in doing so, their painful nature oppressed him, and dressing himself hurriedly, he sought the fresh air a few moments before, as was his wont, he sought comfort in the word of God. Looking at his watch, he found it was almost eight, and, hastily taking a light breakfast, he proceeded to the lecture-room. Professor Oxenstein had arrived before him. Although apparently listening attentively, he heard only the last words of the speaker. "This lecture will be carefully noted by you, young gentlemen, as the same subject of discourse will be pursued for some days, one blending closely with the other."

"Carefully noted," murmured Gustavus, as he wandered

to the banks of the Neisse, and seated himself upon the ledge of a rock overhanging the river. "Were it one of the links in the chain of my destiny, my wandering thoughts would surely sever it." The spot he had chosen was wild and beautiful. Absorbed in thought, he rested his wearied head upon his hand; his heart was wearied also, saddened, strained to the utmost tension, all earthly hope seemed to elude his grasp. "My God, my Saviour," he ejaculated, "receive all the burden of my heart, cares that are too heavy for thy servant to bear; on the cross let me lay them, with all the sinfulness of my distrust in thee." His simple, touching, fervent prayer was heard, a heavenly peace filled his bosom; the future was before him; not the dim future of his earthly being, but the threshold of his Father's kingdom: he had fought the good fight, he had finished his course, he had a glimpse of that crown of glory laid up for him in heaven, where no friend could disappoint, where no affection could be blighted. Never had he enjoyed so bright a view of heaven, never such an assurance vouchsafed that his name in the Lamb's book of life was engraven.

"On this spot," he murmured, "will I raise my Ebenezer; here will I devote myself anew to the service of my Lord and Master." On his knees he did so, and arose, feeling that the light afflictions here were not to be compared with the glories that should be revealed hereafter.

He walked slowly up the river some distance, and was about returning, when he saw a carriage coming toward him, which he immediately recognized as the Vancleve equipage. As they drew near, the salutation of Baron and Lady Vancleve was kind and cordial. The deep bow of Gustavus, though courteous, was grave and dignified. They had driven but a few paces, when one of the horses, treading on a sharp stone, fell. Little Cassy was sitting beside Michael. The Baron sprang forward and attempted to seize her, but not suc-

ceeding, she was dashed out, her foot becoming entangled in the rein. Gustavus rushed forward, caught the child in his arms, and freed the little foot just as the other horse, terrified beyond all control, darted off at full speed, scarcely giving the stumbler time to regain his footing. A cry of agony from Lady Vancleve was all that Gustavus heard, and they were out of sight in a moment of time. His little charge was soon pacified, becoming quite attracted by a pretty little bottle he took from his pocket, in order to bathe her foot which, she assured him, was hurt, although, when the shoe and stocking were removed, not the slightest injury was visible. He, however, bathed it gently with the contents of the much admired bottle, and, to her great delight, placed it in her pocket; then, carefully wrapping the supposed injured little limb in his own handkerchief, he proceeded along the shore to the porter's lodge, where he found Mally, Michael's wife.

"Why, Mr. Weber!" she exclaimed; "where did you get Cassy? Has anything happened?"

"The horse became restive, Mally, and Cassy was thrown out, but not hurt. I feared to take her to the house, as the carriage has not yet returned, and it might have alarmed Miss Adele unnecessarily."

"Oh, do come in, Mr. Weber," said Cassy, laying her tiny hand on his cheek, coaxingly. "I want to show you my sweet little pussy. Mally keeps it for me; she's named Meta."

"Meta! And for whom may kitty be called?"

"Oh, for Cousin Meta Vance."

"Why, I did not know you had a Cousin Meta."

"She is not my cousin; but I love her; so I call her Cousin Meta. She comes ever so often to see me, and brought me a splendid doll that she dressed all herself; she's not named yet. Don't you think Mr. Weber will be a pretty name?"

"Most beautiful."

"Then I'll call it Mr. Weber."

"How is Miss Adele, Mally?"

"I just came from the house, sir; if you will leave Cassy with me, and step up, you will find her in the parlor with Miss Meta Vance. Mr. Ernst will soon be from school. Miss Meta is spending the day with Miss Adele. Can't you walk up, sir?"

"Not to-day. I must now bid you good-by, Cassy."

Putting her arms closely around his neck, she kissed him most affectionately, saying, "Good-by, dear Mr. Weber; I love you dearly."

The kiss was as cordially returned, and Mr. Weber, seeing the carriage in the distance, hurriedly bade good-by, leaving his little friend watching anxiously to catch another glimpse of her deliverer. Her attention, however, was soon drawn to another object, and she shouted with ecstasy as her father and mother drove round the hill.

"Our darling child!" Lady Vancleve, exclaimed; "what a source of gratitude, her wonderful preservation."

Mally, with Cassy, came to meet them; the child sprang into her father's extended arms. Driving immediately to the chateau, they entered the room where the two young ladies, with Ernst, who had joined them, were sitting.

"You have ridden longer than you expected, mother," Adele remarked; "you have exceeded your time one hour."

"Somewhat faster as well as longer," her mother replied, forcing a smile; "the horses proved rather restive, and we were detained in consequence."

Adele turned inquiringly. "Oh, sister! I have had the most beautiful time," said Cassy, as she was comfortably seated on her sister's knee.

"But what is the matter with the little foot?"

That matter had evidently been forgotten; but a sore

subject was revived. Her countenance assuming a most laughably woful expression, she said, "It was a very sore foot, sister."

"Let me see it, Cassy." The bandage was removed in the most gentle manner, but no injury appeared.

"Does it hurt you now, darling?"

"Oh, no, sister; Mr. Weber cured it, and I've called my doll for him." A frown passed over the face of Miss Meta. Cassy continued: "He says it's a very pretty name. Do you think it is, sister?"

"Is this your handkerchief, papa?" Adele inquired, anxious to change the painful subject, at the same time turning to the corner to see the name. "Gustavus Weber," in embroidered letters, met her eye. Coloring deeply, she folded it, and glancing toward her father, she observed a most sorrowful countenance fixed upon her. He immediately retired to the study. Lady Vancleve, on the plea of putting away her bonnet, sought the privacy of her own chamber, to weep over the stern duty of blighting the happiness of a dearly loved daughter. The head of Adele was bent over Cassy, who still retained her seat in her lap, busily arranging her shoe and stocking.

"Sister, you have not kissed my foot yet," she said. "I told Mr. Weber it was n't kissed, and he kissed it almost well—only one little spot, just there, sister."

The spot designated was carefully kissed several times, and the now satisfied little girl continued her reminiscences, notwithstanding the effort of Ernst to divert her attention.

"But did you see nothing upon the river, Cassy?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! I forgot, brother; after my foot was almost welled, Mr. Weber, dear Mr. Weber, picked me up some beautiful stones, and we threw them into the water, and they made it make beautiful rings. And I showed him my

“sweet little cross, and told him Father Antoine gave it to me, and told me to pray to it three times a day.”

“And what did he say?” This was asked by Ernst with evident interest.

“Don’t know, I forget—I guess he didn’t say anything.”

“Miserable heretic!” murmured Miss Meta; then in a louder key, she inquired, “And do you mind Father Antoine, Cassy, and pray to it?”

“No, I forget; I only say, ‘Our Father,’ that brother taught me, and then my prayers when I go to bed. I don’t know how to pray to my little cross.”

“But, Cassy, what makes you wear it, if you don’t know how to pray to it? Brother Ernst would teach you if you asked him.”

“He would be a sorry teacher,” the young man returned, coldly. “The child would remain in ignorance, if I were the only medium for such knowledge. That piece of jet I consider one of the devices of man to delude the mind and ensnare it by senseless forms.”

“Mr. Vancleve! You shock my very soul by the utterance of such sentiments,” exclaimed Miss Meta, crossing herself most devoutly, and kissing a silver crucifix suspended from her neck. “The holy Fathers constantly distribute them among their people, and consider them necessary to enable us to fix our attention on divine things. What would you substitute?”

“The word of God that is given for our instruction, but withheld by our clergy from the laity.”

“Would you infringe the rules of your Church, Mr. Vancleve? Would you commit the deadly sin of impugning her motives, and question her infallibility? I should feel and know that such thoughts, intruding upon me, were the suggestions of Satan, and should by many and severe

penances atone for them and drive them from me. How can you imperil your soul by harboring them?"

Ernst silently awaited the conclusion, then answered very calmly: "*My Bible*, which is no other than the inspired word of God, tells me that no severe penances are necessary, or even acceptable. Christ finished the work for us when, upon the tree, he said, 'It is finished!' He requires no assistance from us. 'My yoke is easy, and my burden light,' are his own words. He assures us that, though our sins are as scarlet, he will wash them white as wool. 'Come unto me, and be ye saved,' is his only request. 'Knock, and it shall be opened to you; ask, and ye shall receive.' Search for yourself, Miss Vance; you will find the frail fabric upon which you have been leaning crumble under you; that the worship of even the Blessed Virgin is idolatry, the intercession of saints worse than a delusion, and nowhere found in the Holy Scriptures. Search the Scriptures; search them for yourself; let no Church, no confessor, no Jesuit priest mislead you. Depend upon it," he added, forgetting himself in his warmth, "you will find these miserable comforters upon a bed of death. Of what avail will be your burning candles, your measured prayers, your extreme unction, when the soul is hungering for the bread of life? Of what avail will be your highest mass when purgatory exists only in the imagination. No, no; depend upon it, the very moment the body and soul are disunited, that very moment our doom is sealed forever. Beware, lest you realize all this when too late, when you are called to lament that the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you are not saved. Forgive my frankness; but my Bible commands me to preach the gospel, whether my hearers listen or forbear."

He ceased speaking. For a few moments there was felt silence. The cross of Miss Vance had been pressed to her lips fervently and frequently, but her countenance mani-

fested no relief, the desired end was not obtained. "Dear Adele," she at length inquired, her voice trembling with agitation; "can you allow your ear to be polluted with such awful heresy? to hear even the Holy Mother contemned? O Holy Mother!" she ejaculated; "bring back this scion of a worthy house into the only fold; and not only persuade, but command thy Son to have mercy upon him; and may all the saints whom he so contemns intercede for him before he becomes a Protestant indeed, and is irrevocably lost."

As the petitions concluded, Cassy, who had been busily engaged in the corner, tying up her doll's foot, just remembered she had not shown her new bottle which Mr. Weber had given her, and dropping dolly, at the risk of injuring her foot more sorely, came running, with extended arms, to Ernst. "See, brother, my beautiful bottle; is it not very pretty? Mr. Weber gave it to me."

Even the name of Mr. Weber was welcome at this moment, notwithstanding the fear of exciting his sister; as he felt himself placed in rather awkward circumstances, and lifting her upon his knee, he professed to be much entertained by her version of the bottle and its contents; then rising, he asked to be excused, as he wished to see a friend before dinner.

He proceeded immediately to the rooms of Gustavus; hearing he had gone to the Manse, concluded to meet him there, as he would have ample time before dinner. He was, however, again disappointed; Gustavus had been there, Bertrand told him, and had gone with Carl to Dr. Baden's. As Mr. Ravenscroft was absent also, and with Mrs. Ravenscroft having no affinity, he recrossed the river. Hearing from Bertha that Miss Adele was in her chamber, and that his mother was with Miss Meta, he stole softly to her apartment. She had fallen asleep on the couch. Ernst seated himself quietly beside her, watching the expression of her counte-

nance; he was surprised to see it so peaceful and happy. She soon awoke. "Are you here, dear Ernst?" she said, as her hand rested gently on his own.

"Yes, Adele; I was rejoiced to hear you had left the parlor, and came up after you."

"I have been somewhat of a dull companion."

"No; I was pleased to find you sleeping so calmly; you needed rest."

"Yes, I feel so refreshed; and it is so good to see you alone, and have a little talk with you. Father Antoine fears your influence at home; I heard him suggest to papa the necessity for watchfulness. I must confess," she smilingly added, "that neither of us is quite so staunch as Meta."

"Was I rash this morning, Adele?"

"Not at all, Ernst. I rejoiced you were so faithful. Why should we fear to confess Christ, and him crucified? Oh, that I could do so! I longed this morning to add my testimony to yours, and tell Meta of the Saviour I had found; but the time had not yet come. I would give worlds for the counsel of Gustavus."

"His counsel would be to throw off one yoke, and accept another, which would be in accordance with your brother's views also."

"I'll take that step when it is clearly defined in my own mind to be my duty. Until then, do not again make the proposition; you are placing temptation in the way of a weak and erring mortal."

Ernst shook his head, and was about replying, when the bell summoned them to dinner.

Miss Vance turned in surprise as he entered with his sister, but made no remark. When the meal was concluded, she arose to take leave, pleading an engagement to take tea with Annie Vanbremer.

"As it is rather dusky, Miss Vance," Ernst remarked, reaching his hat, "allow me to accompany you."

A slight inclination of the head alone gave assent. Adele noticed she was most devoutly counting and recounting a beautiful rosary she held in her hand. They were silent until they were opposite the Protestant College.

"Mr. Vancleve," she asked, "do you sympathize with the regulations of that institution?"

"Its laws are built on a firm foundation; they have my warmest sympathies. The word of God alone is taken for their guide."

The rosary was counted steadily. "How strangely you have wandered from the faith of your Fathers."

"On what is the Fathers' founded?"

"On the Holy Mother Church, of course. But I would rather not converse on the matter. I feel and know that heresy is so insidious, that I tremble at its very name."

Ernst smiled.

Miss Vance continued:

"Look at its baleful consequences even at the Medical School, through the influence of one man, Gustavus Weber—the same, I suppose, who saved the life of Cassy this morning. Papa says he has a gigantic intellect, and is the moving principle of that institution. Like Satan, he seems to be transformed into an angel of light, for the purpose of scattering poison through the College by the Bibles he disseminates, pretending they are not of private interpretation, and fitted only for the holy Fathers. He lives in the house, papa says, just to entrap the unwary student, Protestant or Catholic; denies himself nothing by doing so; has two rooms comfortably furnished; is waited on most assiduously by the old woman who is a sort of matron there; and poor Peter has fallen a victim to his wiles."

"Ah!" exclaimed her friend, his countenance radiant with

pleasure; "is that poor old bigoted man numbered now among the Bible readers?"

"Your expression is offensive, Mr. Vancleve. Peter, from being one of the most faithful servants of the Church, has become one of the worst sort of heretics,—proclaiming his dreadful tenets wherever he goes, and blasphemously blessing the Lord that he has been brought out of darkness into the marvellous light of the gospel. If it could only be arrested here. His subordinate situation prevents his exerting any decided influence; but, unhappily, many young men of wealth and position are tinctured through the efforts of this vile Mr. Weber. I should not wonder if the incident of this morning afforded him a pretext for a visit to the chateau."

"I scarcely think it will," Ernst returned, absently.

"And truly, my dear Mr. Vancleve," she remarked, very sadly, as she accepted his proffered arm to assist her over a rugged path, "I fear the consequences, should you be thrown into his society in your present state of mind."

"Until you change *your* views, Miss Meta," Ernst returned, rather impatiently, "you and I can agree to differ."

"That would be very necessary," she replied, casting her eyes to the ground, her face suffused with blushes. "The only way happiness could be insured."

"But I hope to see the day when your present views will change—when the Bible will impart to you the same comfort which I have experienced in a prayerful study of it."

"Never!" she exclaimed, vehemently. "That must be a prohibited subject between us. It was the agreement. I will listen to no new proposition."

"Certainly not. I beg pardon for transgressing; but 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'"

"There is one thing, Mr. Vancleve, I wished to mention.

I have a shrine in my chamber to which I resort three times a day. That privilege I shall never relinquish."

"The Virgin must feel herself neglected to-day," Ernst remarked, with a smile.

Miss Meta looked displeased. She replied, curtly:

"Not at all; to-morrow I will atone for it by more frequent visits."

"I consider the posture of the body of no moment, where the *heart* is engrossed with such fripperies. But the affections, given elsewhere, will soon realize the folly and vanity of such trifles."

"I cannot think it will have that effect, or I should be unwilling to trust myself."

The last words were lost on Ernst; his thoughts had wandered far away to Gustavus Weber, and his influence in the College.

They now reached the door of Mr. Vanbremer, and Ernst, extending his hand, said:

"Ponder well this subject, Miss Vance, and it will be my sincere prayer that at some future day you may fully accord with me in what is nearest my heart."

"You will mention the subject to my father, Ernst; without his sanction, I can do nothing."

Supposing this was spoken sarcastically, he replied:

"He would certainly frustrate every effort on my part. Turn away from all earthly advisers; let your shrine be deserted for a day. Go to the Saviour; ask him to teach you your duty. Good evening, Miss Vance. I have an engagement at seven."

"Good evening, Ernst. Meta, in future, if you please."

The countenance of the youth indicated some surprise; but, bowing politely, he returned:

"Meta, then, if you prefer to have it so."

"What a queer medley he is," the young lady murmured,

as she watched his receding figure, much pleased, nevertheless, with her supposed new position. "His head is so full of his religion that he almost forgets how to address a lady. Either heresy or love seems to have turned his brain. He fears, with some reason, papa will not approve a heretic; but he knows my strength."

As Ernst repassed the window of Gustavus, which faced the river, he looked toward it, intending, if he could see his friend, to make him a visit, to talk over not only the events of the morning, but the subject-matter of the letter also.

Gustavus had been sitting at the window as Ernst and Miss Vance passed, conversing so earnestly together, and drew back as he returned, dreading a confirmation of his fears in regard to her. Ernst, supposing he had not yet returned, passed on to the chateau.

CHAPTER XII.

"Thou knowest not His good will :
Be thy prayer, then, submissive thereunto ;
And leave thy petition to His mercy,
Assured that He will deal well with thee."

BARON VANCLEVE entered the breakfast-room after the family were seated at the table. He had just parted with Father Antoine, with whom, for the last hour, he had been closeted in the library. His countenance wore an expression of sadness, and he silently took his accustomed seat.

"Adele has had a restless night," said Lady Vancleve. "She prefers not rising to breakfast. Make her some cream toast, Charlotte, and return for a cup of tea."

The servant left the room. The remainder of the meal was taken in silence.

As the Baron rose from the table, he said :

"I will see daughter for a few moments ; then I feel it my duty, Henriette, to call on Mr. Weber and express our deep obligation for the inestimable service he has rendered us. I will try to get there before College hour."

"I will go with you, father," said Ernst, rising and taking his hat, "as far as my College door."

The brow of his father lowered ; an expression very like scorn was upon his lip, as he said, in a tremulous voice :

"You have no longer a seat there, my son ; here is a note to that effect, signed by our two confessors."

Ernst took the paper, and with flashing eye read and re-read its contents. It ran thus:

SEPTEMBER, ———.

Master Ernst Vancleve is permitted to resign his seat in the Eidelberg College of St. Gabriel, which will be considered vacant from this day.

(Signed)

BASIL WEISS,
ANTOINE OSTEND.

It was again folded and returned to his father.

"This note is directed to you, sir; if it were to me, I would consign it to the flames. It is entirely illegal, having no signatures but Drs. Ostend and Weiss. The others had not courage to brave your displeasure. I shall not resign, but will resume my seat until a regular dismissal, signed by the whole association, obliges me to vacate it; and I will write a note to that effect. They will not dare cast such a reproach upon my name and house. Father, shall I accompany you as far as the College door?"

"As you deem right, my son. I think you are pursuing the proper course; the ground they have assumed is certainly untenable."

"Look, Vonstadt!" exclaimed Hess Winterstein, as Ernst entered; "take a view. I wonder what's the matter now with Vancleve. That lip's tolerably curly, and that step's tolerably majestic, considering he is stuffed so full of the Bible. That ought to make him as meek as a lamb. Look! look! he is laying a note on the President's table. I wonder what the nation it's about?"

"I cannot tell," replied Vonstadt; "nor do I wish to pry into other people's affairs."

"Now, Vonstadt, I bet you'd give your eyes to know, as well as myself."

"This I do know, Hess; whatever may be the cause, it is certainly righteous indignation."

"Righteous indignation! A pretty phrase, truly; giving your *meek* fellows a pretty chance of thrashing his neighbor."

A touch of the bell for silence interrupted him. The roll was called by Professor Extein:

"Lewis Bremer."

"Ernst Vancleve is present, sir; his name always stands head," Bremer answered.

Mr. Extein started, glanced toward the President. The next moment the name "Ernst Vancleve" was called, to which a distinct "present" was returned. The recitations proceeded as usual.

Baron Vancleve passed on to the rooms of Mr. Weber. Gustavus was at home, and received him most courteously, placing a chair near the fire, as the day was dull and the air raw and cold.

"I feared," said the Baron, "to leave my visit to a late hour, lest I should be disappointed in seeing you. As the deliverer of my child, I desired to express my gratitude in person."

"All obligations, if any were due, Baron Vancleve, is entirely repaid by the pleasure the little prattler gave me. Ernst well names her the pride of Eidelberg."

Would he were only a Catholic. It was a passing thought recalled by the voice of Mr. Weber. "She is truly fascinating."

"She is our pride, Mr. Weber," he returned, with a very bright look; "but for paternal affection you must make all due allowance."

"Cassy entertained me so well, that the anatomical lecture escaped my memory. We remained on the shore quite an hour. I examined her foot carefully; I don't think she received any injury."

"Mr. Weber's surgical skill is, in her mind, unsurpassed,

and she has immortalized you by naming her doll Mr. Weber."

"There is something very peculiar about Cassy. Did you ever observe the low tones of her voice so much resemble the dripping of water, and the highest notes, at the time of her greatest excitement, are so modulated they never grate for a moment upon the ear?"

"You seem to remember our little girl very kindly, Mr. Weber. It is always grateful to a parent's heart to have a child more than appreciated."

"How could I ever forget one so attractive? And you may remember, Baron Vancleve, before my visits were prohibited, how the little girl wound herself around my heart. The separation from her caused me no little pain."

"Had I known it, she should have been your daily visitor."

"It is better to have no reminder," the youth returned, mournfully.

"Would that we could accord in some points concerning our Church, my dear Gustavus. With what joy would we then receive you as a son, and with what confidence would we resign to your care our much loved daughter."

"That boon would, indeed, be a precious one, Baron Vancleve, and my happiness too great to be realized."

"Believe me, dear boy, severing this tie has cost me days and nights of anguish."

"And I feel that, without Adele, this world is a barren wilderness; with her, my sum of bliss would be complete."

The Baron looked disturbed. "I fear I have excited hopes never to be realized. If anything but her eternal happiness had been at stake, I could not have been supported under such a trial. But I firmly believe that our Holy Mother, in whose power you have no belief, looked down with pity on her son, and gave me strength to perform my duty."

"Baron Vancleve, I worship the same Saviour with yourself; I daily pray for the teachings of his Spirit; I endeavor to do my duty to God and man. I hold the same sentiments with Ernst. Trust me with Adele; I will endeavor to be all a son could be. Do not, in pity, crush the hopes you have excited, thus rendering this world, if possible, more desolate than before. I have wept at the dying bed of a mother, such a parent as few have known. I have seen the last look, and heard the last admonition of an affectionate father. I have been bereaved of two loved sisters, the last link to life. All human ties being removed, I looked forward only to a glorious resurrection. I met Adele; I loved her, and confessed it to her. She responded to it, and again I lived. I knew no obstacle to our happiness; I supposed the smile of Baron Vancleve would be given to our union. I asked. You know the sequel."

The head of the Baron sank low, as the plaintive story of Gustavus proceeded; his frame shook with agitation; burying his face in his hands, he wept.

Gustavus remained perfectly silent for some time; at length he spoke. "Say that I have your sanction to this union. Oh! remember what is staked upon your answer."

"Let it rest until the evening, my son, my dear Gustavus," he replied, clasping his hand warmly; "let me review it in a calmer moment. I would also consult Mrs. Vancleve on so vital a question."

"At the earliest hour, in pity, dear sir, let me have your decision."

Shaking his hand convulsively, the Baron hurried away. The eye of Gustavus followed him in the distance, and his heart was sick with apprehension when he saw Father Antoine suddenly emerge from behind a rock, and join him as he went toward the chateau.

"My doom is sealed," he murmured, as he tossed himself despairingly into a chair, "if that man is to be the arbiter."

"The arbiter of what?" a voice pleasantly inquired. Ernst Vancleve stood beside him. "The door was open, and I entered. I am glad, at last, to find you at home."

"At home! I was not aware, Ernst, you had favored me with a call the last age."

"You are mistaken; yesterday I twice missed you. But I have little time for explanation, as it is only recess. I have much to tell, and many things to hear from you, probably. In the first place, what of my father's visit?"

"Whether for good or evil, depends on the issue. That is to be decided this evening."

"Decided! How?"

"That, I am afraid, will depend too much on the will of Dr. Ostend, to have a happy termination."

The subject of conversation was then briefly told. Ernst, forgetting his own troubles, deeply sympathized with the more poignant sorrows of his friend.

"It is within a few minutes of the school hour. I must leave you now, Gustavus; at five this evening I will again be with you. I need your counsel also; but shall not trouble you until more important matters are settled. All must end well, though I fear for the tidings and verdict of the evening. Let us draw comfort from that never-failing source."

Ernst, true to his promise, came into the room of his friend as the bell rang five.

"Time has lagged heavily," Gustavus remarked, with a deep sigh; "yet I never dreaded so much the termination of a day. It is to bring with it the confirmation of all my hopes, or—or—" his voice faltered; the sentence was left unfinished.

"Are you the bearer of any message?" at length he asked.

"None whatever. But Dr. Ostend was closeted with father a long time after his return."

"I am then undone; there is little hope of steering safely with Dr. Ostend at the helm. I can see breakers ahead plainly. I thank you for this information, Ernst; I shall be better prepared for the wreck of all my hopes."

The sympathy of Ernst was most soothing to his friend. He tried also to divert his thoughts into another channel, by giving him an account of his perplexities at college, and the manner in which he received his virtual dismissal.

The clock struck seven.

"Two hours since you came in. How wonderfully you have whiled away the time. You will take tea with me, Ernst?"

"Certainly. I came to spend the evening with you."

"Thank you. There is something concerning *you* I want to ask a few questions, but, as I hear the bell, we will defer it."

They sat down to a light repast; but the provisions stood almost untasted before them, and in a few minutes they returned to the room they had just left.

"The question I wanted to ask was this," said Gustavus, as they again seated themselves beside the fire. "Are you engaged to Miss Meta Vance?"

The countenance of Ernst manifested the most perfect astonishment.

"Miss Meta Vance! Do you ask it seriously?"

"I do. Will you not answer me frankly?"

"Most willingly. Miss Vance is a young lady in whom I never took the slightest interest. Of late I have been thrown with her accidentally, much against my will; but, if it were even true," he added, laughing, "Miss Meta would surely now discard me, as she considers me such a heretic; crosses and rosaries can hardly avail against my contaminating presence."

"You relieve my mind greatly; let us now turn to a more interesting topic."

At that moment, Peter came to the door with a note.

"Is an answer required, Peter?"

"No, sir; the messenger went right away."

"Is that your father's superscription, Ernst?" Gustavus inquired, as the man left the room.

Ernst took the note from the hand of his friend; the seal was yet unbroken. "It is the writing of father."

The face of Mr. Weber became deadly pale; his hand trembled as he broke the seal. The note was read, and silently handed to Ernst.

"It is just what I feared, Gustavus."

"Compromise, indeed! It is worse than a downright refusal. Could I only concede one point — that the Church of Rome is infallible. Dr. Ostend dictated that epistle; your father would not have offered me such an insult. Infallible! The Confessor would be willing to have me come with a lie in my right hand, and swear allegiance to his Church, when he is confident it would only be to subserve worldly purposes, and render me entirely unworthy of her who is above all guile. No, no! Far better to go with sorrow to the grave than listen to such proposals."

"What will be your course, Gustavus?"

"Baron Vancleve has affixed his signature; I must receive it as his decision. I will pass it unnoticed."

"Is there not a want of respect in that conclusion?"

"Then be the bearer of a message to him. Say to him that anything touching my conscience is dearer to me than life; that I would consider him far from a faithful parent, if he would intrust his daughter to one who could be so base as to accede to such proposals."

"I will be the medium, and shall also add my own comments, not altogether flattering to the ear of Dr. Ostend, if,

as I believe, his custom is to be opportunely nearer than others desire. I will see you again before bed-time."

So saying, he hurried away before his friend had a moment's time to warn him to be judicious.

As he entered the chateau, and went toward the library in search of his father, the voice of Dr. Ostend, on taking leave, was distinctly heard. The attention of Ernst was arrested by these words: "Let not your finer feelings be wrought upon, my son, to rise beyond your judgment, in a matter of such vital importance. Let not the spotless escutcheon of your house be tarnished by such an alliance. It would bring a blight upon your household; place the precious soul of your loved young daughter in imminent jeopardy, and confirm Ernst in those principles with which he is now so sorely tainted. Better, far better, she should find a grave, even if an early one, in peace, than entail such temporal and everlasting misery on this noble house."

"You are my reverend and spiritual father," the Baron returned, very sadly; "but I mourn that, in Mr. Weber's view, my note must appear as trifling with him."

"You do not know Mr. Weber, my son, as I know him. He is a member of every heretical society in Eidelberg: Tract, Bible, Home, and Foreign Missions, all receive his aid. In the spread of his pernicious tenets he never tires, and is so bold withal, denouncing the true faith everywhere. Depend on it, Baron Vancleve, he is a wolf in sheep's clothing, and has the mark of the beast plainly written upon him. The day will come, sir, when you will rejoice that you permitted no tie to be formed with such a heretic."

"Dr. Ostend," interrupted Ernst, coming forward, "your last words were accidentally heard; allow me to disabuse your mind in regard to Mr. Weber. The Bible says, 'By our fruits we shall be known.' Place your finger on one act of Mr. Weber's life that is not thoroughly Christian.

He feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and makes the heart of the widow and orphan sing for joy. He spends every cent of a large income in benevolence, leaving a scanty portion for himself. Yet he places no reliance on his own merits, and trusts simply to the Cross for salvation. A union with him, Dr. Ostend, would be an honor and a blessing to any family."

A slight confusion was at first apparent when the Confessor was thus suddenly addressed. But it was momentary; his countenance, before Ernst had finished speaking, became sternly defiant.

"Ernst Vancleve!" he exclaimed, "once a true, faithful son of the Church, a favored follower of the immaculate Virgin, now sadly deluded, and wandering from the only faith that can save from misery and everlasting death, I counsel you to beware of such deceivers as Gustavus Weber. Return yourself before it is too late; drive us not to proceed to extremity; force us not to proclaim that doom of all heretics, 'Let him be anathema maranatha.'"

Ernst smiled contemptuously. "Do your worst, Dr. Ostend; let all the weapons of your Church be brought against me. I fear little the power of man: my foundation is a rock that is immovable." Bowing low as he finished speaking, he turned, and entered the library. Baron Vancleve, after seeing Dr. Ostend to the door, joined him there.

"My son," he said, bitterly, "do you add contempt to the sin of apostasy?"

"Contempt for whom, father?"

"For *my* Confessor; for the Church which I love and venerate."

"To the Church I have made no allusion. On those points you have most kindly allowed me the freedom of my own will, at present. For Dr. Ostend I have the most profound

contempt, believing him one of the most despicable and worst of men."

"Ernst!"

"Nay, listen to me, father; you are, indeed, blinded toward him. If you knew his covert deeds, as I know them, you would scorn him as I do. I know but one man his equal in villany: that is Dr. Basil Weiss."

"Leave me, Ernst. You have suffered yourself to be misled into strange views of these holy and reverend Fathers."

"Father."

"Leave me, my son," he interrupted, in a decided tone. "Say nothing more: say to John I do not wish to be disturbed this evening; I would be alone."

Ernst, with an expression of almost anguish, would have again spoken, but a stern "Go my son" arrested him, and, with a heavy heart, he closed the door, and, giving the servant his father's order, repaired to the room of his friend.

Gustavus turned a look of inquiry on him as he entered. The countenance of Ernst told his mission had been unsuccessful. Seating himself at the table, he silently rested his head upon his hand.

"You have not succeeded," Gustavus at length remarked; "of that I am but too confident."

"There will always be a blight upon our house," he returned, bitterly, "while such beings as Drs. Ostend and Weiss have the supremacy. The dominion they have gained seems to be invincible."

"The Lord reigns, Ernst; he is all power, all goodness, all love. Jesus is our friend, our solace, our hope, our rock, our strong deliverer, our great high-priest. During your absence, he has vouchsafed to listen to my supplications. He has called me, weary and laden as I am, and promised rest unto my soul. I have laid the burden of my sorrow at the foot of the cross, and there found the promised

rest. My mountain stands strong in the Lord, Ernst. Tell me all; I am more able to bear it than when you left me. Did you see Baron Vancleve?"

"I did, in company with Dr. Ostend. I need say no more. In my excitement, I perhaps said more than was quite prudent before my address was delivered and my diploma obtained. I scorned his threatened maledictions, and afterward plainly told my father I knew him to be a villain."

"I am glad you did so; it is time he was unmasked. But did he give it credit?"

"I cannot tell; *that*, the future only will reveal. But it is eleven o'clock; I must leave you. Pray for me; I need your prayers: my mind is only intent on revenge. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to expose the deeds of those two hypocrites."

"The unmasking would benefit the community; and it is very difficult, I grant, to separate the sin from the sinner; but," he added, solemnly, "'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord."

"I know it; I feel it. Pray that I may obtain a better spirit," he whispered, as he warmly clasped his friend's hand at parting; in a few minutes he was closely locked in his own chamber.

On entering the breakfast-room on the following morning, Ernst was startled at the pale and haggard appearance of his father. There was a settled melancholy upon his countenance, and to any question he only answered in monosyllables. As soon as the meal was over, he withdrew to the library.

"Papa, I am sure, is not well," Adele observed; "something has certainly happened to trouble him."

"I must see him, Adele, before I go to school: I cannot leave him so dejected."

His tap at the door was answered by a "Come in," and Ernst took advantage of the permission.

"Pardon my intrusion, father, as you seemed to wish to be alone; but I wanted to ask you whether you had examined fully into the laws by which our College is regulated?"

"I have done so: their charter would be forfeited if any were expelled excepting for immoral conduct. Our government, of course, protects all denominations; and your apostasy could not be brought under the head of immorality."

"Thank you, dear father; you leave nothing undone that would add to my happiness."

"Was my kindness to my son well requited last evening?"

"I spoke from the fulness of my heart, father; but if a word or look had even the appearance of unkindness or disrespect, let all my former conduct answer that it was unintentional."

"To myself I had no reference, much as I should feel it; that would be trifling, in comparison with him you almost personally, and afterward openly, reviled."

Notwithstanding every effort to be cool, the face of Ernst was suffused with indignation. "*He* has been my tutor too long, father, not——"

Baron Vancleve interrupted him: "Ernst, the name of Father Antoine I hold as sacred. Unless spoken with reverence, in my presence let it never be mentioned. He, as well as Father Basil, is a most injured man. It is the hour for school, my son; I hear the College-bell."

"I leave you, father. But will you not consider our last night's conversation? will you not make some inquiries, and see whether I have not ground for my accusations?"

"It would avail nothing. Appearances are often deceptive; and men, so uninitiated in the world's artifices, would

very probably lay themselves open to the lips of calumny and falsehood."

"My own personal observations ought not to be distrusted. But the day will come when their deeds must be made manifest, even to my father."

Not awaiting a reply, he hastened to school, as the bell had already ceased ringing.

Scarcely had Ernst left the house before the door-bell rang, and Dr. Vance was announced.

"Show him into the drawing-room," said the Baron; "in a few moments I will be with him. What can be his business at this unseemly hour?" he remarked to Lady Vancleve, who had joined him in the library. "My mind has become so perplexed that even an early visit from a friend startles me."

"It must be pressing at this early hour, as it is almost lecture time."

The manner of Professor Vance appeared rather embarrassed as he came forward to receive his friend.

"You will, of course, surmise the purport of my visit, Baron Vancleve,—the settlement of our children: yet my situation is rather a novel one. The addresses of Ernst, as, of course, you know, have been accepted by Meta; but my consent to the union has not yet been sought. The heretical sentiments which Ernst has imbibed probably induce fear of a refusal on my part; but I have such confidence in the strength of my daughter's faith, feeling that *it* cannot be shaken. With the entire approval of our two Confessors, I give my full and free consent."

The countenance of the Baron, which manifested the utmost astonishment, arrested him.

"It is certainly the first intimation I have had of even my son's preference for Miss Vance; and his parents have

always had his entire confidence. There must have been some misunderstanding, Dr. Vance."

"*Misunderstanding!* Baron Vancleve. Where should the misunderstanding rest on such a subject?"

"It is incomprehensible, I must confess," returned the Baron, almost sick at the prospect of such a sacrifice, which he only received with complacency when he felt there was no fear of such an event.

"I am sorry Ernst went so far without consulting the elder parties," the Professor remarked. "Perhaps he may be able to give a satisfactory explanation; if not, I shall at once withdraw my countenance, whatever it may cost him. My daughter could never be happy with one who deals deceitfully."

"We will await the elucidation of Ernst, if you please," the Baron said, coldly. "This evening we will call upon you together."

"Should all be made clear, and my daughter's dignity not compromised, you will find me at my house at five this evening."

"At that hour we will endeavor to see you."

The Doctor took his leave; the Baron returned to his library. Lady Vancleve was exceedingly surprised when she heard the purport of the visit. She had entire confidence in Ernst; yet she became faint with apprehension as she heard his foot in the hall, coming toward the library. How was it possible to be deceived in such a matter? How could the young lady have misunderstood him? Yet how could it be true? She had seen him with her frequently, and always, she distinctly remembered, that he escaped from her society as soon as civility would warrant. Unable to endure this suspense longer, she opened the door for her boy.

His cheek was flushed with excitement, as he entered. "I have been through a fiery ordeal," he said, "but I suc-

ceeded in getting through withal. Our Professors did their best to throw me back another year, by proposing questions so difficult that I cannot imagine, myself, how I answered them; and their chagrin at my success was so apparent that all my classmates noticed it. Their countenances sufficiently expressed with whom they sympathized; the scornful and indignant looks cast upon our Professors must have been very galling to them. I found the report of their treatment had spread through the whole school, for as I passed into another room, Hess Winterstein pulled me by the sleeve.

"Give the worst of them a flogging, Vancleve," he recommended, by way of letting the others know what they may expect in future; 'and all of us, little and big, will back you. It will only be "righteous indignation,"' he added, with a queer shake of the head.

"I cannot imagine where he got hold of the phrase. I passed on without answering him; I feared he might be detected and punished. I must make him an apology for my apparent want of gratitude, as it was intended so kindly. The conduct of the preceptors was too mean, too contemptible."

"It was dastardly," exclaimed the Baron, forgetting, in his indignation, and in his sympathy for Ernst, his wonted reverence for the Professors, "and shall not pass unrebuked."

A grateful look from Ernst was his only reply.

"My son," asked his mother, "was there no exception? Did all the officers forfeit, for the time, their title to Christians and to gentlemen?"

"No, mother; Dr. Vance was even more affable than usual, complimenting me on every answer, and pronounced me in every way qualified to leave the College with honor."

"Had he any private motive for being so complacent?"

"None whatever, that I can imagine, mother; he seemed actuated by a kind heart and a proper sense of justice."

"Had he any reason to suppose so honorable a person would ever be his son-in-law?"

"I, his son-in-law! Do you ask such a question seriously, mother?"

"I do, with the utmost gravity, my son."

"I will answer you as gravely, mother. Believe me, much as I value domestic happiness, I would remain a Benedict forever, rather than be tied to such a person as Meta Vance."

"Did you ever give her any reason to suppose you felt differently?"

"Such a question from you, mother, wounds me deeply; but I assure you there never has been an attention, or a word, that Miss Meta, or her father, could possibly misconstrue."

"Your word is enough, Ernst," replied his father, with an undefined feeling of relief; "still, there has been some great misunderstanding, which must be rectified. Dr. Vance considers you engaged to his daughter. Miss Meta is also under that impression. I have promised to accompany you to his study this evening to have the matter adjusted."

"I go to Dr. Vance's house on such an errand, father? Never! If he wishes to be enlightened on the subject, I will be most happy to meet him in his library, or in his study at the College; but it would be insulting Miss Vance, and sadly compromising my own dignity, to go for such a purpose to her house. You surely did not consider, father, when you granted that request."

"You are right, Ernst; I was hasty in consenting to the arrangement. I was surprised, and did not fully weigh the subject. I am sorry I complied. I will write a note mentioning your disavowal, and asking Dr. Vance to meet us at the College."

The next day brought a note in answer from the Professor, saying that a meeting would be quite unnecessary; that he could not be sufficiently thankful his daughter had escaped an alliance with one capable of trifling with the affections of one so gentle and so confiding; as he was happy to find she took the same view of the case as himself, he trusted she would soon forget the existence of such a person as Ernst Vancleve, who might be assured a renewal of his addresses would never be permitted. "In this case, as in many others," he added, "I have been shown the little confidence we can place in heretics; and I bless the Holy Mother that she has prevented my daughter forming an alliance upon which she could look down only with abhorrence."

"What step do you intend taking in this most unpleasant affair, my son?"

"With your approbation, father, I will write a civil note to the Doctor, asking him at what time there could have been any misunderstanding with either himself or his daughter, and assuring him that the first serious thought on that subject, of any living being, has yet to pass my mind, and that he might remember that I had never made a visit to his house; and, had not my studies so fully occupied me, my youth would have made an alliance exceedingly absurd. I can then close with assurances of respect, etc. If the Doctor send no reply, I shall consider myself exonerated."

"That is just what I would advise," said Lady Vancleve; "and I confess I am relieved that, at some future day, Miss Meta Vance is not to take my name and title."

The bright and arch expression of the Baron showed some agreement in sentiment; and Ernst, kissing his mother, withdrew to his chamber to direct a few lines to Dr. Vance, before he looked over the address which was to be delivered on the morrow.

CHAPTER XIII.

“When his reason yieldeth fruit,
Make thy child thy friend;
For a filial friend is a double gain—
A diamond set in gold.”

IT is fifteen minutes to ten, Carl,” said Mr. Ravenscroft; “at what hour do your cousins expect you to meet them at the landing?”

“At ten, father. Aunt Meggy, as your horse and wagon is still at the door, shall I use it?”

“Do so, Carl. As we drove slowly, he is not at all tired. Margaret and Theresa have both come with me, Eldred. I thought they might be needed these busy Christmas times. I therefore closed the house, and rejoiced their heart by telling them they should spend their Christmas with Katrine.”

“The children will be delighted with that arrangement, as it will enable them to carry out their plans for furnishing a parlor for Katrine without her knowledge.”

“Has Annette shown any interest in the return of Elsie?”

“Judge for yourself, Meggy. With the expectation of her return, she has gone to ride with Dr. Vonberg, giving as an excuse that her anxiety to see her had produced headache; she would therefore alleviate it by some fresh air for a few hours.”

“Does Elsie know he has declared himself?”

"No; we thought it better to wait until she returned. She will hear it soon enough, poor dear child."

"When will the marriage take place?"

A carriage coming up the avenue interrupted them; the next moment the voices of the bright, laughing girls were heard.

"It is delightful to leave home," exclaimed Cassy, as she bounded into the house, "if it is only for the pleasure of returning."

"The delight of returning home, I cannot gainsay," replied Elsie, throwing her arms around Mrs. Vandoren; "but uncle's house, with Aunty Vandorén, is almost too sweet to leave, even for that pleasure."

After a cordial welcome from all the servants, who came to greet them, they gathered in the study to receive an account of all that had occurred during their absence, of which they had not been informed by letter. "Oh!" exclaimed Elsie, suddenly remembering, "Mamma! where is mamma?"

A smile, mingled with pain, passed over the face of Mrs. Vandoren, as she answered, "She spoke of feeling unwell, and is taking the fresh air. She will soon be here."

Entirely satisfied with the explanation, Elsie inquired, "What of Ernst Vancleve, Carl? Did he succeed in leaving college with honor, braving the matter through with those opponent professors?"

"He did, Elsie, and made one of the finest speeches ever heard among us. Oscar Weimer told me the only defect in his oratory was that his manner was too grave. He also said that his discourse was evidently altered, to avoid addressing either President or Professors. When taking leave, you know, it is always customary to shake hands with every Professor, and receive a kind word from each. Instead of this, as he finished speaking, he turned and, facing the

whole body, bowed low and respectfully, but in the most distant manner, and immediately left the platform. His own class gathered closely around him, and their warm congratulations brought a scowl on the countenances of the august gentlemen. Even Dr. Vance, who had been so complacent, looked dark as Erebus. The applause would have been general, but those who had not finished feared a dismissal. I have invited him and Gustavus Weber to dine here to-morrow. Ernst wishes a few moments' private conversation with you, father. I rather think his business is to ask you to permit him to study theology with you for a year. He hopes then to go to one of the seminaries; it will depend on the health of his sister, who now requires him with her."

"Very well, my son. I have laid aside all business for a day or two, purposely to enjoy you little folks, and am entirely at the service of one and all of you."

"Here comes mamma up the avenue," said Elsie, "and Dr. Vonberg with her. I had almost forgotten him."

She walked slowly to the door to meet them.

"My darling child," exclaimed Mrs. Ravenscroft, throwing her arms around the neck of Elsie; "how anxiously I have watched for your return; so anxiously, that I feared a nervous attack, but hope I have ridden off the alarming symptoms. Your old and kind friend, Dr. Vonberg, Elsie."

Elsie extended her hand cordially; but what was her indignation when he drew her familiarly toward him and kissed her cheek.

Drawing back haughtily, the color mounted to her very temples, and hastily retreating to the parlor, and walking to the farther side of the room, she seated herself between her aunt and Cassy.

The President, bowing slightly to the ladies, took his leave.

Mrs. Ravenscroft, darting an angry glance at her daughter, went immediately up stairs.

"By what right does Dr. Vonberg presume on such a liberty with me?" said Elsie, when sufficiently calm to speak. "In future I shall carefully avoid him."

"He felt privileged from his intimacy with your mother, dear," said her aunt; "and he, I suppose, looked upon you only as a child."

"No intimacy with another would warrant such impertinence, Aunt Meggy."

At this moment her mother entered, still flushed with anger at the reception of her friend.

"Of whom are you speaking so freely?" she inquired.

"Of Dr. Vonberg, mother; his unwarranted freedom of manner."

"Do you know the position you occupy in regard to him?"

"I suppose you allude to his kindness while I was sick."

"Gratitude was the origin of my kind feeling toward him, and I felt it my duty and my pleasure to give him a right to guide my daughter."

Elsie sprang from her seat, and stood defiantly before her mother. She made an attempt to speak, but passion prevented her utterance.

"What does this mean?" her mother asked, sternly.

"You will find that Dr. Vonberg and I have wills that will hardly succumb to a spoiled, disobedient child. When we have the entire guidance, you will be a very different child."

"No doubt he will exercise dominion over you, if you give him the power, Mrs. Ravenscroft," replied Elsie, when at length able to speak; "but I disown you for a mother; you never acted a mother's part. As to me, this is my home, and will ever be while Uncle Ravenscroft lives. Shan't I be your daughter, dear uncle?" she asked, as she threw her arms tightly around his neck, sobbing violently.

Returning her caress warmly, he whispered :

"Be calm, Elsie ; all will be right."

"You are *my* daughter," said Mrs. Ravenscroft, seizing Elsie by the arm, "and none can break the tie, or deprive me of the right to govern. You remove to the home of Dr. Vonberg with me."

"On that subject, Annette, I, as her guardian, will interfere. Elsie shall be left to her unbiassed choice."

The arm of the child was clasped more closely around the neck of her uncle, as she seated herself on his knee, and laid her head upon his bosom. Her sobs ceased, and she became quite calm.

"You are threatening, Eldred, what you cannot put in execution."

"Possession is considered nine points in the law," retorted Elsie, in a tone very like bravado, "and that I give to uncle in fee simple."

Carl, whose eye had been fastened steadily on Elsie, now arose, and going to her, said, in a low tone, "Whom do you profess to follow, Elsie?"

Those few words thrilled as an electric shock. She sought vainly again to arrest his attention ; he slowly paced the floor, without again noticing her. Her arm relaxed from the close clasp she had taken of her uncle, and, rising, she seated herself somewhat nearer her mother. For some time she seemed irresolute ; then, with a great effort, she whispered, rather than said : "Mother, if I have done wrong, I ask your forgiveness."

"If!" repeated her mother, scornfully. "Have you a doubt of your impertinence? And did I ever find you other than a disobedient, wayward, spoiled child?"

Again the crimson mounted to her face ; again a glance from Carl arrested her. "I will try to do differently, mother," she stammered.

"Sight of your good behavior would tell more than empty words," she replied, coldly. "When in my own house, or rather that of Dr. Vonberg, respectful or disrespectful treatment will not be left to your own choice; *that* will be regulated for you."

"If you mean by that threat," replied Elsie, now driven almost to frenzy, and forgetting all the admonitions of her cousin, "that I will be ruled by the same laws which govern an automaton, you will be mistaken. I defy both you and President Vonberg. Before I submit to his government, I will beg my food at the door of beggars, or work day and night to gain my livelihood. No, I would —"

Carl gently took her hand, and led her from the room, saying, in the lowest tone, "You will regret this, Elsie."

With the air of a much injured person, Mrs. Ravenscroft immediately left the study, shutting the door violently behind her.

After some time Elsie returned, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seating herself beside her uncle, said: "I have given way to temptation; I feel that I have done wrong. I went up stairs to tell mamma so; but it requires a great deal of Christian patience, dear uncle, to be mamma's daughter."

"With the temptation, God always makes a way of escape, Elsie. But if you give way to your own evil heart, you will grieve the Spirit of God, and bring great darkness on your own soul."

"I know it; I know it. I trust I may in future be able to restrain my angry words and feelings. If I only were Cousin Carl's or Cassy's sister, or any one rather than myself, I should be a better girl. But the very sight of mamma seems to have a bad effect on me. I sometimes am afraid," she added, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable weeping,

"she will make me lose my soul. Pray for me, dear uncle; I will try to do so differently."

"Dear child," her uncle returned, kissing her; "you have many, many trials, but mercies also, Elsie. You forget how many kind friends are waiting anxiously to see you. Dr. Baden came twice yesterday to know whether his renegades had arrived yet."

"Dr. Baden!" exclaimed Elsie, called at once from her own troubles. "Does he remember me so kindly? I am sure I don't deserve it."

"Then there has been an express from Lady Vancleve, inviting you to spend a few days with them."

"That will be delightful. Shall we go, uncle?"

"Certainly; I see nothing to prevent it. Ernst and Mr. Weber dine with us to-morrow for the express purpose of escorting your ladyships to see the Africanus before Captain Blucher sails. Then comes the agreeable surprise for KATRINE: we depend on you and Cassy for the purchase of the furniture."

"And I propose," said Cassy, "hanging up Carl's stocking by way of variety."

Elsie clapped her hands with delight. "Capital, coz, capital; that will be a good joke. How much pleasure we have in anticipation. A few minutes ago I thought I was the most miserable of mortals."

"If you would reflect, daughter, when only the shadows of life are apparent, that you are still under the shadow of the Almighty. It often places a bow in the cloud when you raise your eyes upward."

"I will try, dear uncle, to follow your advice," replied Elsie, her eyes filling with tears. "And I will try to remember there are no roses without thorns."

The next morning, Elsie, laying aside all care for her worldly future, rose bright and happy, and toward the mid-

dle of the day started with Miss Vandoren and the young gentlemen to take a view of the Africanus. A kind welcome was given them by the Captain, who took great pleasure in explaining to them all the machinery of the vessel.

"Here comes Hassinger," said Carl; "our old friend, who admires no language but his own, and is such a foe to Greek and Latin. I wonder how it is Alphonse comes to College?"

"Ah! we have quite a company here," the old gentleman remarked, as he drew near the group. "Why! Carl and Ernst, my lads, happy to see you. Why! Cassie, how are you? And who may this young lady be?"

"Don't you know me, Mr. Hassinger?" said Elsie, laughing. "I am Elsie Ravenscroft."

"Elsie!—not little Elsie! Such a strapping lass as this! Well, what are babies coming to? And how are you getting on, Captain? Off to-morrow?"

"I see nothing now to prevent, sir."

"I trust not. These delays are expensive things. You see, gentlemen, we supposed all ready six weeks ago; but the hatchway was so constructed it hurt the insurance, and had to be pulled all to pieces—an extra expense, beside all the wharfage. It will take a good voyage, and much economy, to yield a cent profit this year. More profit to Captain than owner, I'm thinking. You'll need something of an income in your new establishment, Blucher. Now, my motto is, 'A penny saved is better than two pence gained.' Yours seems to be, Two pence are made to lavish. Elfin Heights is considerable of a house for a beginner."

"I ask no more, sir, than that for which we bargained. Of that I shall make what disposition I think proper."

"Certainly, certainly," he replied, in a tone much modified. "I only gave you a little caution. It's now off my shoulders."

"The responsibility rests altogether with myself, sir,"

"True, true. Every one has a right to spend his own in the way he likes best."

With a somewhat confused manner, he abruptly turned to the other members of the party.

"Well, my lads, I suppose College days are almost over. Heads so stuffed with Greek and Latin, won't hold any more, eh? Good sound German all pushed out. Not the fashion, now-a-days—no! no! Now, there's Alphonse, to be sure; worried my life and soul out till he got to College; and what has he been good for since? Why, literally, nothing. It's study, study, night and day. The upshot of it all is, I have to hire in twenty instances where he used to save the dollar. Give me a good boy, with a good sound knowledge of accounts, writing a fair hand, and reading enough to keep posted on all the business news of the day. I say it's worth more to him than all the 'ologys and all the trumperies in the world, that serve but to turn the best brains going."

"Well, but, Mr. Hassinger," said Carl, when the old merchant paused to recover breath, "what are you going to do with our young doctor, here? Mr. Weber is studying for a doctor. Accounts will help him but little in his profession."

"Weber? Weber?" he repeated, coming closer to the group, and, taking an eye-glass from his pocket, gave him a scrutinizing survey. "Weber?—that name is surely known to me. Yes, yes! Frederic Gustavus Weber, the intimate friend of young Vanbremer. Bought more books in a year than ten men would read in an age; ready to be imposed on by all the lackadaisical beggars that came in his way; always had a full hand with an empty pocket; took so little care of money that if he had n't had such a cargo of it, his children might have sung for a maintenance."

Mr. Weber laughed heartily.

"What College are you at, young man?"

"The Medical, sir."

"Yes, yes! But little or big pills; infinitesimal doses, or the good old system?"

"I intend studying both, and practice that which proves most beneficial."

"You'll soon get tired of the trituration stuff—I forget its name. My wife is a convert to it; always uses it in little or great cases. To be sure, a cure soon follows; but I believe it's nature—that's the best and cheapest curative after all. Good morning, gentlemen. I have five minutes still; it will take me that long to walk to Cobb & Company's counting-house."

So saying, Mr. Hassinger took his leave, and the rest of the party, promising to see Mrs. Blucher frequently during his absence, bade him farewell also, and returned to the Manse with fine appetites and in high spirits, separating in the evening with a promise from the ladies of a visit to the chateau on the following day.

"This is a fine morning, Cousin Carl," said Elsie. "We shall not be disappointed in our trip; but I will be quite troubled if Cassy has forgotten me."

"No danger of that," said Ernst, who at this moment made his appearance. "She is so anxious for her dear Miss Elsie that she is gazing out of the window continually. I came to the landing to meet you, and not finding you, I crossed to have the pleasure of your society back."

As they reached the Eidelberg side, and came in sight of the porter's lodge, the attention of Ernst was attracted to Michael, who was running at full speed, the two Master Oberlins flying before him. Pointing out the race, the party watched on the shore to see the result of the contest.

Michael gained on them rapidly, and soon succeeded in getting them within arm's length. Seizing each by the col-

lar, he shook them so lustily, that Ernst, thinking it necessary to interfere, ran forward, and reached the scene of action just as the gardener loosed his firm grasp, and they fell headlong on the ground.

"Michael! Michael!" shouted Ernst; "what are you about there, man?"

Hearing the voice of his young master, Michael turned, showing a face that might well represent his hot-headed nation.

"Sure, Misther Ernst, an' they've splet in paces all the glass in the grane-house, the young varmint. To think the like o' them to play such a trick. I'll bate the very brains out of 'em; let 'em come nare me agin."

"Never mind, Michael," returned Ernst, soothingly. "They shall be punished, I promise you. Run for a glazier, before the air gets at the plants."

"Glazier, indade! John Clopstock has gone away for the matther of four hull days, and by that time, I'm a thinkin', my plants will be starved wid the frost althegither; an' jist all out of the deviltry of them young chaps."

Those young chaps, however, kept at a very respectable distance from Michael. It was not until they reached the house that Ernst was able to overtake them. They then tried to elude him, but seizing them by the hand, he insisted on knowing how the glass was broken.

"It was n't my fault, anyhow," Oscar muttered. "Lorenzo dared me to it, and I was n't going to be dared by him; so I jumped on it; and then Michael was so mad, to make him madder and see some fun, Lorenzo jumped on it, too, and broke the rest. He broke lots more than I did. We got the worst of it, anyhow; but we'll pay him up yet."

"Not so fast, my young gentlemen," said Ernst, taking a tighter grasp of each; "I'll put you out of the way of

doing further mischief until your uncle Lorenzo comes home."

"Uncle Lorenzo! why he has gone out to dinner."

"Well, the longer you have to think over your bad conduct, the better."

By main bodily strength, notwithstanding all their kicks and screams, he succeeded in forcing them into a small back room, in a remote part of the house, where they would occasion no disturbance, and locked the door on them.

Lady Vancleve, unconscious of any trouble, was pleasantly entertaining her friends in the drawing-room, and it was not until dinner-time that the boys were missed.

"Tell the young gentlemen, John," said Lady Vancleve, "to come immediately to dinner."

"It's more than they can do, ma'am," he replied, grinning from ear to ear with delight, "till Mr. Ernst gives them leave."

Lady Vancleve turned toward her son inquiringly.

Ernst smiled. "In father's absence, I have deputed myself their guardian, and have placed them in durance vile until his return."

The story was then told, and his mother, highly approving of Ernst's course, despatched John with some dinner to the recreants. In a few moments he came back, reporting the room vacated. On examination, a sheet was found tied to the turn-buckle, by the aid of which they had effected their escape. A piece of soiled paper lay on the table, on which was written with a lead-pencil:

"We are going home. We know the stages, and by ten o'clock to-night will get there. We will not stay to be abused."

"The best disposition of themselves possible," said Ernst. "It is a perfectly straight route to Brasburg; there is no cause for anxiety. What do you say, mother, to a visit to Mrs. Blucher?"

"Not this afternoon, my son. I will feel anxious until I hear of the boys' safe arrival home. But, with her fur-cloak, I do not think Adele will take cold. The carriage is close and comfortable."

The ladies were soon equipped, and the party, accompanied by the delighted little Cassy, in a few minutes were winding around Elfin Heights, and alighted at the door of Captain Blucher.

After a very pleasant visit they took leave of Mrs. Blucher, and concluded to ride around and take a view of the new mansion, which had become quite an object of interest, owing to its occupancy by the present tenant.

"I don't want you to suppose Captain Blucher careless of expense," said Ernst. "I will therefore tell you that he will stand at quite a low rent until he has realized something. Father made the proposition, or he would never have aspired to Elfin Heights."

"I observed," said Adele, "his furniture was extremely simple."

"Yes, only a portion of the house is furnished; and although his means are so limited, he has released Captain Horn from his indebtedness to him, and left him the greater portion of his old furniture, as he was utterly destitute." Ernst's pleasant account was arrested by the horses stopping at the Vancleve chateau.

"Dear Miss Elsie," said Cassy, as she seated herself on her knee; "I think you are the very nicest young lady in all the world."

"Little Cassy has some penetration," Ernst remarked, as his mother repeated Miss Cassy's decided opinion; "there is a witchery about her which few possess."

These few impressive words were noted on the tablet of Lady Vancleve's memory, and an agreeable impression re-

mained long after the subject of it had returned to her studies at St. Lucia.

The vacation passed pleasantly and speedily. The little parlor furnished for Katrine gave more delight than was even anticipated; and Galen's young heart was made perfectly happy by seeing his mother nicely settled in a tenement, belonging to Mr. Ravenscroft, not many yards from the kitchen building, where the little fellow could peep in at her continually, often, also, bearing a message from Katrine, or a nicely packed little basket.

But Christmas days will end, and the time for the return to St. Lucia came also.

Mrs. Ravenscroft, on taking leave, informed Elsie, with great dignity, that her presence on the first of March would not be required, but during her vacation her home would in future be at Cora Heights.

Elsie's gratification at so unexpected a reprieve could scarcely be concealed; "her leave-taking," Cassy said, "was almost not cold!"

Time went on, waiting for none; soon the bells rang a merry wedding peal, seeming in mockery of the feelings of the house of Ravenscroft; as by this union they feared an immortal soul was placed in jeopardy, and the happiness of another, whom they fondly loved, sadly marred; but the bells rang nevertheless, and the bride and groom, accompanied, not by Mr. Ravenscroft, who could not conscientiously give his countenance to the marriage ceremony as a sacrament, but by Mrs. Vandoren, Carl, Baron and Lady Vancleve, and the greater part of the *titled* families far and near, to whom was given a splendid dinner at the new mansion of President Vonberg.

Mrs. Vandoren made her arrangements to live with her brother during the two years that her daughter expected to remain at school.

Two years! interminable, as we cast our thoughts onward, but, as the days and months roll swiftly on, we must, as they glide past us, in the words of the poet, record them as

“Gone with the world before the flood.”

The two years have indeed sped, bringing but little change with them. Elsie's home, during vacation, was nominally with her mother, but she was generally with her friends at the Manse. Ernst was still reading in the study of Mr. Ravenscroft, and most of his leisure hours were spent in the society of the ladies, who, with his sister Adele, still too frail to spare her brother for the seminary, enjoyed themselves sailing, riding, etc.

Carl and his friend Weber attended the Medical School together — the latter was near the end of his last course.

“To-day I must leave you early, Gustavus,” Carl said to his friend, as they came out of the College together. “My cousins are going with me to dine at Mrs. Halberstadt's. Next week the lectures close; father is urgent you would spend some time with us before you return home.”

“Home!” Gustavus repeated, bitterly; “that name is to me only in the remembrance. In reviewing the past, it is a name filled with the sweetest recollections — the future — time only will reveal whether it will be my favored lot to have what I can call a home. When I will return to the chateau is uncertain. My duty calls me to my peasantry; but can I leave all I hold dear here? — yet if I remain, what is my hope? My position in the Vancleve family is passing strange, Ernst my most intimate friend, excepting you. Since I saved the life of little Cassy, Baron Vancleve comes twice a week to see me, and daily, when the weather's fair, she is sent to while away a leisure hour for me, and her little prattle, and sweet, winning ways afford me much pleasure. Lady Vancleve has called several times, speaks

freely of our relative positions, and mourns deeply the difference of religion, the only, but insurmountable, obstacle to our happiness."

"Trust all with God, Gustavus; he will, I trust, bring to naught the devices of the Evil one. Do not give way to morbid feeling. Your mountain stands strong in the Lord, my friend."

"The spirit is willing, but the flesh weak, Carl. Though I fear I often say, with Jonah, 'I do well to be angry with the gourd.' I confess I felt I was ungrateful for my many blessings, on receiving a letter from poor Bryant. He is about leaving the Heidelberg school, has declared himself a Protestant, and has been discarded, and cast upon the world by his father, without one cent. I have urgently desired that he will take up his abode at once at the chateau, and await my return. I have an excellent housekeeper, and he will find everything comfortable."

"Misther Carl," interrupted Michael, coming quickly up the rock, where the two friends had seated themselves, and doffing his wool cap as he spoke, "I wouldn't have come upon ye, but your man Bertrand has been a lookin' for ye's this full half hour, and plase ye."

"Thank you, Michael," answered Carl; "tell him I will be with him presently."

Taking a kind leave of his friend, after a promise he would dine with him the next day, Carl was very soon beside Bertrand in the "Sea-bird," rowing rapidly in the direction of Eiseldorf.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Joy is not in your path,
— for it loveth not that bleak, broad road."

NOW my school education is finished, Uncle Eldred," said Elsie Ravenscroft, "I wish I could live with you. I should benefit so much by your instructions; and this is such a happy home." A shade of anxiety crept over the face of her uncle: he answered gently, "Our happiness, my daughter, depends greatly on the state of our own hearts; we must try to be contented with the situation Providence has assigned us." Laying his hand affectionately on her head, he added, "Dearest child, passively submit to His will who directs your destiny; there may be, doubtless there are, sunbeams to gladden your future, behind present shadows."

"Oh! that I *had* been your real daughter, uncle, and Carl's own sister."

"First cousins are arbitrary articles," said Carl. "You are not the only one I would I could convert into my father's daughter."

Mrs. Vandoren alone understood his allusion. Elsie replied, "I would as soon be Aunt *Meggy's* daughter as your sister, Carl; all I desire is to live among you, and share your happiness."

"And add to it, too, dear," said Aunt Meggy; "perhaps some arrangements can be made with your mother to leave you with us some portions of the year."

Elsie shook her head doubtingly. "Do you intend walking to Dr. Baden's, coz?" she asked.

"Yes, and ride back, if you will lend me Noble."

"I will walk up the hill with you, if you will lead him." She was soon equipped; taking a sad leave of her uncle and aunt, she went to the kitchen to say farewell there also. Katrine followed her to the gate, where Carl and the pony patiently awaited her. The old woman stood a long while looking after her darling; several times the corner of her apron was carried to her eyes before she returned to the house.

"There was more on your mind, my sister-cousin, than you cared to divulge this morning," hinted Carl, when about half way up "Heavy Slope."

Elsie burst into tears.

"Not a tempest already with Dr. Vonberg; you have been only three days from school; though, perhaps, you would rather not tell me why you are so distressed."

"No, no, my thoughts have always been, and shall always be yours, cousin. The matter is just this: mamma insists on my calling Dr. Vonberg 'father:' she is very angry, and he too, that I do not. Can it be expected, Carl?"

"Certainly; you are all wrong, Elsie. The position he has assumed, or rather that your mother has given him, entitles him to the name, and you have no right to withhold it. He has been uniformly kind to you, Elsie?"

"Oh, yes; but his very kindness is oppressive. I hold still as an automaton when he chooses to caress me, because you were so shocked at my non-compliance." Laughing through the tears, she asked, "Must I apologize for my conduct in this instance, too?"

"I think that unnecessary, Elsie. Your yielding the point is all that is requisite."

"Had I you always to counsel me at the very minute, I would escape so much, dear coz."

"Our Book tells us, as far as it is possible, to live in peace with all men; and that cannot be done, Elsie, dear, if we only reach forward toward the selfish attainment of our own ends."

They had reached the brow of the "Slope," and were enjoying the beautiful view, when Dr. Vonberg, seeing them from the veranda, came forward, arrayed in a remarkably gaudy morning-gown, to meet them.

"Good morning, Carl; good morning Elsie, daughter. You were truant from breakfast; have you enjoyed your ramble?"

Carl returned the salutation very graciously. Elsie replied, "I rode over and walked back; my head is better"—she met a penetrating glance—"thank you, father." The eye turned approvingly; Elsie was satisfied.

"Your aunt Annette will be much disappointed, if you pass by, Carl."

"I have only a moment, Doctor," was the reply, as they all entered the house.

"Is not *my father your uncle?*" whispered Elsie, archly.

"I cannot even sit down, Aunt Annette," apologized Carl, taking her proffered hand. "Elsie and I have loitered on the 'Slope,' and Dr. Baden requires me. It is very pleasant; perhaps you and Uncle Ferdinand will ride over in the course of the day."

"We will," promised the surprised and delighted President. "I have a few slips of some very rare plants; I hope you will give them a place in your garden, Carl."

"Very gladly," he replied; "but good-by now. As I return, Aunt Annette, may I take Elsie home to spend a few days?"

"I know no objection; I dare say she will make none, although I do think she might have some desire to be with her mother the first week of her return."

"Suppose I go next week, coz?"

"I think it pretty positive I would do much for Elsie when I call *him* uncle," muttered Carl, swinging back the garden gate of "Cora's Chateau."

The visit was duly made, the slips duly planted, acknowledgments for them duly paid, and the day passed away much more pleasantly than the morning tokened.

Elsie was not a very frequent visitor at the Manse. This caused anxiety there and grief to the child.

"Troubles again, my fair cousin?" questioned Carl, going forward to help her to alight from Noble, on one of her stolen calls. "That countenance expresses more indignation than I love to see."

"Come over with me to Point Rock, Carl. I need counsel and sympathy."

"Of both quite certain, Elsie. Let me listen to the troubles; I am sure they will be as soon dissipated."

"This book, with this note, I found on my bureau this morning, in the place of my Bible. I suppose Dr. Vonberg hoped the bright exterior would compensate for any pleasure I might have taken in the perusal of my plain one."

Carl read the note:

"At some future period, perhaps not in 'Time,' my daughter Elsie will acknowledge me her true friend in having dispossessed her of the volume *which is of no private interpretation*, and in affording her the precious opportunity of becoming acquainted with the doctrines and blessed truths of the Church of her mother's ancestry. Her anxious and affectionate father,

F. V."

"My first impulse, Elsie," said Carl, folding the note, "is to send the book into the stream, and his billet to bear it company; but that would be impolitic. Promise, my dear cousin, you will never read one word in it; that it shall remain forever clasped, with his note in it."

"I never meant to read the book, I assure you, Carl."

"I am satisfied so far, dear. We must weigh our words narrowly; this is, indeed, the beginning of troubles."

"Oh, Carl! what will become of me?" she exclaimed, bursting into tears.

"Be doomed to despair, and I with you, my own Elsie, but for the unfailing promises contained in the Bible — the book which Vonberg has not the power to shut from you. 'I am with you alway, even unto the end,' said the Lord Jesus; again, 'With every temptation I will make a way of escape.' Such and many similar texts we may make our own — *your* own, Elsie." She covered her face with her hands, and laid her head on his knee; he bowed his over it, and prayed for her. Oh, how fervently!

Elsie lifted up her face, and wiped away her tears. "I feel calmer, Cousin Carl. Shall I ask Dr. Vonberg to return me my Bible?"

"He *would* not, if you did, Elsie: no. I am driven to instruct you in scheming and concealment. I will provide you with a very small Bible: this must be secreted. Commit a portion to memory daily, ponder its truths, then lock the volume safely away. No one will suspect this stratagem. Only stern necessity induces the deception; you and I would scorn it else."

"Why, Carl, you know we would never have had the Scriptures, had they not been hidden for us."

"I am not regarding what we are doing as wrong, Elsie, but I always did despise the very appearance of deceit."

"May I not refuse to be present at morning prayers? I tried being too late, but Father Antoine has changed the hour for my accommodation."

"*Father* Antoine! do you expect *me* to *uncle* him?"

"No," she replied, with an hysteric laugh; "yet, as all the servants, mamma, all the visitors, every person, call him *Father* Antoine, it seemed to come naturally, just as the

white people on the Western Continent call all the blacks, uncle, aunt, and mammy."

Carl laughed outright; Elsie looked disconcerted.

"That is verily an ignoramus version of the Yankees; too many Americans have visited our country, and introduced some of their most excellent customs, and induced the abolishing of no few of our unwise practices, to believe they have such absurdities among them. In some of the very Southern United States, the negro slaves to whom they become greatly attached they designate by these familiar titles. I marvel if, for this reason, you will *Father* Dr. Ostend?"

"Is it not the wisest policy to secure peace, cousin?"

"No, dear, it is admitting that he is a spiritual guide; one advance toward the Papacy. As a Protestant, with you he must be Dr. Ostend. Never yield one ace in principle to secure harmony; submit to your mother's control, even though she infringe greatly on your personal comfort, Elsie. Remember the Christian character is to be sustained, and sustained, my sweet Elsie, independent of the 'olive stick;' it will not be at hand to twine up the wayward tendrils. Do not look so sadly, Elsie; if you outlive these annoyances, in two years and nine months you will be delivered from them all. During that period you will be compelled to conform to your mother's wishes; you will be expected to attend, and your presence required at, their private worship; you dare not refuse, therefore better submit cheerfully. No doubt stringent methods will be adopted to proselyte you to the Papacy; books, to convince you of the horrors of Protestantism, will be opened to you; the efficacy of a confessional will be presented to you most alluringly — on this and their books place your foot firmly, and keep it there, my Elsie, my sister-cousin. At the close of these petty persecutions, the Manse of the Dominie, or the Chateau Van-

cleve, will gladly welcome you to a permanently happy home."

Elsie started, colored slightly, and asked, "Did Aunt Meggy tell you about it, Carl?"

"No, Elsie; I charged Ernst Vancleve with purloining half of my 'birthright;' he, with great assurance, owned to the robbery: I will be quite contented, if you will tell me you have *quid pro quo*."

"There is no denying the truth; yet I would be sorry to suppose I belonged one jot less to you."

"I shall not dispute the claim," said her cousin, laughing, "until the two years and nine months have expired. Sister-cousins are slippery possessions."

"I shall then be eighteen. I trust the trials of the intervening time may improve my character—gentleness is not one of its constituents. I doubt Miss Adele will be living at that time; I admire her much, Carl."

"Lady Vancleve and Adele are both very lovely, and are quite in love with you, Elsie; as to Cassy, though only five years old, she has the capacity and information of an ordinary girl of ten."

"*Ernst* taught her." There was a very funny smile met her eye. Laughing, she said, rather reproachfully, "I do not think I could put a higher estimate on Ernst Vancleve's character than yourself, Carl; it was your opinion of him, and affection for him, gave him so much weight with me."

"And I would be the last to lessen it, Elsie. I do not believe there is his superior breathing, and if he were not just what he is, he would be unworthy of my guileless cousin. It is unspeakably comforting to me, Elsie, to look beyond the ordeal, through which I am well aware you are to pass, to that measure of as perfect happiness as this world can

possibly offer ; and it will enable you most assuredly to suffer far more cheerfully, knowing there is a limit."

"Of course, Carl, it will ; and is it not gratifying that all the Vancleve family are so well pleased with the connection?"

"Lady Vancleve used the word *delighted*," said Carl, laughing again.

"If *you* are, I think *I* may be satisfied with their appreciation of me. I spent yesterday there, at Miss Adele's request. She was indisposed. I felt perfectly at home, Carl. On coming away, Baron Vancleve kissed me so kindly."

"Kissed you ! that was the ever-to-be-remembered crime of President Vonberg, which occasioned so much wrath between you and Aunt Annette. How did your dignity endure it?"

"Be quiet, Carl ; you forget how humbly I apologized to Dr. Vonberg ; and, besides, Baron Vancleve is so fatherly."

"I thought that was the principal objection to the other," persisted the teasing cousin.

Glancing at him rebukingly, she replied :

"There could not be two persons found more dissimilar. I really love Baron Vancleve. I do not dislike Dr. Vonberg, but somehow he makes so much parade of his affection. Baron Vancleve has more heart, I am sure."

"A nobler heart never beat, Elsie. When Baron Vancleve kissed you, and called you daughter, he took you right into that heart as a member of his own family ; and he will never fail you in the hour of need. You could not have a better friend ; he has powerful influence."

Carl arose as he finished speaking, and looked at his watch.

"Carl, Uncle Eldred invited Ernst to dine to-day with Dr. Stuyvezant. Shall we walk over the bridge to meet him?"

"No; look up the stream."

"It is the Dolphin; how prettily she dips. Ernst says *you* are better on the oar than he."

"He thinks so; but I am not."

Ernst drew the boat close up to the rock. After the usual greetings, Carl said:

"I will be much obliged to you, Vancleve, if you will take this young lady a turn round the bay. It will be serviceable to her pale cheeks to apply a little of nature's rouge, sure to be found there."

"Thank you, Carl," replied Ernst, helping Elsie into the boat. "Will you accompany us?"

"I am afraid I should not receive so well-fitting a 'thank you,' if I did."

He darted to the top of the rock to escape a calabash of water Ernst was preparing as a reward. Turning at the summit, he waved his hat in triumph. Ernst flourished his gourd in return, and the heart of Carl was gladdened to hear the merry laugh of Elsie, as the boat glided under the cliff toward the bay.

The family had retired to rest that night, leaving Mrs. Vandoren with Carl, discussing the comparative and relative merits of the Professors of the College, to which the very agreeable visit of Dr. Stuyvezant had given rise.

"The President does enjoy coming here," observed Carl. "We shall lose him soon; he is to pass the summer vacation with Gustavus Weber."

"I suppose the medical course is finished. Dr. Stuyvezant and he are kindred spirits. Will he return to Eidelberg again ever, Carl?"

"He thinks not. Although the Vanclevs love and respect him, they are inexorable with regard to his union with Adele. How can they permit him to go alone and lonely home to his chateau."

"I cannot condemn them, dear, feeling as they do the criminality of a consent, and her natural apostasy by such a course. No doubt they build upon Vonberg's influence and power to convert Elsie, and thus effect Ernst's return to the Papacy, else there would be dreadful inconsistency in the pleasure they evince in the prospect of that connection."

"Poor dear Elsie; an eventful career is before her between this and that period, Aunt Meggy. May she stand fast in the Lord!"

"Amen! She will need our prayers, dear Carl. She seems prepared for the warfare; I trust she will be strengthened."

"What length of absence does her mother allow her this visit?"

"Only three days, Carl? I wish she could stay here permanently; she is so happy here. How longingly *she* desires it."

"Yes; she thinks little of resigning her own if she only could have you for her mother. *I* wish I could too, in another sense, Aunt Meggy."

"You would desist, Carl, if you knew how these expressions distress me. If Cassy were to receive the idea, what would be the consequence? A nearer connection between you cannot be. Coburg Vandoren was my first cousin, therefore Cassy is your almost sister; a union would be impossible—you know it, Carl—why labor to remove an insuperable barrier?"

"I do desire, Aunt Meggy, from my inmost heart, to be reconciled to the will of the Lord; yet she is so surpassingly lovely, so entirely fitted to make a Christian home all that would be desirable, that I do sometimes feel inclined to inquire why this happiness was placed just within and just beyond my attainment."

"Will it mitigate your discontent, dear Carl, to learn

I have the same regret? There is not another being on earth's surface to whom I would as willingly commit my child; yet we *must* banish the idea forever. I hope to see you both eligibly settled, independent of each other."

"I would be perfectly contented to have my present condition sealed and unaltered for life, Aunt Meggy; my tormenting anxiety is that Cassy may be persuaded to become the leading star of some other home."

"Let us trust, dear; there is no present prospect of such a catastrophe, particularly as Cassy has her mother's habit of contrasting all others with 'Cousin Carl.'"

Carl Ravenscroft had no vanity; aunt Meggy was no flatterer, but there was more than gratitude in his warm good night kiss; neither had Mrs. Vandoren ever again occasion to rebuke him. The three days' visit would come to a close. Elsie felt greatly strengthened by the wholesome advice of her uncle Eldred, and was quite assured as she mounted her pony and rode off amid the "good-byes." She carried with her very many prayerful, sympathizing hearts. The tiny Bible was hidden; and the instructions of her cousin Carl strictly followed. Time wore away; for months Elsie was undisturbed in her regular routine. She attended her uncle's church and taught her Sabbath-school; but was always present at morning prayers and vespers in the family of Dr. Vonberg. She was attentive to all her mother's commands, never giving way to temper, even when there was seeming provocation. She noticed that the nervous attacks of her mother became more frequent, and often so violent as to confine her to her bed several days. These had always been induced by opposition to her determined will; and Elsie suspected from the "madam" of Dr. Vonberg, and her mother's haughty bearing toward him, the fervent attachment of the first few months no longer existed. To herself he was uniformly affectionate, from

sinister motives she believed, for she very soon discovered her stepfather had no heart.

"Elsie, my daughter," he said to her one morning, after breakfast, twining his arm around her, and gently drawing her close beside him on the sofa, "it appears to me more than a little surprising, that when your mother has reposed entire confidence in me, in selecting me as her own, and the guardian of her child, that you still allow Mr. Ravenscroft to hold possession of your property. In my position, it could scarcely be questioned, I am the proper person to direct your business affairs, and to invest your surplus income, which could be done much more advantageously at this very time, my child. I could nearly double your receipts, if you will make a transfer to me of your papers. Your mother expresses her entire willingness, but tells me you are stubborn. I am sure I have never seen the least symptom of such a characteristic," he added, kissing her. "Dear Elsie, represent the matter to your uncle; he surely will not refuse to acquiesce—it is so very clearly for your benefit."

Elsie, without changing her position, replied, very calmly: "*My* consent to your proposition would avail nothing. The promise of Uncle Eldred Ravenscroft, to place my papers in my hands with an unbroken seal at eighteen, lies buried with my own father; he told mamma so when she made a similar request. *I* would never desire to transfer; I am perfectly satisfied with my income. I am obliged to you, Doctor—father, but I wish no increase."

"As you please," he retorted, withdrawing his arm. "You have an exceedingly contented spirit. It is, of course, of no moment to me, only so far as I might serve you. I begin to think there is something of obstinacy in your composition. Your mother must be consulted respecting your dissent."

A visit to Mr. Ravenscroft's study was the result. After

an hour's debate, the carriage rolled away, and the Dominie, looking somewhat excited, joined the family at dinner.

"My uncle and aunt Vonberg's call was official, father?" queried Carl. "I marvel if it were a concern of the soul."

"No, indeed. If such *could* be, I would doubt either had any. My brother Egbert's widow came to proffer an exchange of guardianship; to offer me Egbert's child for her property; to give her the papers and take Elsie!"

"Good! good!" exclaimed Carl. "Make Elsie joint heir with me, father, and let the property go; she can then live with us."

"I would have no hesitancy, my son, in giving my brother's child an equal inheritance with you; but what would it avail? By no parchment could we retain Elsie should her mother choose to demand her, which, in the first splenetic attack, she assuredly would; and Dr. Vonberg would find it far easier to pay homage to an heiress than a dependent; besides, Carl, my word is held in the death-grasp of her father. 'I will give these papers to Elsie—to Elsie only—at eighteen, with the seal unbroken.' That promise is irrevocable. Mrs. Vonberg has all her own estate; it is the Ravenscroft division Elsie holds; and Elsie *shall* hold."

Hess Winterstein would have been strongly reminded of the Eagle. No one replied. All were convinced.

"The wrath of Aunt Annette will fall heavily on Elsie," said Carl. "She will probably interdict her visits here."

"We shall meet regularly at Sunday-school and at church: she cannot interfere with freedom of conscience," replied Cassy.

"She will always enjoy her Sabbath privileges, and Vancleve chateau will afford frequent opportunities of seeing her. Vonberg will never allow her to be debarred that house. He is endeavoring to ingratiate himself into Ernst's

favor, with the hope of repairing his pecuniary condition. His chateau is now mortgaged beyond its value."

"What a dupe your aunt has been," said Mrs. Vandoren; "his whole object must have been to obtain her property."

"And would add Elsie's to it with great pleasure," returned Carl. "It is mournful she should be subjected to his society, and prohibited ours. Time wanes: Cassy, is not the 'Sea-bird' to carry you to Eidelberg this afternoon? you prefer it to the bridge."

"Yes, Carl; and while you transact your business with Mr. Weber, I will make some visits, and see two or three poor families for Adele. She wrote by Elsie, asking me to do so, as she felt entirely unable."

"I can believe she is unequal to almost any exertion," rejoined Carl; "she seldom converses, and looks so frail. I fear she is failing."

"Ernst once remarked to me, 'my sister is ripening for heaven,' else I would not suppose he saw the change in her. That little girl, your namesake, dear, seems hardly to belong to earth; she is a very remarkable child; she is a perfect magnet."

"I never beheld her equal, father. You may well call her magnet: she is the acknowledged attraction of the heights. But come, coz, it is damp: heavy shawl and thick shoes," he called after Cassy. She opened the door again, just to admit her head, and playfully answered, "Yes, grand-papa."

"That has always been a point of contention between Cassy and me," complained her mother; "her perfect health makes her regardless of exposure. She obeys me, of course; yet it is a punishment to her to be wrapped up."

"Well, here I am, enveloped in garments enough for an invalid. I shall surely be the victim to your and mother's carefulness, Carl."

"Preserve your precious health, my child," admonished her uncle; "the comfort of three lives depends on yours."

"I am aware of that, Uncle Eldred, and would avoid endangering it; but Carl is worse than any old grandmother. I undergo inspection before every walk, ride, and sail, besides a never failing lecture on imprudence."

"I think you are benefiting some little, daughter; few cousins would take so much interest."

"Who, mother? Carl! Why, were I his twin sister, he could not take greater interest in me."

"I never had a sister, but cannot imagine how I could love one better than a first cousin; and an Aunt Meggy is very like Carl Ravenscroft's mother." He kissed her good-by.

"Meggy," asked Mr. Ravenscroft, when the two cousins had left them; "is it only self-love in a degree, a little more remote, or are our children peculiarly gifted, and more lovely than most others? You and I are truly blessed in such a son and daughter."

"We are, Eldred, and I trust are grateful to the great Giver. I do not think we are blind to their failings; yet I suppose all parents are proud to mark the better qualities of their children."

"Carl's impetuous spirit is so well balanced by his gentle, loving heart, that I have had very little trouble in training him. Elsie has the same temperament, kept constantly irritated by her mother."

"She is passing through severe discipline now, poor child, thrown on her own resources entirely. How she must miss Carl."

"It is this very discipline that will improve her character. Elsie has been too dependent on us all; she hardly thought for herself, and Carl shielded her constantly from what he called 'maternal hostilities.' In a conversation with her, she told me she prayed daily for strength to endure pa-

tiently, and that she never forgot she had not only the doctrines of the Protestant, but the character of the Christian to sustain; that she often felt, at the close of a day of peculiar trial, how much she had been enabled to endure and overcome. Elsie is a timid child, yet I am inclined to believe she would exhibit great firmness when Christianity is assailed."

"No doubt of it, Eldred. She told me, but would rather her cousins and Ernst should not hear of it, that Dr. Vonberg tried to persuade her to assist in the choir at their rehearsals on Saturday evening, telling her it would not at all interfere with her devotions at her own church, being Saturday; he merely wanted her sweet voice to lead in some of the vesper hymns, particularly one to the Virgin, which they had some difficulty in singing. He complained to her mother of her decided refusal to enter a Catholic chapel, even on a week day; and she taunted her with having a very independent, disobliging, perverse spirit, and an unguarded, disrespectful tongue. In this manner she is frequently annoyed and distressed. I am glad Ernst extracted a promise that she would never enter the chapel under any circumstances, or read a book recommended by them. Vonberg has offered her several, but she has resolutely refused to read them, much to his chagrin."

"The influence of Ernst will be peculiarly advantageous; from having passed through much the same ordeal, he can render her efficient aid. Meggy, she is very young to have engaged herself to Ernst. I objected, and endeavored to dissuade him, but he persisted he was no more afraid of a change in the mind of Elsie than that his sister Cassy would desire to choose another brother. I would not have listened to any one else. Carl and Cassy withstood me altogether; they think Ernst Vancleve a paragon of perfection. What

is your opinion, Meggy? should I have denied the petitioner?"

"Oh, Ernst has always been my standard, Eldred. My Nathaniel in guilelessness, my Paul in zeal, my John in loveliness. I really must acknowledge, young as Elsie is, I am delighted with the affiance and the prospect of such a connection. Katrine rejoices over it; she consoles herself that her darling child will then escape from her unnatural mother's talons."

"Yes, the time will speed more comfortably with this expectation. Elsie is doubtless herself greatly buoyed up with it; Vonberg expresses himself 'pleased,' her mother 'satisfied.' The contrary would make no difference to Elsie, only so far as her mother might throw difficulties in her path, were she opposed to the betrothal. Elsie did not wish the subject mentioned to her mother; but I was decided, and Ernst made the communication himself. He remarked subsequently, 'Mrs. Vonberg is an extraordinary person, sir.'"

Bertrand opened the door to say, "A young man would be at the study to-morrow to see Dominie Vancleve."

"He is premature with the title, Bertrand," said Mr. Ravenscroft, laughing. "Who was he?"

"A young man I have often seen on the rocks; he once belonged to the Vonberg school. He did not mention *his* title, sir."

Bertrand closed the door.

"There is the 'Sea-bird,' Eldred; you may hear that girl's laugh before you see her."

"Light hearts and easy consciences! Happy children! It is vain to wish for our usual trio; over two years requires some patience, Meggy."

"It does, Eldred. Here they come, and Elsie with them. It was *her* laugh;" and Mrs. Vandoren laughed herself with gladness, inquiring "where they had picked her up."

"Out of a dolphin's mouth, Aunt Meggy. Had a combat for her. Am under protest to return her to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

At ten the next morning, Ernst Vancleve was with Mr. Ravenscroft in his study. Two hours each day were devoted by the Dominie to instructing him for the same holy office. No interruption was allowed during that time, and there never was an intrusion. Carl, at the same time, was reading with Dr. Baden. He, not infrequently, was detained visiting with him until a late dinner hour.

Ernst had scarcely joined the ladies in the parlor, when he was informed by Bertrand, "the young gentleman who called yesterday was in the study."

Ernst, returning immediately, introduced Mr. Winterstein to the ladies.

Hess, for it was he, shook hands with all the ladies, telling them he felt well acquainted with them from hearing so much of them from Mrs. Otenheimer, with whom he had been boarding a few days.

"I suppose," he said, turning to Ernst, "you are a Dominie. I predicted you would be."

"Not yet; only on the *road* to preferment, Hess. I will like to hear something of yourself. How long did you remain at St. Gabriel's after my leaving there?"

"You know but little of the performances there since that," returned Hess. "I was forcibly ejected by Dr. Ostend for smuggling Bibles into College, about two months after that commencement; but the deed was done, and the Spirit's operations finished the work. I, Vancleve, after a long and dark struggle, became, as I trust, the subject of Protestant gospel grace. I closed the eyes of Hans Wirtz in death, poor fellow."

Hess dashed the tear from his eye; he tried to speak. His voice faltered, his lip trembled; unable to recover him-

self, he buried his face in his handkerchief, and for a long space wept in silence.

When more composed, Ernst inquired :

"Hess, where are you located now?"

"At Brasburg, employed by the Missionary house as colporteur to distribute tracts and Bibles. It is of Wirtz I would speak first, and deliver his last message to you. As I was about to say, Hans died firm in the Protestant faith, triumphing in an only mediator, Jesus. 'Tell him'—that is, *you*—'tell him I owe my salvation, under God, to his independent stand before the College tribunal. His words then took possession of my heart; they led me to seek Jesus, whom I have found a precious Saviour—the *only* atoning sacrifice. *Tell him—tell him.*' I have been ever since endeavoring to make a visit here."

The eyes of Winterstein filled on witnessing the tearful ones of his auditors.

"I might have written," he continued, "but he said, '*tell him.*' *He* is not the only one, Vancleve; thirteen others, besides myself, from St. Gabriel's, have become Bible readers, and every one of them, as I have ascertained from reliable sources, are thoroughgoing, active Christians, disseminating the truth over the Continent. Vonberg and the Fathers were very soon convinced of their mistake in making a public investigation; they by this time were anxious to hush up the whole affair; but it is volcanic; sooner or later there will be no partition wall between those schools, and St. Gabriel will declare itself on the side of Protestant truth—the Bible being her foundation-stone also."

Hess arose to go.

"Mr. Ravenscroft and Carl will be in presently," said Mrs. Vandoren; "we cannot permit you to leave us before dinner, Mr. Winterstein; they will be equally interested

with us in your communications, and *prophecies* too," she added, laughing.

"It certainly will be very agreeable to me," he answered; "I always desired an acquaintance with this household. If I mistake not, President Vonberg married a lady of this family."

"He married my mother," replied Elsie, slightly coloring.

"Yet you reside here still?" queried this lineal descendant of Eve.

"Not altogether," interposed Mrs. Vandoren; "she *lives* with her mother. You mentioned Brasburg, Mr. Winterstein. Are you permanently settled there?"

"Not anywhere permanently. I go where I am sent with books; I have travelled over almost the half of Europe. I am generally well received. In a small village near Brasburg, I met with Brock's wife; she has a little fancy store; she recognized me as an Eidelberg student; she railed out lustily against Brock's patrons for depriving him of his agencies. I could not sympathize; I was so well satisfied he had received his desert at last, inhuman man."

"Yes, so soon as my father and others discovered he was unfit for the authority with which he was empowered, they dismissed him from their employ. I did not know what had become of him."

"Ernst," asked Hess, suddenly, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, "how is Dr. Vance? and how is the pretty Miss Meta? Is she married?"

"I am not very well informed respecting any of that school; my sympathies, you know, are all with the other. I believe the Professors are all well: the lady in question is not married; she is engaged to one of the graduates of St. Gabriel."

"To *another* of them! Was there not some blunder about the *one*?"

"You are a wizard, Hess, I do verily believe," said Ernst, laughing heartily. "*I* made no blunder."

"Ostend and Vance did. I had no conscience using my ears at that time. I assure you it was all a scheme of theirs to repair broken fortunes, but you slipped through their fingers, as did considerable sums from Baron Vancleve's purse slip through his. How I enjoyed the discourses of the two: I loved fun, Ernst."

"Too well for your own benefit, Hess; but these are by-gones. You know Lewellyn Bryant is studying for the pulpit?"

"Mrs. Otenheimer told me that, and many things that have rejoiced me. How much occasion there is for gratitude in reviewing life. *I* have been led along by gracious guidance; the hours of this day passed in this delightful circle I shall ever recount a subject for thankfulness."

The entrance of Mr. Ravenscroft and Carl interrupted him. The latter received him very cordially, as he had just been hearing of his conversion, and subsequent activity in mission work, from one of Dr. Baden's patients. The Dominie had never before seen him. Hess was courteously urged, and he willingly consented, to make the Manse his home while at Eiseldorf. The day was passed in listening to his details of interesting incidents; among others, he mentioned having seen a relative of Carl, whom he knew from the strong resemblance, and was induced to ask his name: it was Luis Valesez."

"Carl's mother's sister's son," observed Mr. Ravenscroft.

"He is. He was interested in me so soon as he heard the name of Eiseldorf. My imperfect Spanish prevented free converse, yet he made me understand that a visit from you, Carl, to your relations, would be very acceptable."

"They have often written for me; but my home is so pleasant, it makes me selfish."

"He, and doubtless his whole family, are rigid Romanists; an M. D. would gain welcome access where the mere card of a D. D. would be refused admittance. What good might you not do, Carl?"

Hess spoke earnestly.

"It is a subject that must be taken into serious consideration. I shall be better able to chart my future course if the Faculty award me a diploma."

"Not much fear of a rejection, Carl. The degrees are to be given next month, I believe."

Carl nodded affirmatively.

"Luis and I were born the same month. I would like to see him once more."

"You will look upon one of nature's models of magnificence," declared Hess; "there are few such specimens of her handiwork afloat."

"Unqualified encomiums," decided Elsie, laughing. "When little boys, I have heard that Cousin Carl and Luis were mistaken for twin brothers."

"And might be still, if Carl's curls were a shade darker."

An involuntary laugh from the group followed this reply; the crimson mounting to the forehead of Winterstein.

"Decidedly handsome, Hess, in your opinion," said Carl, joining in the mirth. "Pity the inner man should not be as little defective."

"Let it pass," rejoined Hess, with his peculiar laugh. "I am not often caught among the flattering. But to return: Dr. Ravenscroft might do much for his countrymen and Spanish relations."

Carl evidently felt the force of this remark. He did not reply.

"As I walked up the banks of the Neisse," resumed

Hess, changing the subject, "I saw a fellow chiselling his name on a rock. It threw me back to the time when so many of us tried the same place to immortalize ourselves. I now fully understand your remark, Ernst, when you declined cutting yours: 'Better carve good deeds on human hearts;' and your President observed, on seeing us so occupied, 'More conceit than wisdom in your employment, boys; you will never find one of those names recorded elsewhere, or the originals distinguished for anything very meritorious.' I knocked mine off."

"How many beautiful public edifices have been defaced by these nobodies," Mr. Ravenscroft remarked; "unheard of names scribbled and cut on every most prominent place."

Mrs. Vandoren touched the bell. The servants came in to evening worship. Winterstein, being fatigued, retired immediately after. Ernst took leave, Elsie promising to be at the chateau before breakfast. He had returned after dinner, at the solicitation of Cassy, as "Mr. Winterstein's visit was especially to him." Elsie remained all day at the Manse.

"Dear, oh, dear! we have not touched one note of our duet, Carl," lamented Cassy. "Shall we practise it to-night? Mother, is it too late?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Meggy," coaxed Elsie. "It will not take long."

Mrs. Vandoren only smiled, bidding them good night.

"Remember, children," admonished Mr. Ravenscroft, lighting his candle, "dreams are more acceptable than the sweetest music after eleven o'clock. It is now ten."

"Our instruments shall be silenced at that hour, sir," promised Carl.

"Kiss me, Uncle Eldred; I shall not see you in the morning."

"Between the two V's, Uncle Eldred has but little of

his darling," he replied, bending down to kiss Elsie good night.

The piece was diligently practised, and, faithful to their promise, the piano was closed, the guitars in their cases, and the cousins on the way to their respective rooms, as the clock told eleven.

The business of Winterstein detained him some days at Eiseldorf. As he exchanged farewells with the family at the Manse, he felt a delightful sense of gratitude that he could enrol these Christians among his warmest friends.

"He is unhewn," Mr. Ravenscroft remarked to his son, after Hess had turned the hill; "but I like him much. He is admirably fitted for his occupation. Carl, there is a great deal in him."

"A great deal, indeed, father. I never expected Hess Winterstein would cause me to feel my own littleness. My home attractions are too many for me; I must up and be doing."

"God speed you, my son."

CHAPTER XV.

"To soothe the wounded heart with balm
From the amaranths of heaven."

ADELE is quite unwell this morning," Lady Vancleve remarked at the breakfast-table; "I feel anxious she should have medical advice."

"She is so reluctant to consult Dr. Bryant, Henriette; would there not be risk in trusting her frail constitution to a stranger?"

"Dr. Bryant has never appeared to understand her disease, Lorenzo," Lady Vancleve replied, sadly.

Ernst looked anxiously; he made no remark; leaving the table soon after, he went to his sister's chamber. Her pallid appearance shocked him, so altered since the day previous. He sat down quietly beside her; her eyes were closed; she did not appear to observe him. Nanny, an old, faithful servant, who had been thirty years a tried nurse in the family, was standing near her. Day after day Ernst watched beside her, only leaving her at the call of his little sister to do some little kind service for her.

"The weakness of our dear child obviously increases." Lady Vancleve said to her husband; "I see her daily declining. How shall we overcome her aversion to seeing Dr. Bryant?"

"I will go up and endeavor to persuade her, Henriette."

As he entered, Ernst was supporting her head upon a pil-

low. Looking up, she smiled, saying, "This is my doctor and nurse, papa."

"A very good nurse, my darling daughter, but you need a more skilful physician. Will you not allow us to send for Dr. Bryant?"

Adele shook her head. "He is never of the slightest benefit, papa."

"Let us have Dr. Baden," proposed Ernst; "*his* skill is undoubted."

"What of his Protestant influence, my son. If I could be assured that would not be exerted, I would rejoice to place your sister under his charge."

"I would love to have him for my physician, dear father," she murmured.

"The wish of my child is enough. Go for him Ernst; ask him to come without delay."

Resigning his position to his father, Ernst obeyed, returning within the hour, Dr. Baden accompanying him. A beam of pleasure lighted the countenance of Adele as she saw him enter.

Coming toward her with one of his brightest smiles, he said, "Why did you not send for me before, Miss Adele?" The moment his finger pressed the pulse, the Baron saw a change in the expression of his face.

"I will give you a prescription down stairs, Baron Vancleve," he said, presently.

"I desire your candid opinion, Doctor," urged the Baron, when they reached the library. "Is the case hopeless? do not conceal the worst from me."

"There is no disease, Baron Vancleve, not the slightest; her system has entirely given way owing to a too sensitive nature. The slightest trouble would tell on such a constitution, and if placed in circumstances in which her mind would be harassed, I would not answer for her life. Tena-

city of life is what she lacks. Could we arouse an anxiety to live, to recover, to mingle once more with things of time, she would be restored. In many conversations I had with her while at Mr. Ravenscroft's, I was surprised to find how little hold she had on life, and how anxious she was for a resting-place beyond; her tenure here is as slight as a candle flickering in the socket, which a touch would extinguish. In adverse circumstances, I have met such cases, where distress of mind has been the acting principle—with regard to Miss Adele, I confess myself utterly at fault. She has all that can make life desirable, with a happy, grateful disposition to appreciate all her blessings; yet she longs to take the wings of the morning, to flee away, and be at rest. She requires no medicine whatever, any would be injurious. She must be persuaded to take nutritive food."

"My daughter! Oh, my daughter!" ejaculated the Baron. "How can I give you up? yet—" he groaned.

"The Lord is the hearer of prayer, my friend," interposed the Doctor; "He never afflicts willingly. We will trust and hope; that is our stronghold, Baron Vancleve, our only refuge." The Doctor rising to take his hat, the Baron said: "You will return soon, then—" he hesitated, "then, if possible—" Dr. Baden waited a moment for an explanation, then, extending his hand to the Baron, he promised to return in two hours, after visiting some patients on the other side of the river.

"Meanwhile," he directed, "avoid the slightest excitement; pleasant conversation only, if any, in her room; as few visitors as possible. I will be frank with you my dear friend: Adele's condition is critical. Whatever may be the cause, agitation at this time might, would be fatal."

When Baron Vancleve was alone he pondered over the words of the Doctor, almost regretting he had sent for him, yet desiring his return. He was a firm believer in prayer,

yet how could he reciprocate such a sentiment from the lips of a heretic. He was dissatisfied, he was miserably unhappy. He was returning to the chamber of his daughter, when he heard the voice of Dr. Ostend. He was inquiring for Adele.

"My dear son," he remarked, as the Baron went forward to receive him; "I only returned from my circuit an hour since, and at the first intimation of your affliction, I came to offer my kindest sympathy, and afford what spiritual consolation I can to our dear sufferer. Shall we go at once to her?"

"Not now, Father Antoine; her physician recommends entire quiet."

"Of what importance is the poor body compared with the never dying soul, my son? Should that pass away unshrived, what would be its doom? I shudder when I think of the brink on which she stands."

"I feel it, I know it, holy Father. May her life be spared until she feels prepared to receive the unction at your hands."

"There is a weight of sin which our dear daughter has yet to answer. The confessional neglected, her intimacy with heretics, her—"

"Hold! Father, hold! My heart is already pierced with sorrow—in pity, refrain, refrain!"

"None feel more for you than myself, my son. But are you not depriving her of the only hope of salvation? the last surety?"

"I will go to her, Father Antoine. It may be strength will be given her to see the right."

Dr. Ostend waited below; the Baron repaired to Adele's chamber.

"Father Antoine is here, my child; he much desires to see you."

The blood mounted to the face of Adele. She answered—

calmly and decidedly: "I have seen him for the last time, father, as a spiritual adviser. I am aware he desires to administer the last rites; tell him I need them not, to me they would be unavailing. I have fled to the only refuge, the sure refuge, dear father: I feel, I know 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'

'Jesus can make a dying bed
As soft as downy pillows are.'

He has made mine even pleasant. I am going to that bright world of spirits, a world where disappointments, or sin, or sorrow can never enter, and where all tears are wiped away."

She could say no more; her strength was exhausted by the effort. Sinking back on the pillow, she lay apparently lifeless. Dr. Baden came in. He had passed Dr. Ostend on the stairs: a slight bow was the only recognition.

"What has occurred?" he questioned, anxiously. "There surely has been some exciting cause for this change."

There was no reply. "Is she in immediate danger?" asked Ernst.

"Not from this attack; there is much nervousness connected with it; use only the fan; no stimulating restoratives,—the reaction would be too great."

Baron Vancleve sent Bertha to say to "Father Antoine, that Miss Adele was too ill to be left a moment at present; he would be happy to see him in his library on the morrow." Mr. Ravenscroft had been a daily visitor at the chateau since the illness of Adele; he had been most kindly received by both Baron and Lady Vancleve. Elsie's offer to remain with little Cassy, and while away her lonely hours, was gratefully accepted: Cassy, charmed with her new companion, was quite happy. Did Ernst never leave his sister's side? He did. Twice a day he might be seen going toward

the rooms of Gustavus Weber. Morning and evening he carried tidings of his sister. It would have been difficult to tell, when the friends met, whose grief was deepest. Always, in the moments they passed together, they commended her to her Redeemer; Ernst returning home more fitted to endure his bitter sorrow.

"Would it not be possible to see her?" Gustavus inquired; "one last look, a farewell spoken by that dear one, is a consolation of which none has a right to deprive me. I will come and ask it as a boon at your father's hand — it must be granted — it will, I feel assured."

"I dare not advise, Gustavus; my father, I believe, would grant anything that would gratify Adele."

Ernst watched the lifeless form of his sister with torturing apprehension, until there were signs of returning life; then, yielding his seat to Dr. Baden, he threw himself on the couch completely exhausted. He sank into a deep sleep; when he awoke, the Doctor was still fanning his sister. As he looked on her, he saw death on every feature. The *silence* of Dr. Baden answered his inquiry of anguish, "How is she?" The stillness of death reigned; there was no sound excepting the stifled sobs of Nanny. Baron Vancleve had left the room, and Ernst heard a voice pleading eagerly; he at once recognized the voice of Gustavus. The voice ceased; light footsteps drew near; they ascended the stairs. The heart of Ernst beat almost perceptibly: the door opened; Gustavus entered followed by Baron Vancleve. Lady Vancleve arose to receive him, but Ernst seemed spell-bound. The hand of Dr. Baden was immediately extended with a look of surprised inquiry.

Not a word was spoken; Gustavus, seating himself at the foot of the bed and resting his forehead on his hand, gazed intently upon the face of Adele. Opening her eyes slowly, they rested upon him. A smile lighted her face as, in a

feeble voice, she murmured: "Gustavus!" In a moment he was at her side; leaning over her he kissed her forehead.

"Adele! — my dear Adele! — do you recognize me?"

"Gustavus, it has been the desire of my heart, my hope, my prayer, to see you once again; but I could not request it."

"Any request, daughter, I would have rejoiced to grant," said her father, "and if you have now an ungratified wish, you have only to name it."

"Will you not grant my heart's desire, Baron Vancleve?" implored Gustavus, taking the hand of Adele in both of his; "let me have the consolation of calling your daughter by the endearing name of wife; let me, in her last moments, have the privilege of being with her — the privilege of watching over her — the privilege — the right to be near her to the — the end;" his voice faltered, but he held the hand in a fervent clasp.

Dr. Baden stood listening to Gustavus in perfect amazement; intimate as he had been with him, he had never suspected this attachment. Baron Vancleve remained silent; he was perplexed; it was a request so unexpected, he knew not what to reply, how to act. To intrust his daughter in her dying hour with one branded by Father Antoine as the worst of heretics! Yet how could he refuse? He could not cherish more heretical opinions than Ernst. He cast one imploring glance toward Lady Vancleve, and laid his cheek against that of Adele.

"What is your wish, my daughter?" asked the father, in great agitation.

"I would that all might be as Gustavus requests, father."

"Has it your sanction, Henriette?"

"Yes," was the tearful reply. "Oh! that it were not too late to repair our terrible error of separating hearts knit in the tenderest bonds of affection; one the victim to parental

obedience. I do give it my cordial sanction, my most willing assent, Lorenzo."

"From my inmost heart, I thank you, Lady Vancleve," said Gustavus, embracing her. "I shall now be comparatively happy, even in my bereavement."

"To-morrow," decided the Doctor, in reply to a whisper from Ernst; "your sister is already much fatigued. I will leave her with Dr. Weber, in my place, as physician to-night. I had intended remaining, but as I can with perfect confidence resign her to your care, Gustavus, I will return home. Early in the morning I will again see her."

"Baron Vancleve, shall Mr. Ravenscroft be invited to return with Dr. Baden?"

"Father Antoine, having been Adele's clergyman, Gustavus, there seems a propriety in requesting his services. What will be your choice, daughter?"

"Of my choice you can judge, father. I desire it should be known to all, that all my hope is in the blood of Jesus shed on Calvary; to that cross alone I cling; on that Rock alone I build my hope. Sprinkled with atoning blood, I fear not to die. Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life, and I am accepted in the Beloved. Father, I greatly prefer Mr. Ravenscroft."

The face of Baron Vancleve was buried in the pillow; that of Lady Vancleve was suffused with tears. Nanny looked dissatisfied; she crossed herself frequently. Ernst rose hastily and left the room.

Dr. Baden drew near to the bedside; leaning over, he whispered in the ear of Adele: "Upon a world of two life's curtain's falling, to arise anew on realms of glory." A tear glistened in her eye; that, and a tight clasp of the hand he had laid on hers, was the only answer.

Beckoning Gustavus to follow him, he repaired to the library, gave directions for the night, and returned home.

Adele almost immediately sank into a deep sleep; her mother sat beside her; old Nanny, wearied with watching, took a pillow and laid herself on the floor before the fire.

"You will retire, Baron Vancleve," persuaded Gustavus, "and try to obtain some rest. Adele's sleep is natural and comfortable; there is at present nothing to fear."

The Baron consented, with a promise he should be called were the slightest change perceptible. Ernst, on a couch in the same room, slept heavily from exhaustion.

A faint light was glimmering in the east ere Adele awaked.

"Have I slept long, mamma," she asked.

"It is now nearly morning, daughter. Do you feel refreshed?"

"Oh, yes, mother; my dreams were so sweet — angels hovered around, fanning me with gentle breezes, and whispering softly, 'Come away, come away.' Then the softest strains of music met my ear, and died as softly away. I seemed just at the outer gate of the celestial city. I longed to enter, but a voice gently whispered, 'Not yet, not yet. Come in your own good time; your days are numbered; you shall have entrance here: remain yet a little while; be a solace to those who need you.' I felt grieved, mamma, but turning, I saw Gustavus; he cast a pleading look on me. I went toward him; before reaching him I awoke. I feel so calm, it seems all reality. Was he here, mother?"

"Yes, daughter; last night he stood beside you."

"Did anything occur?" she asked, softly. "Was there not some favor desired by Gustavus, and granted by papa? Could it have been all a dream?"

"What would be your wish, my precious child?"

"A union with Gustavus, mother, if it were not a dream," she answered, timidly. "It would be a consolation to him to call me wife, though for a little moment; and when the

grave encloses me, he can mourn for one belonging to himself. I desire to lie beside him in the sepulchre, mother, to rise with him in the resurrection, to stand upon the sea of glass side by side, and cast our crowns together at the feet of Jesus."

Gustavus, overcome, and fearing to agitate her, stole softly into an adjoining room. There finding a private stairway leading to the front door, he descended, and went to his own rooms. Adele had brought death before him so vividly, every spark of hope was extinguished. Her dream was but a foretaste of that heaven she was so soon to enjoy. The strongest German mind is naturally tinctured with superstition: Gustavus Weber was not proof against it. He opened his Bible; he read the restoration of the ruler's daughter; surely he was led to it to incite him to pray; she, too, would perhaps be given to supplication. He was the same who said unto Jairus, "Thy daughter liveth." With the spirit of the ruler, he entered his closet; with tears he besought the Lord that this life might also be spared. "I cannot, I will not let thee go unless thou bless me," he petitioned. He plead fervently; he believed; his prayer was the prayer of faith; he felt certain of the recovery of Adele. He had wrestled long, and with earnestness—he had prevailed; at least such was his impression.

Dressing with more than ordinary care, he again started for the chateau. He paused occasionally to endeavor to realize his situation. Was he really an admitted visitor at the house of Vancleve? was he to become the husband of Adele with the Baron's consent? His mind reverted to Dr. Baden, Mr. Ravenscroft, Carl, and Ernst; he offered a silent thanksgiving that he was surrounded by so many friends, whose hearts were always touched as with a coal from the altar of the Almighty. He was aroused from this revery by hearing his name spoken. It was Ernst. Gustavus was

shocked at his altered appearance; his lip quivered as he addressed him.

"I never before fully realized her loss, Gustavus. I have been buoyed up by the hopes of others. That dream — she was too near the celestial city — saw too much for mortal eyes. She is only waiting to be united to you. The spirit will then take its flight to those mansions of rest for which sorrow and trial have prepared her."

Gustavus gently placed his arm in that of his friend, and led him to the brink of the river. Seating himself upon a rock, he motioned to Ernst to sit beside him. There was a subdued expression in that face which Ernst had never before witnessed, but not a shade of sadness.

"As sure as this river ebbs and flows, Ernst," he said, in a low but decided tone, "so sure will Adele recover. She will not pass away as the morning cloud and the early dew; she will be restored to health." His voice rose as he spoke, and his eye beamed with pleasure. "Believe me, she will yet be mistress of my chateau, the idol of all hearts there. Yes, yes; she will draw many others to the cross of Jesus ere she is called to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem."

Ernst, clasping his hands together, and raising his eyes to heaven, murmured:

"God grant it may be realized. It is too much to hope, Gustavus."

"I have an assurance it will be so. We must go to the chateau. It is now eight o'clock; at half-past eight Mr. Ravenscroft will cross the river."

Breakfast was on the table when they arrived, but Ernst, declining any, went to his sister's chamber.

Dr. Baden shortly after came in, accompanied by Mr. Ravenscroft.

"What report have you of my patient, Dr Weber?" inquired the Doctor.

"She has had quite a comfortable night, sir, and speaks this morning with more strength of voice."

"Very favorable symptoms," decided the Doctor, following Baron Vancleve up the stairs.

Gustavus and the Dominie were left in the breakfast-room.

"My son," observed the latter, "God is the hearer of prayer, and I trust Adele will be given to our supplications. Neither Dr. Baden nor I went to bed last night; we remained in prayer together, and I think we offered the prayer of faith for her restoration."

Gustavus grasped his hand; his heart was too full for utterance.

"My father desires you will come up stairs with Dr. Weber, Mr. Ravenscroft," said Ernst, coming in at this moment. "Adele seems better, much better, and is ready now to have the ceremony performed."

Gustavus started up.

"Let there be no delay," he said, importunately. "I have had so many bitter disappointments, I am almost superstitious in regard to it. It seems a happiness too great to be realized."

His flushed cheek and excited manner alarmed Ernst.

"Be calm, dear Gustavus," he urged, laying his hand on his arm. "Any excitement might affect Adele sadly."

"I am ready to follow you, Ernst. You will precede us, if you please. Our Dominie will not be more calm than myself, I assure you."

A smile of pleasure lighted the countenance of Adele as Mr. Ravenscroft entered. He gently took her hand in his, and whispered:

"Be of good cheer, daughter; Jesus is a very present help in every time of trouble."

"I have realized it fully, Mr. Ravenscroft, while passing

through deep, deep waters. I believed I had entered the dark valley; I hoped soon to reach my home, but now ——” She hesitated; the color mounted slightly to her temples.

“But now,” repeated Mr. Ravenscroft, with a benignant smile, still holding her hand, “there is a lingering look behind, daughter.”

“I feel better, Mr. Ravenscroft. I do not feel so near the eternal world. Life is more to be desired now.”

“Dear child,” he murmured, much moved, “I trust very many happy days are in store for you.”

She pressed his hand. Mr. Ravenscroft brushed away a tear, and placing his hand on her head, offered a silent prayer for her.

Gustavus had seated himself beside Elsie, and had taken Cassy on his knee at her own invitation.

“Sister is going to be married,” she whispered, “to a *rettic*. Bertha said so. What is getting married to a *rettic*? Is it anything bad?”

“Not at all; very good, indeed, Cassy.”

“Is it, Mr. Weber? Then what made Bertha cry so?”

“Because she did not know what a *rettic* was. I am a *rettic*, and I am going to be married to your sister. I will help your mamma to take care of her.”

“That will be splendid,” she still whispered, clapping her hands gently together, and putting her face very close to his. “Then I shall have two brothers, will I?”

“You will, indeed,” he replied, kissing her fondly. “I will be brother Gustavus.”

At a motion from Dr. Baden, Gustavus immediately arose and came to the bedside of Adele.

“It is better,” suggested the Doctor, pleasantly, “that Mr. Ravenscroft should tie this knot before my little patient quite tires herself talking to our Dominie here. I know of old her predilection for this gentleman.”

Mr. Ravenscroft smiled, and moved aside to permit Gustavus to stand near Adele. Ernst, placing his arm under her pillow, raised her head gently.

Baron Vancleve slowly arose. He stood at the foot of the bed. His eyes were fixed very sadly on his daughter; with difficulty his emotion was restrained. Lady Vancleve stood beside him. Adele, absorbed in her own thoughts, did not appear to notice them.

When Mr. Ravenscroft asked the question, if those present knew any cause why these two persons should not be united, a deep sigh—an almost groan—escaped the Baron.

Mr. Ravenscroft was startled. He looked toward him, but meeting a reassuring glance from Ernst, he proceeded.

Adele seemed to have almost supernatural strength. Her voice did not falter through the whole ceremony, until Gustavus placed the ring on her finger. She then appeared exhausted. She said, feebly:

“Lay me down, Ernst; I am tired.”

When she was arranged comfortably, and had revived once more, Mr. Ravenscroft said:

“We will lift up our hearts to God; we will ask His blessing on this union.”

Baron Vancleve had seated himself near Adele. She had placed her hand in his. All arose and bowed the knee before God: the Baron alone remained sitting.

When the prayer was finished, Mr. Ravenscroft and Dr. Baden took leave. Baron Vancleve accompanied them to the hall door.

“My position to-day has been a most difficult one, Mr. Ravenscroft,” he said; “a strife between courtesy and conscience. You know my views. You will forgive my apparent incivility.”

“I am not the one to prescribe rules, my dear sir,” replied the Dominie. “We must come to the same point

after all. Whoever may be the laborer, God alone gives the increase."

"Yes," he responded, quickly; "but the Almighty has his own appointed way."

"There is no other way," was the answer. "'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me. I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.'"

The gentlemen, each offering the Baron a hand, which he clasped fervently, left him.

The eye of Baron Vancleve followed them until out of sight. As he turned from the door, the thought struck him, "Can such men be doomed to eternal perdition?" Shocked beyond measure, he retired to his chamber, to seek by penances to obtain pardon for the sin of having such a doubt arise, feeling that only the enemy of souls could have induced such a supposition in regard to two known heretics.

"Adele has fallen asleep; she is exhausted, and will probably not awake for some time. Will you not try to take some rest, Lady Vancleve?" asked Gustavus, persuasively.

"Do mother," urged Ernst; "if you will take the couch for a little while, I would feel more comfortable." She mechanically obeyed, but her restless eye constantly wandered to her invalid child.

The young gentlemen, Elsie, and little Cassy went down into the library, in order to have the room perfectly quiet, leaving the faithful old nurse carefully watching.

"And now, Cassy," said Mr. Weber, again placing her on the knee, of which she had been so unceremoniously deprived, "I am your real brother Gustavus."

"Are you, really?" she asked, with eager earnestness, fixing her large blue eyes upon him.

"Yes, really; and I am going to live here, and help take care of sister until she is quite well."

"Oh, that will be lovely. When sister can spare you, will you let me read some of my little books to you?"

"Certainly; I shall love dearly to hear them."

"And then, Mr. Weber—"

"Brother Gustavus!"

"Oh, yes, brother! Do you think Christabus is a very pretty name? Shan't I say brother Weber? That is beautiful."

"Rather of the clerical order for a plain Doctor," he replied, laughing. "I will be brother Weber, if you like it, Cassy."

At this moment John opened the door of the library: Dr. Ostend entered. His piercing eye took in the group at a glance. Bowing coldly, he inquired for Baron Vancleve.

"Be seated, Dr. Ostend," said Ernst, courteously offering him a chair. "My father has retired much fatigued, and has requested not to be disturbed. Yet, if you wish to see him, I will send up for him."

"Certainly not," was the forced reply. "My call this morning was induced particularly to inquire for the health of Miss Vancleve."

"*This* is the only representative left of that name," said Elsie, laying her hand on the head of Cassy. Father Antoine looked inquiringly; but no further remark being made, he asked, "How is your sister to-day, Mr. Vancleve?"

"We hope better, sir; Dr. Baden considers her symptoms favorable."

"And how do you do, little Cassy?" he said, placing one hand on her head, and lifting her chin with the other to kiss her. "I suppose you miss sister very much."

"Yes, Father Antoine; but brother, Mr. Weber, is going to live with us, and take care of sister, and play with me when she can spare him. Sister was married to him this morning; that gives me two brothers. Isn't that lovely?"

"What am I to understand by the two brothers?" he questioned, turning to Ernst, affecting to misapprehend the child.

"Miss Vancleve this morning took the name of Mrs. Weber," explained Ernst; "it is a matter very easily comprehended."

Father Antoine bit his lip. "It was her father's wish I should see and converse with her on holy things," he replied, addressing himself to Gustavus.

"I thank you, sir," he answered, coldly; "the daily visit of Mr. Ravenscroft will save you all trouble of that nature. She will defer seeing you until she is able to receive you in the drawing-room."

"My respects to Baron and Lady Vancleve," he said, hastily rising: Ernst stood; he slightly bowed. As he was leaving the door, not deigning again to address Ernst, he turned to John, "Tell your master, my man, that I shall be happy to see him at my study between the hours of six and seven this evening." John bowed low, but Ernst observed the sign of the cross upon his bosom, a respect he had always paid the holy Father, was omitted. A cold, distant bow was all that was vouchsafed to Ernst. Dr. Ostend had gone.

"I so much feared Dr. Ostend would offer to accompany me home," said Alice. "I wish to spend the evening at Uncle Eldred's."

"You are not going so soon, Elsie," objected Ernst; "it will be a great disappointment, as we now may be able to enjoy your society, sister is so decidedly improving."

"Mamma's order is positive: I must obey."

"I will take you across the bridge at any hour you name. The services of Dr. Ostend might have been offered; they would not have been accepted."

Elsie smiled her thanks. Bertha soon after came in to say Mrs. Weber was awake.

Lady Vancleve had arisen from her couch unrefreshed and miserable. Not so Adele; her eye had assumed its lustre, and her pulse, Gustavus pronounced almost natural. Ernst, taking his accustomed seat by her side, kissed her cheek.

"Place your arm under the pillow, Ernst," she said; "I am going to take some nourishment; my head is too low." Ernst was about complying, when a cunning glance from his friend told him there was some division of property now.

"Stop, Mr. Vancleve — resign that post; I see your forwardness requires checking."

"Pardon," replied Ernst, with a mock bow; "I hope in future I shall be taught humility; I would humbly suggest an example in my tutor —"

"I stand corrected, Ernst; resume your place until I have attended to other duties. Lady Vancleve, allow me, as a physician, to prescribe rest in your own chamber, and as a son let me have the privilege of taking you to it. Shall I not call you by the endearing name of mother?" he asked, as she took his proffered arm and slowly proceeded to her room.

"Yes, my son; I would much prefer that title."

The door was opened by Baron Vancleve. He smiled on seeing Gustavus, but in a moment his countenance resumed its former sadness.

"My dear father, if I may so entitle you," Gustavus said, persuasively, pressing the hand of the Baron, "I longed to express my gratitude for the gift you have bestowed upon me. In promising to perform the part of an affectionate son, I may feebly repay my debt to you. Father," he continued, dropping on one knee before him, "I crave your

blessing, a son's blessing. Yesterday, I felt myself an alien whithersoever I might go. Now, how changed! My heart would overflow, did I attempt to express my feelings."

The hand of Baron Vancleve was placed upon his head.

"God bless my son — would I could say my son in the faith — may he walk in that path which alone leads heavenward."

"Truly I can add Amen to that," he said, fervently.

"In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

Again clasping the hand of Baron Vancleve, he gently closed the door and returned to Adele's apartment.

"Come, Master Vancleve, it is time you were at your Bible lesson; ten minutes have elapsed instead of five, and from the slight cognizance I have taken of matters, your task is neither arduous nor disagreeable. Take care of your heart, Ernst; such a young lady will not lack suitors. She is very attractive."

"I have provided somewhat against that calamity," Ernst acknowledged, slightly coloring.

"But what if she should alter her mind? Do you place implicit confidence in her childish purposes?"

"I believe her mind is sufficiently matured to keep the promises entered upon; but should there ever be a transfer of affection, sooner should my heart break than I hold her bound one moment."

"And how do your own links stand?" questioned Adele, pleasantly.

"Bound with a grasp of iron, to be sundered only by death. As closely linked as though the Dominie had linked them. Do you ask such a question seriously of *me*, sister?"

"No, no, Ernst, assuredly not; and I must very highly

appreciate Elsie Ravenscroft when I declare to you I think her worthy of my darling brother."

Ernst folded his sister to his heart. He said nothing more, but hastily left the room.

We will now for a few moments return to Baron and Lady Vancleve after Gustavus had left them.

"Truly we have cause for thanksgiving," she exclaimed, "that the Lord has added that young man to our household. When with him, I almost believe human nature may attain to perfection. He must, he will be brought into the true Church."

The Baron hurriedly paced the floor.

"And the influence of Alice over the mind of Ernst, too. Dr. Vonberg has no doubt she will be brought into the Church of her maternal ancestry; that is my stronghold with regard to Ernst."

"I fear the influence of Ernst over her mind will be far greater," mourned the Baron. "I feel at an utter loss with regard to my family. This meeting with Father Antoine I dread intensely. His feelings are so spiritualized that he can make no allowance for youth, parental affection, nor indeed for any motive which has not a heavenly basis — esteeming them all entirely carnal. He is so filled with heaven and heavenly things that he cares naught for earth. His works of supererogation must be numberless."

"Lorenzo, I have never felt that the work of another can be laid over to my account. On that point I have always been incredulous."

The Baron started.

"Do you doubt any truth offered by the Fathers, Henriette?"

"I have tried to believe it; I have confessed the sin to Father Antoine; I have performed all the penances suggested by him in vain. Lorenzo, I own to you, when my

mind is tortured with all these doubts and perplexities, I feel that if I could only find access to the Saviour, he would dispel them all."

The cheek of the Baron became pale, and his lip quivered, as he answered :

"It is a delusion of the devil, Henriette—the very same that has tortured me. The texts which Ernst has so often and so impressively repeated, are fastened indelibly on my heart. Nothing but the power of the Blessed Virgin can ever eradicate them. We are an unfortunate, a doomed family. When I think them obliterated, under some hard pressure, Satan presents a text that appears exactly to meet my case, and I can scarcely refrain from rushing into the presence of the Almighty. My mind is racked, tortured with apprehension, which Father Antoine only increases. Six days I have scarcely taken enough food to sustain life, yet the holy Father recommends greater abstinence. Almsgiving he impresses most strenuously, although I have already brought my large estate heavily in debt."

"Your generosity is almost a weakness, Lorenzo, and he thinks it right to take advantage of that. I suppose he is right; I have no wisdom to judge remaining. Let us try to rest. May the Holy Mother mediate with her Son for us, that we may know the right, and find the way to peace and happiness once more."

At five o'clock the family gathered around the dinner-table.

"I do grieve this is my last meal here, Lady Vancleve," said Elsie. "Mamma is complaining much of my absence; I shall therefore be obliged to remain at home, like a good daughter."

"We must write to your mother, Elsie, and plead our claim also; we cannot get along without you, either."

They kissed her affectionately, and she left them, accom-

panied by Ernst. As they were passing Michael's door, Ernst proposed making them a short visit.

"They will feel themselves quite neglected. Sister's illness has driven everything else from my remembrance." Opening the door gently, they heard Michael reading the Bible, surrounded by his family. He stopped when he perceived them, and looked confused.

"I am rejoiced, Michael," said Ernst, "to see you employed in this manner. How long is it since you felt the value of this blessed word? I am really hurt that I was not told of the change."

"Well, I'll jist tell ye all about it, Misther Ernst. I thought you and Father Antoine being rather at outs, I would n't add anything till yer difficulthly, as he is rather a hard person to elude."

"I would not wish to elude him, Michael; I am perfectly independent of Dr. Ostend."

Michael shook his head. "He's daper than ye think, Misther Ernst — daper than the say in its dapest spots; but till my eyes were opened to sa the truth, I was blind to him altogither. The first time my faith was shaken in his opinion being infallible, was when I wint on an arrant to Dominie Ravenscroft's, who, Father Antoine told us, was neither more nor less than a divil in human shape. It was Christmas eve; I trimbled at the intrance of sich a place, and crossed myself to be presarved from harm. I went to the kitchen-door, where I found Katrine, who is a friend of Mally, a 'tuckin' up the corner of her apron, and the tears quite a rollin' down; and I says, 'An' sure, has anything happened till ye jist now?'

"'Come in, Michael,' says she, 'an' I'll tell ye. It is n't for sorrow, but for gladness, I'm cryin'. Never was sich masters and mistresses brathin' as lives in this very house.' So she took me up over the kitchen, and there, sure, was a

nice wee room, a' furnished just for her and for Bertrand, where they could, with a friend, if they liked it, sit like princes, afther their work was done. 'This all comes of the Lord, Michael,' says she, 'that puts such things into the hearts of his own people.'

"Just then who should come right in, while we were a lookin' and talkin', but Miss Cassy, bless her swate face! and, says she, as she hands me a package, and smiles jist like as if I'd been somebody more than Michael Maloney, 'I want you to take these to the childer, Michael, and put them in their stockins the night.'

"My heart was full to the brim, and I thought whichever world these are to pape, to there I would just like to go. Then some time afther, having great distress in my back, which had cost me no little with Dr. Bryant, and was none the betther, but rather the worse, I thought I would just spake to the Dochter that's now a waitin' on Miss Adele; and he hardly heard me out, afore he says, 'Now, Michael, you must lay by for a few days, and I'll come myself and see you to-morrow.' He was true to his word — came every day, as you know, and not a cent did he ever charge me. When I spake my thanks to him, he said, 'I want to do like my Master, Michael; he went about doing good. Now I want you to remember that, although it's a great thing to have health, the soul is of far more value, because that lives long after the body is dust and ashes.'

"'And that's the thing, sir,' says I, 'that I want jist to larn.'

"'Then take this Bible,' says he, drawing this very one from his pocket, 'and *it* will teach you the way to heaven.'

"'But, sir, I answered, I'm afraid Father Antoine, if he gets wind of it, will leave no stone unturned to make me lose my sitivation.'

"Then he looked awful solemn, and said, 'Fear not them that can only kill the body.' Then he prayed; oh! how

fervent; and I felt good thoughts come into my soul. So I read the good book daily, and he came and explained it, and took me to the young Doctor's room in the college, where Peter, and a dozen more — once bitther Catholics — met once a week to study the word of God; and Dr. Weber prayed and exhorted. I now bless God that he led me to the Dominie's that night, for it was the beginning of good things to my soul."

Elsie's eyes were suffused with tears, as she warmly shook the hand of Michael. "Truly, O Father!" ejaculated Ernst, as he closed the door, "Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

CHAPTER XVI.

"If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fixed on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings."

THE hour of six had arrived. Baron Vancleve left his home to meet the appointment of his Confessor. His nerves were much unstrung by the events of the day, as his conscience and parental feeling were at variance, and his hand trembled as he tapped at the study door. No voice bade him enter. On opening it, he saw the form of Dr. Ostend prostrated before a large crucifix, immovable as a statue. The stillness of death reigned.

The Baron stood irresolute. At length, concluding to retire, he was about leaving the room, when Father Antoine slowly arose, and came forward to meet him.

"I fear I have disturbed you, holy Father; pardon my intrusion at this sacred hour."

"My whole soul was rapt in holy meditation. I needed strength after all I was called to endure this morning. The Holy Mother has vouchsafed me her presence and her blessing."

"My Father in God, may I not receive *your* blessing?"

"Blessing! Lorenzo Vancleve! Were you not a watchman on the city wall, and have you not admitted a traitor within its limits?"

The head of the Baron bent low beneath his penetrating

eye; his knees smote together, and he sank into the first chair near him.

"Holy Father," he returned, with the deepest humility, "the petition of my dying child was the sore temptation that in an evil hour prevailed."

"And was the soul of that dying child of no value in your eyes? Was that wish, instigated by Satan, to be weighed in the balance with her never dying soul, now doomed forever to certain destruction? She has committed a deed from which my whole nature shrinks, and which must call down our anathemas upon her. Gustavus Weber is a sworn enemy of our blessed Church; he has unfurled his banner, and bidden defiance to everything connected with it. I have watched him narrowly; he has given no less than a hundred Bibles to my parishioners. The reception I receive among them in consequence is cold and distant, sometimes amounting to incivility. You are probably not aware that your own servants are being led by his influence. Some of them are daring to take a stand, omitting the sign of the cross in my presence."

He ceased speaking. There was for a few moments felt silence.

At length the Baron ventured to address him. "Holy Father, what penance can I perform, or what endure to avert these sore judgments? Oh that I could be restored to your favor, and once more be thought worthy to be called your son!"

"That is a question with which I have been occupied deeply this day—one glimmering of hope arose."

"Mention it, my Father; whatever it may be, I will accede to it."

"Our church sadly needs repair, yes, almost rebuilding; the Madonna requires resetting, and St. Peter is becoming quite dilapidated—a reparation gift might be acceptable to the Holy Virgin, and the Apostle at the gate of heaven."

"What amount would be judged necessary?"

"Scarcely less than ten thousand thalers."

"It will require some sacrifice of stock just now; nevertheless it shall be done immediately."

"The greater the sacrifice, far greater will be the propitiation."

A note for the amount was drawn out by Father Antoine; with trembling hand the Baron placed his signature.

Lady Vancleve was shocked at the haggard appearance of her husband as he entered the drawing-room. The practised eye of Dr. Weber saw a sad premonition in the slightly drawn mouth, which, however, soon passed away; and Gustavus, fearful of causing alarm, made no mention of his fear even to his friend Ernst.

Weeks rolled by. The health of Adele improved daily; but Baron Vancleve evidently declined. Between the hours of ten and eleven a nightly visit was regularly paid by Dr. Ostend to his library; its evil effect on the nerves of the Baron was visible to all. As Dr. Bryant was abroad, he had placed himself under the charge of Dr. Baden.

"Time is rolling on, Adele," said Dr. Weber. "I long to see once more my home, which now will be a home indeed."

"But papa's health, Gustavus?"

"If we only make a visit for a month, it will be such a gratification to my people to become acquainted with their new mistress."

"Is Lewellyn there still?"

"He is. Mr. Ravenscroft has obtained his consent to study with him six months; then he will pass two years at the Theological Seminary?"

"Your arrangement, no doubt, Gustavus?"

The smile was returned, but the query remained unan-

swered. The left hand of Dr. Weber seldom knew of the good deeds of the right.

The day for their departure was appointed, a week after this conversation. Lady Vancleve proposed inviting a few of the friends of Gustavus to dine with them before they left Eidelberg. Those of a light cast of character would have pronounced it dull. Conversation flowed freely, but the loud laugh was unheard. President Stuyvezant, Mr. Ravenscroft, Carl, Dr. Baden, and Baron Keift composed the guests, and a more pleasant group seldom gathered on the Heights of Eidelberg. Conversation flowed freely, each bearing his part in it. President Stuyvezant descanted largely on domestic happiness—on the love manifested by Providence in setting the solitary in families. As he went on, describing a home scene, his eye kindled with his own eloquence.

"I am surprised, Dr. Stuyvezant," remarked Baron Vancleve, "with your views on the subject, you have never married."

"No one, Baron Vancleve," he replied, "has ever realized more fully the blessing of a congenial home. Left at an early age with a sacred trust—a widowed mother and three sisters much younger than myself—I could not, had I desired, have assumed other responsibilities."

As he looked toward the Baron, he was shocked to see the pallor of his cheek and glassy appearance of his eye, as he tried to reply. The next instant Dr. Baden and Gustavus sprang from their seats and rushed toward him. Before they reached him, he had fallen prostrate on the floor. Ernst flung himself beside him in agony.

"Oh! my father! speak, speak to your son once more!" he cried. "My father! my father!"

"Ernst," remonstrated Mr. Ravenscroft, "Ernst, my son, be composed. All depends on strenuous exertions."

"He has been the sacrifice, the tool of that vile serpent, Dr. Ostend!" cried Ernst, springing up, and clasping his hands together; "and if his life is the forfeit, he shall be proclaimed a murderer—a murderer of the best, the kindest of fathers."

Mr. Ravenscroft, taking his arm, gently forced him into the library. Locking the door, he remained with and soothed him to calmness.

The usual restoratives were applied, but for a long interval Baron Vancleve was entirely unconscious, there was no sign of returning life; at length slowly and fearfully looking round, he faintly murmured, "Is he here?"

"Who, my love?" asked Lady Vancleve. At this moment Ernst entered. A mattress had been placed on the floor and the Baron laid on it. His son knelt beside him.

"Was it Ernst for whom you were inquiring, Lorenzo?" Laying his hand caressingly upon his head, he smiled, and said, "May heaven bless my boy. My inquiry was for none; I only feared his presence." Dr. Ostend came in, unbidden; he was not observed by the Baron. Ernst, rising instantly, met him as he advanced, and whispered, "To the library, sir; I would have a word with you."

The Confessor reluctantly followed. As they left the drawing-room, Ernst deliberately locked the door, placing the key in his pocket.

"Means must be taken to prevent intruders," was the reply to the surprised look of the Father. "For what motive have you come, Dr. Ostend?" he demanded, "to finish your murderous work? Go, villain, go. Meditate on all your vile deeds; on this the crowning one, the murder of your best, your deluded friend. Go, fall at the footstool of mercy, the cross of Christ, perchance there may be mercy even for *you*; sins of the deepest dye may be washed white in that blood. On that only, and alone, you may hope.

But come not under this roof ever again, or you will learn that the arm of Ernst Vancleve is as ready as his spirit to punish the audacity of Dr. Ostend."

"The meekness of Protestantism, truly," sneered the holy Father.

"Retributive justice will doubtless meet you from an Almighty Avenger; yet self defence and the right to protect from human villany is not incompatible with Christ's teachings. Go, sir," added the youth, imperatively, "and save yourself forcible expulsion."

A glance at the determined eye of Ernst was sufficient. Darting out of the door held opened, in a moment he was out of sight.

"Would that I could have exercised this power before too late," sighed Ernst, unlocking the parlor-door, after giving orders to the servants to admit no one without calling him or Dr. Weber. As he resumed his position by his father, he heard him feebly mention the name of Mr. Ravenscroft.

"Let me call him, father," he entreated.

The Baron shook his head. "My mind, my son, is greatly disturbed. Oh! that you could assist me."

"Will you not go to Jesus, my beloved father?"

Mournfully he replied, "My Holy Church forbids it, Ernst, yet every feeling prompts my fleeing to the cross for salvation. I fear it is the device of Satan."

"It is the teaching of the Holy Spirit, dearest father. Open your heart to its blessed influence; it will show you the way, the truth, and the life. Listen, dear father; all is so comforting; accept the gospel call: 'Come unto me,'" implored Ernst. "Shall Mr. Ravenscroft pray with you?"

"It cannot be," he groaned rather than uttered.

"Shall I then, dear father, or Dr. Baden, or Gustavus?"

There was no answer; the quivering face and the frothy

mouth told the disease had returned with redoubled violence. It was of long continuance. Adele had been carried away fainting, supposing it was his dying moment. He, however, again revived. Looking anxiously around, his eye met that of Ernst. He bent to listen; he could only distinguish the words, "drawer lock — open — Henriette — read."

He was understood in a moment by his son. "It shall be fitted with a key," he promised, with gentle earnestness. A bright smile overspread the father's features for a moment; it was succeeded by deep gloom. Ernst withdrew, completely overcome; Gustavus sat on the foot of the bed. Lady Vancleve held her husband's hand, endeavoring in vain to conceal her emotion. Leaning over to wipe his brow, she heard again the name of Mr. Ravenscroft. He was immediately called. Walking silently to the bedside, without addressing the invalid, he knelt; all followed his example. He prayed, he truly prayed; he plead all the promises of God in behalf of the sufferer; he asked the Spirit's guidance, that all darkness and prejudice should be removed, that light might break in upon him; that in his dying moments he might give evidence to his family and friends that his peace was made with God. His prayer was short; it was fervent. Only for his soul's salvation did he petition — not for his recovery.

He arose; advancing to the bedside, he took the Baron's hand within his own, saying, with much emotion, "If you have taken Jesus for your friend, your only Mediator, the only Mediator between God and man, will you not signify it by a pressure of my hand?"

The hand was grasped firmly. Ernst wept aloud.

"If you feel that Jesus is precious to you; that you have been enabled to roll your sins and sorrows upon the cross, raise your hand in token of your entire trust."

A beaming smile irradiated his face; his hand partly rose. An effort was made to speak; there was no word, the lips alone moved. Then all was hushed.

Gustavus came forward; placing the arm of Lady Vancleve within his, and the other around her, he carried, rather than led, her to Adele's chamber. Ernst silently followed. Adele, comprehending all, threw her arms around her mother's neck and wept with her. The head of little Cassy had sought refuge in the bosom of her brother, who, partly called away from self, was endeavoring to comfort her. Gustavus, aware his services would be needed, returned to the parlor, where Dr. Stuyvezant and Baron Keift were awaiting him, to consult with him relative to the arrangements respecting the body. Should they be Roman Catholic or Protestant, was the question.

"That matter can only be decided by Lady Vancleve," replied Gustavus; "but how to obtain that decision, I cannot tell. I know she has been much dissatisfied with Dr. Ostend of late, therefore Dr. Weiss will be preferred to officiate. I do not believe a Protestant burial would be according to her views. She has desired me to advise her brother, Mr. Oberlin, by telegraph. He will probably be here to-morrow, and he will determine the mode. There has been some unpleasant feeling between the families respecting the children, and it would add to his displeasure to have a Protestant ceremony; after all it is a thing of very little importance."

"I disagree with you entirely in that sentiment, Gustavus," observed Dr. Stuyvezant. "I think it a matter of so much moment, that we have no right to make a change without very clear evidence that it would meet the approval of the family."

"I thank you for the rebuke, Dr. Stuyvezant; when I spoke of the unimportance of the form, it was only in refer-

once to the dead—the good or evil that would accrue to him in consequence. I should have made myself more fully understood.”

The following day brought Mr. and Mrs. Oberlin. They were much shocked at the sudden death of their relative. They had sullenly rejected all intercourse, although full explanation had been made regarding the boys—merely replying that in future their children would be placed where they would be under other supervision than boys and passionate servants. Mr. Oberlin, whose spirit had been subdued by the death of his brother-in-law, to whom he had been really attached, showed a willingness to gratify those who differed from him in opinion. The Roman Catholic services were to be observed, but he made no objection to the proposal that Protestants should mingle with those of his faith in the performance of the burial rites.

The morning arrived on which Baron Vancleve was to be borne to his silent home. Numbers of the peasantry had collected; groups might be seen conversing in low tones, descanting on the virtues of the deceased. They were still flocking in, until a dense mass covered a space as far as could be seen.

The chateau was filled with the gentry, whose carriages formed a line reaching nearly a mile.

At length the hall door was spread wide open. Every eye was fixed with intense interest, for the manner of burial was still with the many a matter of conjecture.

President Stuyvezant, Baron Keift, Dr. Baden, and Dr. Vonberg advanced, bearing the bier, on which was the plain, simple, black cloth coffin. The crowd respectfully fell back, leaving a space sufficiently wide to admit four persons to walk together. Dr. Weiss preceded the body. An immense procession issued from the house. The peasantry following, four and four, formed a line reaching probably miles.

Remaining outside while the tedious ceremony was being performed, they afterward joined the procession moving toward the place of burial. While a few Latin phrases were repeated by Dr. Weiss, the coffin was laid beside the open grave. As he finished, the four gentlemen lowered it with great solemnity into that grave. As a spade of dirt was thrown in and sounded on the lid, there was a universal burst of grief. Lamentation and mourning was no longer suppressed. Every head remained uncovered; no one moved from the grave. The sexton came forward to perform his office; he lifted the spade; Dr. Baden took it from his hand. In a moment, he and the three others who had borne him to the tomb were busied filling it themselves. It was finished ere one stirred from the spot. Ernst clung to the arm of Gustavus for support. Among the gentry there was scarcely a dry eye viewing this unusual manifestation of respect.

As the peasantry turned from the place, there was a simultaneous burst of grateful feeling:

"May God bless them for their kindness to our benefactor and our friend."

Years after, Ernst or Gustavus could not speak of this incident without emotion.

The day after the interment of Baron Vancleve, the will was opened. Lady Vancleve was left executrix, associated with Mr. Oberlin. As his stay was limited, it was necessary they should at once proceed to examine into the accounts, and as Ernst was entirely unfitted by his sad bereavement to render any assistance, Mr. Oberlin asked Dr. Weber to aid him.

Every account was found in perfect order. Baron Vancleve was obviously a man of business. Not a thaler expended but a note had been made of it.

"But what is this?" demanded Gustavus, drawing out a package, on which was written in large letters, "Dr. Ostend."

It was opened by Mr. Oberlin. There was recognition of stock taken up to the amount of ten thousand thalers, intrusted to Dr. Antoine Ostend for the immediate reparation of the Church; nine thousand thalers given at different times the same year, at the earnest solicitation of the holy Father, for various spiritual and temporal purposes.

"Large donations, truly," exclaimed Mr. Oberlin. "If Father Antoine had not been the medium, I should fear imposition had been practised upon the generous and pliant nature of Baron Vancleve."

"A worse almoner could scarcely have been selected."

"On what do you base that opinion?" demanded Mr. Oberlin, angrily.

"On personal observation and close investigation I have found him to be a vile deceiver."

Mr. Oberlin started.

"How far does Protestant prejudice influence you in that opinion, Dr. Weber?"

"I refer only to his moral character. He has this year wrung money from his parishioners to the amount of ten thousand thalers, and none know anything of its appropriation. Many of those poor beings were obliged to deprive themselves of food in order to meet his demands. I took the names of those in poverty, and the amounts paid by them. I carried the list to Dr. Ostend, and threatened to expose him should there be a recurrence. He has since execrated my very name."

"You astonish me. The report of his sanctity has reached Brasburg."

"Baron Vancleve has been his dupe many years," resumed Gustavus. "I much fear his life has been the sacrifice of his perfidy."

"I will sift it to the foundation," declared Mr. Oberlin, much excited. "If guilty, he shall not go unpunished." He

went out, returning in the space of an hour. He had made diligent inquiry respecting the reparation of the church, for which had been expended during the last year just two hundred thalers; the gentlemen assuring him that this sum had been presented by Father Antoine from his own salary. No remark was made by Mr. Oberlin, but leaving a message that he would be happy to see him at the chateau on the forenoon of the next day. At the time appointed, Dr. Ostend appeared. Mr. Oberlin received him in the library.

"As a faithful minister of the Church, Mr. Oberlin," he observed, extending his hand to him, "I have come to soothe the sorrows of Lady Vancleve. Although I have felt much aggrieved of late, resentment is not in my nature."

"The business for which I had desired to see you, Dr. Ostend," said Mr. Oberlin, bowing very coldly, and declining his proffered hand, "was altogether of a secular nature. As an executor of Baron Vancleve, it is my duty to see that a proper disposition is made of his estate. Has the amount placed in your hands been used as directed?" As Mr. Oberlin spoke, he unfolded the memorandum and laid it before him.

The eye of Dr. Ostend rested on it. He became exceedingly pale; his voice at first trembled. Soon recovering himself, he said with a sneer, "I was not aware that Baron Vancleve recorded his free-will offerings. Certainly he has lost his reward by so doing."

"That is nothing to the purpose at present, sir. I demand an account of your stewardship."

"The money was forced upon me much against my will. I have expended the most of it in alms."

"You have then a most ungrateful parish, as they accuse you of being the recipient, rather than the benefactor. Was the ground on Elfin Heights, on which you have built, a free-will offering also?"

"It was. The deed was sent me by the Baron, accompanied by a note requesting my acceptance."

"Indeed! He has not recognized the gift. He writes on the same paper, as you may observe, 'Ground rented to Dr. Ostend.' If you refuse to do us justice, sir, I shall lay it before a committee of Bishops. If they decline, a *civil* court is my resort."

"Do your worst, Mr. Oberlin," sneered the Confessor, rising, and resuming the cloak he had thrown aside. "It is evident your mind has been poisoned by heretical influence." Bending over the table, in the attitude of prayer, for a few moments he remained silent, then, clasping his hands and raising his eyes to heaven, he ejaculated: "O Blessed Virgin! enlighten the mind of this misguided servant of the Church." Bowing low to Mr. Oberlin, he again extended his hand.

With an expression that probably was engraven on the memory of Dr. Ostend, Mr. Oberlin folded his arms, and replied, "This hand shall never clasp that of a villain voluntarily."

There was no reply from the Confessor; he hastened from the room and from the house. Mr. Oberlin listened to hear the closing of the hall-door, then repaired to the room of his sister.

"Does your head still ache so violently, Henriette?" he asked, seating himself by the side of her couch.

"The pain is somewhat mitigated, brother. I have had quite a refreshing sleep."

"Where is Dr. Weber? I thought he was here."

"He has gone over the bridge with Cassy Vandoren. Do not address him as Dr. Weber. He spoke of it; he appeared hurt."

"I was rather at a loss what to call him. There is a dignity of manner about him which makes him seem much

older than he is. I admire him exceedingly. How sad a young man of such intellect, address, and principles should be a confirmed heretic."

"I thought with you until quite lately, brother. This book," laying her finger on a small pocket-Bible, "has taught me otherwise. He is not a heretic, but a true follower of the meek and lowly Jesus."

Mr. Oberlin sprang to his feet.

"My dear sister," he exclaimed, "in mercy to your soul, lay aside that sealed book. As you love me, as you love your own soul, as you love the Holy Mother, refrain from perusing its contents! Let me not lose my darling sister eternally. Will you not give me that book?"

"All my estate sooner, brother. This book belonged to Cora; the dying request of Lorenzo was that I should make it the man of my counsel. It is my solace in this trying hour; it will enlighten my path even through the dark valley. Read it yourself, brother," she said, persuasively. "You will never regret it."

"Not for worlds. Here by your side, in the name of everything that is sacred, I solemnly declare that, whatever may be the temptation, I never will give way to it, or read one word in that book which has destroyed the souls of so many near and dear to me. Let us never again name the subject, dear sister; it will only be a fruitless source of contention between us."

Hearing the voice of Gustavus below, he went immediately to consult him regarding the course to pursue with Ostend.

"We will examine the papers more thoroughly," he proposed. "The terms of law are various."

Mr. Oberlin assented; but what was his surprise to find them gone. The room was searched in vain.

"That notable villain has them," exclaimed Mr. Oberlin. "He is the devil himself in strategy."

"Let us at once procure an officer to arrest him," said Gustavus, reaching the hat of Mr. Oberlin from the stand, and placing his own on his head. "There is not a moment to lose."

A fruitless visit was made to the burgomaster, who, shrugging his shoulders, and leisurely seating himself, assured them, between the whiffs of his pipe, that *his* temerity was not quite equal to aiding in the apprehension of the holy Father. Finding him imperturbable, they proceeded to the study of Dr. Ostend.

Greatly excited, Mr. Oberlin at once accused him of the theft.

"Those papers were taken by you, Dr. Ostend, and shall be delivered to their rightful owner."

The holy Father's face assumed a look of horror; raising his eyes and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed:

"No one can remain in that house of Belial — that charnel-house, filled with dead men's bones and all uncleanness — without showing a cloven foot before they leave it. Begone, miscreant, lest the air of my sanctum be contaminated with your presence."

He turned to leave the room. Mr. Oberlin, springing forward and seizing him by the collar, took from the table a small riding-whip, and half a dozen strokes were given before his loud cries for help were answered by a man-servant, who appeared at an opposite door.

"Come near, you varlet," cried Mr. Oberlin, now completely roused, "and you will sorely repent it."

The man, cowering, retreated into a corner of the room.

A close observer might have seen something very like pleasure in the countenance of Dr. Weber, who, with folded arms, stood silently viewing the whole scene.

At length, completely tired, Mr. Oberlin released his hold, saying:

"If the law had done its duty, I should not have sullied my hands with this castigation. Had you been a gentleman, I could have dealt with you as such."

Without a word in reply, he disappeared, leaving his visitors in the study.

"I certainly would not have thought of such signal vengeance," said Gustavus, laughing heartily; "nor would I have inflicted it; yet, I confess, I had no inclination to rescue the weaker party."

Mr. Oberlin joined in the laugh.

Soon after, they reached the chateau. In the afternoon they went to view the house built by Dr. Ostend on the lot which he professed to own on Elfin Heights. It was a fine building, costing probably not less than twenty thousand thalers. As they were returning, toward dusk, they were surprised to see groups of the peasantry collecting here and there, who, as they drew near them, would immediately scatter. Gustavus asked the cause; he received an evasive answer. After strict inquiry, he discovered there was some excitement relative to Dr. Ostend. There had been whispers that Baron Vancleve had not lived out the full measure of his days, and as many of them had been overreached by him also, Gustavus, fearing there might be some outbreak, did not leave the ground until they had dispersed. He then returned home satisfied that danger, at least for the present, was over. In the night, however, a loud cry of fire aroused the neighborhood, and in two hours the dwelling of Dr. Ostend was burned to the ground.

From that night the holy Father never again made his appearance in Eidelberg. Of his residence none knew, until an article in the "Ghostly Counsellor," a paper edited

by Father Basil, stated that the martyr, Dr. Antoine Ostend, had found a resting-place in the monastery of St. Anthony, and had been chosen their Abbot.

Mr. Oberlin, at the request of Lady Vancleve, made strenuous efforts to discover the instigators of this lawless act; but no one was found to give the slightest information. The secret remained with those concerned.

After a month longer stay at the chateau, Mr. and Mrs. Oberlin reluctantly took leave of the mourning family, promising, if possible, to repeat their visit the following summer.

"Time is rapidly passing," Dr. Weber remarked to his wife. "I feel I should be among my people; I am not doing my duty remaining here."

"I long to see my future home, Gustavus; but how can I leave mamma and Ernst?"

"We will try to obtain their consent to accompany us. The change would certainly benefit them both."

Lady Vancleve resisted every appeal until finding Ernst desired and needed a journey, she consented to make them a short visit. On the ensuing week the whole family started, accompanied by President Stuyvezant, who had promised Gustavus a few weeks before he returned to his charge at Kindoren.

When they arrived within a few miles of the chateau, many of the peasantry, in their best dresses, came to meet them, their happy faces and hearty cheerings producing quite an exhilarating effect on the party. Gustavus, springing from the carriage, was at once surrounded by groups of them, expressing their delight at his return home.

The simple and devoted affection they manifested for her husband affected Adele to tears. When she reached the house, she felt as much at home as if it had been her birth-place.

"I suppose this is Mrs. Volkmar?" she questioned, as a

pleasant looking elderly lady came down the avenue to welcome them. "Her very appearance, Gustavus, would command love and respect."

Mrs. Volkmar was the widow of an Hungarian officer, who had lost his life in endeavoring to achieve the independence of his country; she, an alien from her home, was compelled to seek a maintenance in a foreign land. Giving the family a courteous reception, Mrs. Volkmar led them to the drawing-room, Gustavus remaining to shake hands with those of his people whom he had not seen, fully realizing the words of the poet: "Absence strengthens friendship, when the parting is kindly."

At the close of that day, Gustavus, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, gathering his household, on bended knee commended them to the favor of the Almighty, and consecrated himself anew to his service. Lady Vancleve was present for the first time. Since the death of the Baron her Bible had been her constant companion, yet neither Ernst nor Gustavus had felt at liberty to establish "family worship" at the chateau. They held a little service daily in the room of Adele, but a feeling she could scarcely define prevented her uniting in this sacred duty.

"Truly," exclaimed Gustavus, as he closed his chamber door, "I have been led in a way that I know not. When I believed my day-star had set, dark clouds enveloping me, God mercifully has pointed to his bow of promise. I may, indeed, now say my head is anointed with the oil of gladness; my cup runneth over."

A look of love was the silent reply of Adele. It was enough; imprinting a kiss upon her cheek, he retired to rest peaceful and happy.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Every end is happiness,
The glorious consummation of design."

ONLY three months and Elsie returns to us," exclaimed Cassy Vandoren, one bright spring morning. Carl and she were preparing the ground for seed, and cutting off the redundant branches from the vines and bushes. "She loves gardening as well as I do; we shall have pleasant times together."

"Likely," replied Carl, looking toward her. "How many days do you believe Ernst Vancleve will leave her with us, Cassy?"

"I forgot his claim for the minute, coz. Oh, well, she will be happy, and we get along delightfully, I am sure; we can have her with us very often, at all events."

"Daily, I hope. To know that my cousins are equally well situated, will be a subject of thankfulness, I have been waiting for some years. You are happy, Cassy?"

"As far, dear Carl, as a happy home and dear, dear friends can promote happiness; but can a Christian pilgrim be entirely happy, with a knowledge of the evils of the heart, Carl?"

"No, not with such as mine, Cassy; but I have been inclined to doubt that you had much trouble with that plague of humanity; you are always so bright and so kind — so exactly what I love you to be."

"Very easy to be all my friends desire, those very friends

exerting all their powers to make my path smooth, allowing nothing to interfere with my comfort—never annoyed in the slightest. Uncle, mother, and you, especially, shielding me always from anything that might tend to my discomfort; notwithstanding, I have to grieve and pray over many, many besetting frailties. It is queer, Carl—I had the same thoughts of your exemption from the troubles of an evil heart.”

A heavy sigh escaped him; but he replied in a cheerful voice, “My cousin Cassy would be the last person I would confess to.” He took the seed from her hand and planted them. Theresa appeared to say “breakfast was ready.”

The prospects of Elsie were discussed at the table. Mr. Ravenscroft informed them that “the young Baron had been already to make arrangements with him about their union, which he wished to take place, if he could persuade Elsie, the day after she was eighteen.”

Carl, looking at Cassy, whispered, “I told you so.”

“He gave as one reason,” continued the Dominie, “Cassy being at school, and Lady Weber so far away, his mother was left without a female companion; besides, he thought, ‘he had tarried a good while for Miss Vonberg’s notions.’”

“Better let things take their natural course, brother,” advised Mrs. Vandoren. “We desired to have Elsie with us a month before her marriage; that was her intention; but the Vancleves are never unreasonable, and we shall see her constantly.”

“Not a doubt of that, Aunt Meggy,” decided Carl. “Will you sail to-day, Cassy? I am to see several patients up the river.”

“It would be just as convenient, Carl, and more delightful, to ride along the banks. Gentle has not had the saddle on for three days; she will lose her right to the title, I fear.”

“Horses, then, if you say so, Cassy. Can you be ready as soon as they?”

"Sooner," laying her hand on his forehead and giving his head a shake as she passed him; "you know I can, saucy Carl."

He tried to catch her, but she eluded him. She returned in a few minutes, dressed in a riding-habit and cap. "Who is tardy, Dr. Ravenscroft, and where are the horses?"

Carl started. "Why, are you ready? I did not expect you in less than fifteen minutes."

"I will sit with uncle in his study while you are preparing."

"Well, do; but take off that fur; it is too warm in the study for it."

His cousin smiled, as she unhooked the tippet.

"Did you ever see the river look more beautiful, Carl? It is like liquid glass."

"It does. I am glad you proposed riding, though I preferred the 'Sea-bird,' before we came out."

"I was afraid Gentle would become frisky; she is already a little unruly. But, Carl, I do wish you would sometimes thwart me a little and take your own preferences."

"As in this instance, Cassy, I am usually the gainer by giving way to your inclinations. This world, too, is so full of *thwarts*, that we need not create them for each other."

"My career has been wonderfully smooth, Carl."

"And have not *I* much reason for thankfulness, Cassy? Could *my* home be improved?"

"I have occasionally thought *you* might think so during your visit to Spain, this summer, and introduce from there a very charming Mrs. Dr. Ravenscroft."

Carl, drawing in his reins, and placing his horse directly before that of his cousin, gave himself a full view of her countenance.

"Would *you* be perfectly satisfied with such an addition

to our home circle?" he asked her, deliberately and distinctly.

"The bounden duty of the whole household would be to receive our new relative with cordiality, and in every possible way augment her happiness," answered Cassy, half seriously.

"You know I would never add a member to our family fireside without the advice and approval of my father and your mother; but that is not my question. Is it possible, that you, who have been my constant companion so many years — walking, sailing, riding, visiting, reading, practising our music together, praying with each other — tell me, frankly, could you be satisfied that another should take your place, Cassy?" He fixed his eyes earnestly, almost reproachfully, on her face, awaiting her reply.

The cheek of his companion became pale. "It is a subject, Carl," she answered, "I have always turned from. I know it must be some time; I acknowledge I would feel selfishly jealous to be supplanted." She tried to laugh, but tears prevented her.

Carl returned to her side; they silently pursued their way until coming to the hamlet where a patient resided. Here checking his horse, and laying his hand on the reins of hers, he said, solemnly, "My own Cassy, here, by the side of this murmuring stream, among these hills and rocks, before high Heaven, I sacredly promise, while you live, and live Cassy Vandoren, never will I change my condition in life; and in this promise, I declare to you I make no self-sacrifice. Is the fetter of France required," he added, releasing her bridle and drawing a ring from his finger.

"No, no, Carl," replied his cousin; "nor would I permit you to make the promise, had you not said it was no sacrifice."

"To *leave* such a home as mine, Cassy, is a sacrifice, but

duty imperatively calls me; I am going to tell my own mother's relatives of the Redeemer in whom she believed—in whom her son believes—to offer to them the same Saviour, the only Mediator. Shall I, a soldier of the cross, shrink from my obvious duty? Dr. Baden will attend to my patients. I expect to return in time for the wedding of Elsie."

"I always feel, in parting with a friend," resumed his cousin, "how much may transpire in their absence; it is a changing, eventful world; we cannot expect to be carried through it on 'flowery beds of ease;' yet, Carl, how blissful the reflection, should our home circle be broken, each of us has an assured hope of a blessed immortality."

"I know it, Cassy. A glorious home is prepared for every child of grace, the survivors only are the sufferers."

"Yet a little while, and all will meet where parting is no more, Carl. I have to remember this when I look on mother and Uncle Eldred; yet you, dearer than either, may be taken first."

"Or *you*, my own Cassy? What would this world be to me without you?"

"A wilderness; as it would be to me separated from you, Carl. But the voice of the Shepherd dissolves all earthly enchantments.

"Gladly leaving all below,
Jesus, we would follow thee."

The voice of Carl faltered, and his lip quivered, as he said, "Your expressions have sometimes induced me to think you would not be unwilling to exchange your earthly for a heavenly home, Cassy, much as you are beloved here."

She turned her beaming face full upon Carl, and replied: "You know I love you all dearly, fervently; but what is a terrestrial paradise compared with that glorious abode—"

Dropping her reins and clasping her hands together, without noticing where the horse stood, his foot slipped, and before she could recover the bridle, or Carl saw the danger, she, with Gentle, was thrown over the precipice.

Carl flung himself from his horse, and, reckless of the imminent risk, plunged over the rocks to the spot where his cousin lay senseless. With presence of mind remarkably his own, he removed her fur and cap; then, filling his from the stream, bathed her head and face.

Language cannot portray the intensity of his anguish when he saw no sign of returning consciousness. He was only a short interval alone: the Arab of Dr. Ravenscroft, without a rider, running along the road, gave great alarm. The people ran in every direction to offer their assistance to their much respected young physician.

Cassy was carried by two peasants to a cottage. Dr. Baden arrived incredibly soon; he despatched a note to the Manse, saying, "Cassy Vandoren had been hurt by a fall from her horse, and could not *ride* home at present, but that he would see her there in an hour." A bed was placed for the body of Cassy in a covered wagon, followed by Dr. Baden and the distracted Carl in a carriage.

As no one at the Manse was aware of the fatal result, all that might be exciting to the supposed sufferer was carefully avoided. Her mother, with Elsie and her uncle, walked quietly up stairs, after Dr. Baden and some other friends had made previous arrangements.

"Do not forbid me, dear Doctor," plead Mrs. Vandoren, wringing her hands, as he gently opposed her entrance, and tried to lead her toward the adjoining room. "I must come to my child."

Mr. Ravenscroft stood an instant only by the side of the bed. Before Elsie had reached it, he put his arm around her and led her away; Dr. Baden following with Mrs. Van-

doren, whom he had soothingly persuaded it would be best.

"Be composed, my dear Mrs. Vandoren," said the kind Doctor. "She would not recognize you; we will do all that is requisite for her."

"Tell me candidly, Doctor; how is it with my child? will she recover?"

"It is well with her, my dear friend; it is well with her."

"Is she — will she die, Doctor? Oh, tell me of my child, tell me!"

There was silence a short time. Dr. Baden took both her hands in his, and said softly, "She has passed into glory."

The head of the childless widow fell upon the bosom of the Doctor. He lifted her on the bed; swoon succeeded swoon for some hours; and, when subdued, anodynes were necessary to calm her violent agitation. She was sustained; and sat calmly the second day after, at the side of her daughter, occasionally stroking the glossy brown hair as it lay parted on the marble forehead. Elsie knelt weeping by her aunt. Mr. Ravenscroft stood on the other side, grief personified. Carl, pale and sorrow-worn, with folded arms, bent over the coffin, intently gazing on the same beaming countenance that had turned upon him as she stood at the portals of heaven. The radiant face seemed to upbraid their mourning for one who had attained immortal blessedness.

The same mourners were around her last resting-place, attended by very many sorrowing and sympathizing friends; by many, too, on whose hearts the departed had "carved numberless good deeds." The agony of the mother was tearless. Elsie sat on the next grave bathed in a flood of grief. He who had always been first to soothe her distresses stood there also; but *she* was unnoticed, and all else; *his* suppressed sobs more than once occasioned the voice of the speaker to falter.

Ernst and Dr. Baden supported Mrs. Vandoren to her carriage. Carl, now observing Elsie, was about to take her away, when Bertrand, without speaking a word, lifted her up and carried her to her aunt. Carl, with his father, remained a few minutes by the side of the open grave; as others dispersed, they too turned away, leaving her to sleep on till the first resurrection. Ever after the flowers of spring and autumn told of the loving heart and unwearied hands that planted and trained them, until in beauty no plot in Edendale Cemetery could compare with it.

Sympathy is soothing, and time will in a measure heal the keenest sorrows. The family at the Manse were sad, sad indeed; never murmuring. Carl was occupied almost constantly; his practice, owing to the avowed wish of Dr. Baden to retire, was increasing daily, and no one ever better filled his niche. He was welcomed with a smile at every bed-side, having a comforting word for all the suffering. He had a smile for the rejoicing and a tear for the sorrowing; he could pray with the sick and the dying, and none could better give consolation to the mourning. He was venerated by the poor; he was much admired by the gentry. Indeed, he was called "the beloved physician;" he neglected none. Dr. Ravenscroft was always at his post. No night was too dreary, no storm too pitiless, nothing could prevent his obeying a call to the couch of an invalid, be it ever so humble. Mrs. Vandoren, too, was unremitting in her attentions; many who would have suffered from cold or hunger were relieved by her active benevolence. Frequently she would accompany Carl in his rounds, ascertaining the pecuniary condition of the peasantry and contributing to their necessities.

The return of Elsie to the home of her childhood did much to mitigate their sadness. Ernst cheerfully assented to her remaining six months at the Manse.

"I feel we are selfish, my son, to allow you to consent to Elsie's request; but she will be such a comfort to us."

"That is my reward, dear Mr. Ravenscroft," returned Ernst. "Where is Carl, sir?"

"Gone with eglantine roots to Edendale; that is his recreation after the fatigue of the day. Poor boy!"

"Always alone, I believe, sir?"

"Always. Bertrand once offered to water the plot every morning, but he declined his services. Being of a pensive, meditative spirit, I fear it will become morbid. He never names his cousin, but comes in sometimes sick from Edendale, no doubt from unrestrained weeping. A heavy trial, Ernst, though we know He never afflicts willingly, and all things will work together for our good."

The warm heart of the young Baron felt deeply for the bereft, yet he would not trust himself to give utterance to a word. Mr. Ravenscroft saw it, and inquired if the Vonberg chateau were really under arrest.

"It is; it will be sold shortly. Dr. Vonberg has the offer of a professorship in southern Germany more lucrative than his present situation; he will no doubt accept it."

"The Doctor has called often. Annette we seldom see; she believes herself unfitted to bear the sadness of our house; her nervousness is so much increased by a visit to us. The religion she has chosen has not much sustaining power, Ernst."

"None, sir. My father's family can all speak from experience. I am truly thankful there is not a vestige of Romanism left in the mind of my sister Cassy."

Mrs. Vandoren, who had been engaged with Elsie arranging her sleeping apartment, now joined them.

"I cannot find words to thank you, Baron Vancleve; I am —"

"Ernst, dear Mrs. Vandoren; do not give me any other title, I entreat."

"Ernst, then, it shall be in future, dear. I am so grateful for the comfort of our Elsie a little while."

"I shall hardly know how to deprive you of her at the end of six months; but she will be here daily, no doubt. I really believe I am only second to Aunt Meggy and Uncle Eldred with her now."

"You believe no such thing, Dominie Vancleve," contradicted Elsie, catching the words as she came into the room. "You know confidently I love you all intensely and all alike, Cousin Carl included."

"We are all entirely satisfied, love," said her uncle, returning her caresses. She seated herself on a low chair close beside him. "We full well know you sincerely love us all. Have you seen Carl?"

"He brought me home, you know, uncle."

"Yes, but since?"

"No; Bertrand says he came, and finding a message for him, he had Arab saddled and went over to Eidelsberg."

"You have decidedly declined the offer of St. Paul's pulpit, have you not Ernst?"

"Yes, sir. I hope to spend my life in the College chapel. It has ever been a matter of wonder to me how a clergyman could leave his first charge, especially for increase of salary."

"To you that is a matter of little importance; but sometimes the churches do not very amply support their Dominies. I admit we ought to be slow to change; if possible, to remain."

"The College proposes erecting a larger house for the accommodation of summer travellers, on the site of our present one. I do not think I could exalt myself by changing, if that were my object. I have the advantage of being

a converted Romanist, which induces the students of St. Gabriel to come in constantly."

"Is that allowed, Ernst?" inquired Elsie.

"Not noticed, Elsie. The officers of St. Gabriel's find it better policy to pass by many irregularities for which formerly the students would have been expelled."

Carl came home toward evening in better spirits than usual: a little boy was recovering about whom he had been extremely anxious several weeks.

"Yours is an anxious life, dear," observed Mrs. Vandoren.

"Yes, Aunt Meggy; it has its shadows; but the improvement or restoration of a patient is a delight exclusively the physician's. I would select the same, were I again to begin life."

The evening, like the many that succeeded, passed profitably at the Manse. Relations of the incidents of the day, or the reading aloud of a choice volume, while the ladies plied their needles, and an occasional game at chess, filled up the evening hours. Time passed almost imperceptibly.

"I have been here nearly six months, Aunt Meggy. How the days have flown since I left the chateau; I can hardly credit it," exclaimed Elsie. "Dr. Weber and Adele have come; Dr. Vonberg and mamma will stay there at Lady Vancleve's invitation: they are expected to-morrow."

"Your uncle Eldred has a note from Dr. Vonberg, requesting the privilege, as your mother's husband, of giving you away. Do not oppose it, my dear," seeing the eye of Elsie flash; "he is right; he is nominally your father, and it will appear better so. If I desire it, my Elsie will consent," she said, persuasively, folding her in her arms.

"I wish nothing contrary to your will, Aunt Meggy," replied the affectionate girl, ardently returning her caresses. "Yet I did so desire dear Uncle Eldred —"

"As he did himself, dear. Yet he is decidedly of my opinion that it is better to consent to Dr. Vonberg's proposal."

All were busy preparing for the reception of the youthful bride at the chateau. The sun of her last day at the Manse had arisen—the day she was to be led to the altar by Baron Vancleve. Since the death of his father, there had not been such an appearance of life and animation at the chateau. Lady Vancleve really looked bright, giving directions for various arrangements; her children rejoicing to observe her light footstep and cheerful demeanor when the hour arrived, and carriages which were to convey them to the house of Mr. Ravenscroft. In consequence of existing circumstances, few guests were invited besides the relatives. President Stuyvezant, now Dominie, Mr. and Mrs. Weberstadt, Dr. Baden, and his son Philip, Lewellyn Bryant, Captain and Mrs. Blucher, and the domestics of the two families, only were present.

Elsie slightly changed color as her mother took the arm of Ernst, and Dr. Vonberg presented his to enter the room with her. Carl stood by the side of Ernst; Cassy, at her own request, as the handmaiden of Elsie. The day was passed at the Manse. No one witnessed the parting of Elsie with her uncle and aunt. Ernst gently unclasped her arms from the neck of Carl, saying, playfully, "She is trying to make me jealous, Doctor, but she will not."

"I will be back every day, Carl, indeed I will," she promised, half laughing through her tears.

Her cousin, after an evident struggle, released her; placing her hand in that of Ernst, he whispered, "Take her, cherish her, love her as I have loved her all her life, and may God bless you." The carriage rolled away.

Time rolled on. The years of Dr. Ravenscroft became to him a pleasant monotony. Elsie, faithful to her promise,

whenever it was possible, was a daily visitor at the Manse.

"Carl declines breakfasting here to-morrow," sighed Elsie, handing her husband a note; "he writes he will next day, but has no time nor taste for general society. With all your influence, Ernst, cannot you induce him to visit at all? He is so much admired, so much esteemed, throughout the whole province. We all still mourn our dear cousin, but his grief is as though her death were yesterday; his sole enjoyment is at that grave. Does he ever speak of her to you?"

"Never; and there has been an interval of five years. He is deaf to all my expostulations, to all my entreaties, to accept some of the numerous invitations he receives. Except as physician, he visits only four families, including our own. If the 'Sea-bird' is required to take visitors home, when the ride might be long and tiresome, he excuses himself professionally, and sends Bertrand."

"It is lamentable he should not settle in life," rejoined Elsie.

"It is, indeed," conceded Ernst. "Carl would make the best husband in the world."

"Save one," replied Elsie, with a bright smile.

"I am quite willing to accord with you there, Elsie; but Carl might readily engage the affections of the loveliest in the land."

"He did, Ernst, and lost her. There are none to compare with Cassy Vandoren."

"True, indeed," sighed the Dominie; "yet he was perfectly convinced of the impossibility of their union—they were so nearly related."

"Cassy would not have accepted the addresses of an emperor, Ernst. Carl's worth would outweigh the brilliancy of

own ; his marriage would have been equally distressing
er."

Even his music is neglected ; except at morning and
ning worship, not a note is heard at the Manse. I am to
t my deacons. Shall I send Carl to see Lorenzo ? he seems
ping to-day."

No ; he saw him yesterday at the Manse. He told me
ing ailed him but his mother's fears, and too much su-
candy. Carl says if all children were prohibited candy
re dinner, and given a very trifling portion after, this
ld be a far more healthy generation."

Ernst, laughing, said they must profit by the prescrip-
. After a little more talk about the boy he went out.

Seasons came and went, making little change in any of
families belonging to the Heights or Eiseldorf. Carl
ling in the evening, when alone, to his aunt, or when she
occupied with company, he passed them in his father's
ly.

It was a cold December evening that Dr. Ravenscroft
called to the dying bed of a poor man at Eidelsberg.
He desired you would come over with me, father. Can
brave the storm ?"

I braved a worse storm in my frantic anxiety for you,
son, eleven years ago. My parishioners are my chil-
dren. I would not dare refuse." Bertrand came in from
messenger to say John Husse was dead.

There had been a long interval of silence, when Mr.
Ravenscroft said, in a calm, low voice, "Carl."

Carl lifted his eyes from his book, and looked inquiringly.

You have arrived at the very height of your profession,
son ; have you ever reflected that in the roll of time your
father and your father will be advancing in years, and accord-
to the decrees of nature, my pulpit and my seat here will
vacant ; and she, who might be your solace, in a little

while, will also be numbered among the departed. I have often, very often, reflected on the lone, desolate situation of my only, my beloved son. I could leave this world without sorrow, could I previously see you settled in life. I would not select for you, Carl, but surely there is one whom you might find attractive; whom you might persuade to make life a blessing to yourself and a comfort to the remnant of my days."

Carl heard every word without again raising his eyes; he then replied, with a deep sigh:

"My father asks an impossibility of his son; my heart lies buried up by the side of yours, father, at Edendale."

"*She* left her son to fill that void. What have you, when your aunt and I are taken?"

"The recollection of your virtues and the anticipation of a blessed reunion, my father."

"Enough, Carl, the subject shall never be touched upon again." A sad, almost bitter smile and a low "Thank you, father," was the reply.

The earth will revolve, despite the instability of humanity: though there were changes in Eidelberg and in Eisdorf, the family at the Manse still numbered three. The boys of Elsie were constant visitors there, and a source of great enjoyment to them all.

"Aunt Cassy is coming home to stay with us all winter," little Eldred reported, on one of his daily calls.

"We are all so glad," added Lorenzo, "to think, uncle doctor, they will be here on my birthday. I shall be eight the day after to-morrow."

"And I am going on six," rejoined Eldred, seating himself on the knee Carl offered him. Lorenzo whispered in his uncle's ear, "he was only five yesterday."

"Your aunt will think you quite old boys; I hope she will think you pretty clever."

"We can both read, and I can write pretty well. That is being pretty clever, isn't it, uncle? I want to tell you," he continued, lowering his voice, "father says Aunt Cassy puts him in mind of Aunt Meggy's daughter, who died a great, great many years ago, before any of us were born. Hush! don't let Aunt Meggy hear us. Do you remember her, uncle doctor?" Carl nodded, and taking out his watch, he asked Eldred if he could tell the time? In a few days the family at the Manse crossed the river to welcome Dr. Weber, his wife, and their little friend Cassy, to Eidelberg. She had indeed grown; the resemblance to Cassy Vandoren was very apparent; of course, not remarked on. Her visits to Eidelberg had been few and short; having passed her summer vacations with her mother at the chateau of Dr. Weber.

"Can it be possible, that young lady is only eighteen?" Mr. Ravenscroft questioned, on their return home.

"Did I not remember the day of her birth," replied Mrs. Vandoren, "I certainly would suppose her at least twenty-five; she is precisely what her childhood promised: what a delightful companion for Elsie she will be, Eldred." She was; and in course of time to Mrs. Vandoren too. Often she would carry with her her sewing, and sit the morning, while the Dominie and the Doctor were occupied with their parishioners and patients. They visited the poor together. Cassy appointed an hour each day to read the Bible to those who were unable. Unlike any other member of the family, Cassy Vancleve had been nurtured in the lap of Protestantism; she had none of the superstitious errors or false doctrines of the Romanist to overcome; as she grew, it was in favor with God and man. Cassy was indeed an "Israelite in whom there was no guile."

"I do wish I might call you 'Aunt Meggy,'" she said, one day, as they were sewing together. "I am the only one

who is obliged to say Mrs. Vandoren. The few months I have been at home, I have learned to regard you as an aunt. Have I your consent?"

"Full and free, my dear. I have had you so much with me, I really feel very little difference between you and Elsie, and will be happy to add you to my list of nieces," replied Mrs. Vandoren, affectionately kissing her.

"Sister has sent for me to spend the summer with her; I have become so much interested in my Sunday-school and my poor families, I do not think it well to leave them. Yet the Doctor and sister Adele are so urgent, I am loth to decline. What would you advise, Aunt Meggy?"

"I fear I should advise selfishly; I shall miss you so myself. You must be guided by your mother, dear; I must not judge for you, indeed."

"Mamma throws me on my own judgment; brother and Elsie wish me to remain here. I trust I shall be guided to do what is best." She was saying "Good-by" to Mrs. Vandoren, when Carl came in. After the salutations of the day, he said, "Unless you prefer walking over the bridge, Miss Vancleve, I will take pleasure in rowing you over the Neisse."

"My preference shall not permit me to tax your courtesy, Dr. Ravenscroft, especially so near your dinner hour."

"Remain with us, my dear, and I will accompany you," interceded the Dominie. "I would like to consult your brother relative to your leaving us."

"Do you expect to leave Eidelberg, Miss Vancleve?" asked Carl, with evident interest.

"My sister is desirous I should be with her this summer. My going is at my own option; to choose is my difficulty: no one will advise me."

"I supposed your stay among us would be permanent, and said so at the time of the election of the superintend-

nt. That office will be again left vacant, a department always difficult to fill. What is the opinion of your brother, Dominie Vancleve?"

"Ernst says his personal feelings are too much interested; I must decide myself. I am greatly perplexed; I wish I knew my duty."

"The duty to remain appears to me very clear, Miss Vancleve, unless Lady Weber's claim is very positive: pardon my interference."

"I so much desired your opinion, yet I did not like to ask," she replied. "I will write your views to sister; I know they will have weight with her."

Not only this time, but frequently, the "Sea-bird" was observed bearing the beautiful Miss Vancleve from one landing to the other; occasionally, the skiff was seen gliding over the bay, a very collateral way to Point Rock.

"Have you not observed some very remarkable features in the character of Miss Vancleve, Meggy?" asked the Dominie, as they sat alone, one evening, in his study; "are there not many very striking peculiarities?"

"*Resemblances*, you would say, Eldred. I have, and find us strong traits, as similar in character and disposition as in name. I could scarcely control myself in church when she sang; it was the voice of my child. Eldred, I have so associated them, that the spirit of my daughter seems to be hovering near when she is with me. Carl is certainly interested in her. Do you not notice, brother, how differently he receives her from all other ladies?"

"His interest is very apparent to me, Meggy; and if Carl should feel toward her as you suppose, and should add her as a link to our family chain, could you bear it, Meggy, my dear sister?"

"Eldred, I firmly believe she has providentially been brought among us, to fill that dreadful breach made ten

years since in our circle. I have been anxiously observant; I will rejoice in such an event. My whole heart yearns over Cassy Vancleve; she is the only being on earth I could call daughter."

"And will, Meggy; your assent only was wanting. Carl has himself told her his sorrowful story, has confessed to her that he loved her at first because of her resemblance in name, voice, manner, disposition, personal appearance, and character; now, he loved her for her own sake. He expressed very much your idea, Meggy, when he remarked, 'Had the two Cassys not lived on earth at the same time, it might be an argument for the transmigration of souls, the similarity was so complete.'"

"Lady Vancleve rejoices in the prospect of such a son. I spoke to her of the disparity in their ages. She thought that hardly perceptible, observing that my *son* looked so young, and her *daughter* has so matured a mind. No one has spoken since of it. Carl is coming, Meggy; I will leave you."

"Carl," whispered his aunt, when he had brought a chair near her, "Carl, if the angels *are* permitted to look down on those they have left and loved on the earth, Cassy Vandoren will smile on this union."

"My aunt Meggy's words always fasten on the heart," he said, softly, drawing her head, which she had laid on his shoulder, closely to him; "you think with me that Cassy Vancleve was decreed to fill that void. Aunt Meggy, she is also very much attached to you."

"And I love *her* dearly, Carl."

In making arrangements for the reception of the bride, Carl, laying his hand on a guitar, asked his aunt if it were her desire to have it and the other articles belonging to his cousin carefully laid away.

"No, dear," she unhesitatingly replied, "in giving *you* to

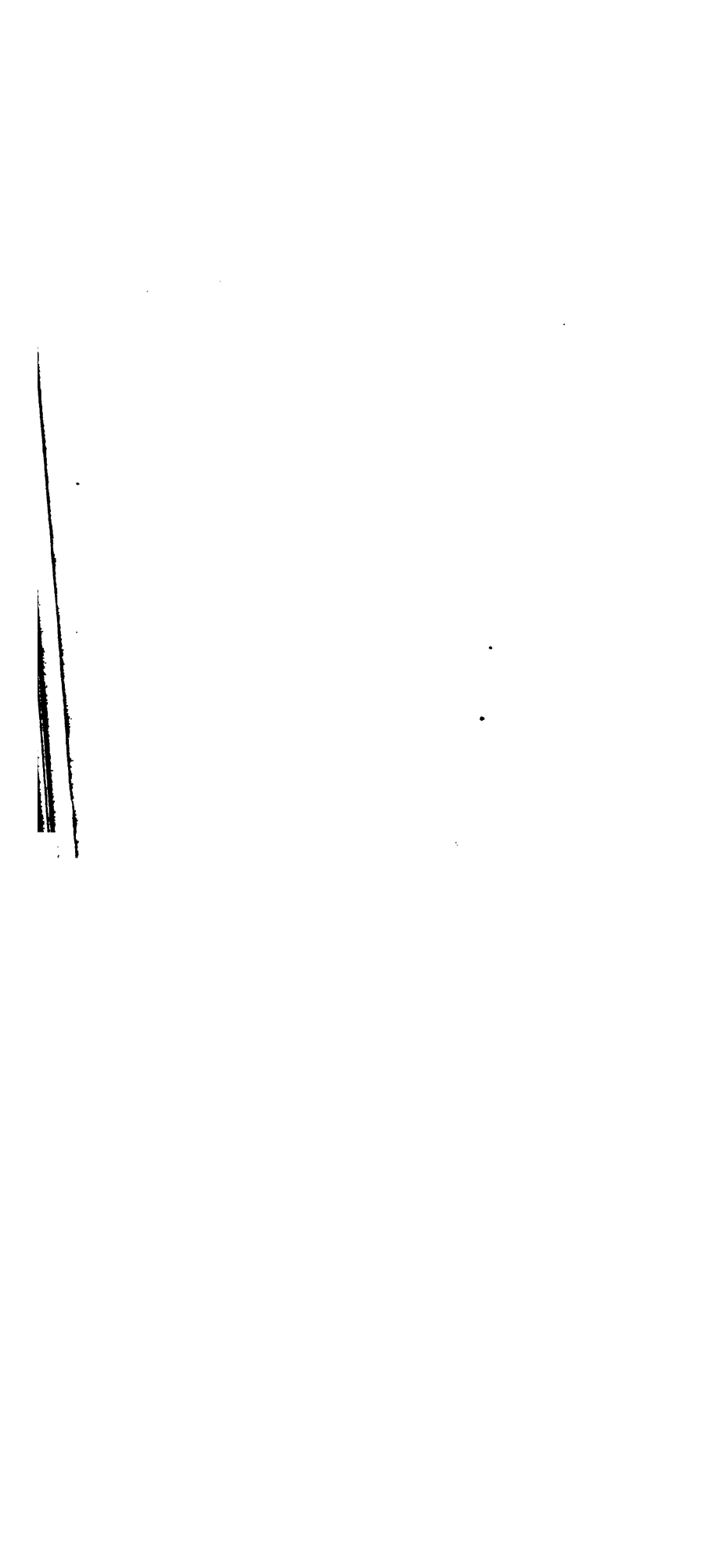
"Vancleve, I withhold nothing that once belonged to Vandoren. I greatly prefer seeing them in use in her session."

Carl gratefully kissed his aunt. They were both silent a interval.

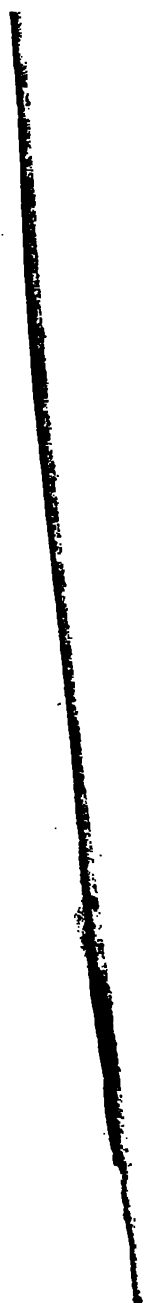
The wedding of the sister of Baron Vancleve was an eventment. Relations thought no distance too great to travel present. The two families mutually rejoiced to be so ly united. Ernst exclaimed, as he gave his sister away, "th all my heart and soul." He declared, afterward, he l not possibly help it. Mrs. Vandoren laid aside her habiliments to appear at the marriage, nor did she resume them. When she folded Cassy to her bosom called her *daughter*, she felt as if the grave had really red her own.

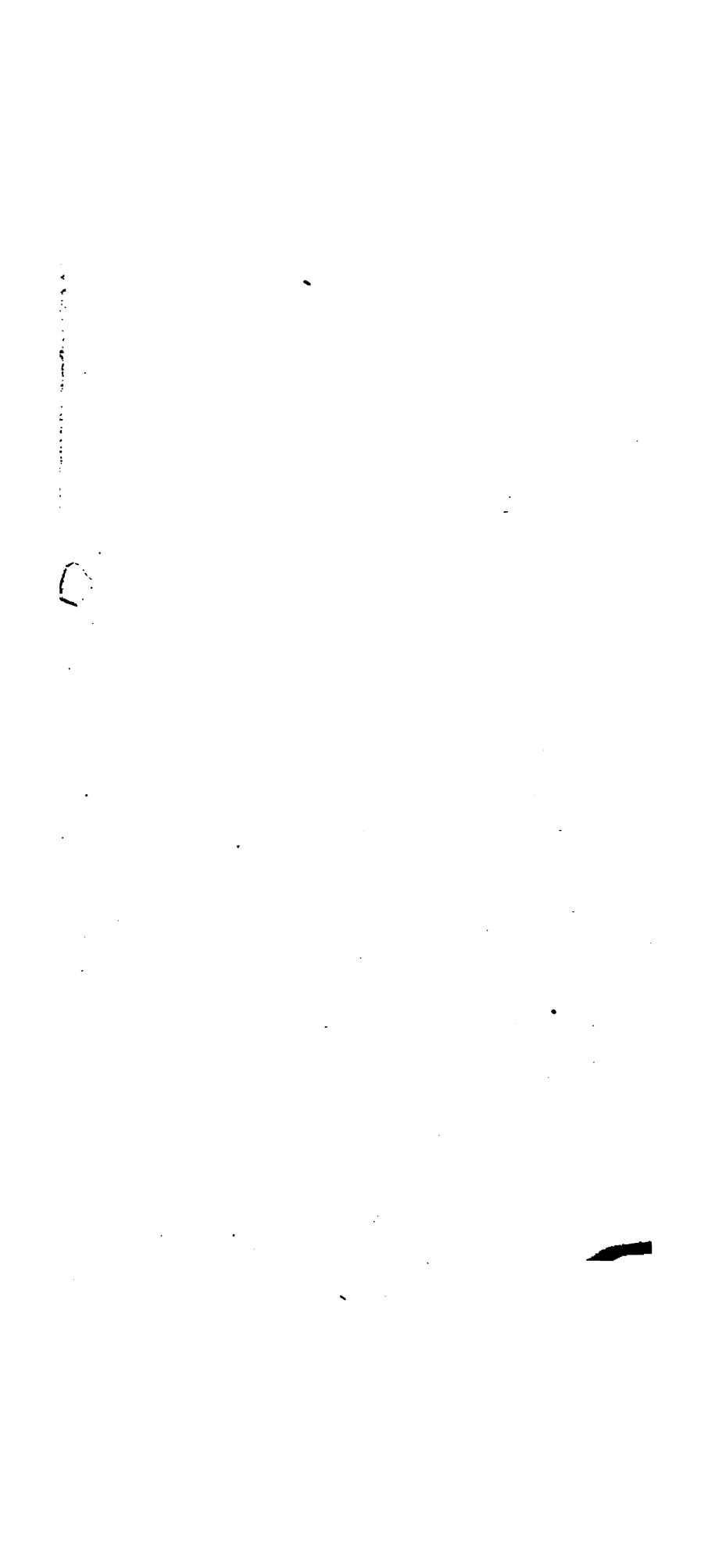
He Dominie was wont to say in after years, as he looked his nieces, nephews, and grand-children growing up id him, his "cup of bliss was overflowing." But the ag object of his and Aunt Meggy's best affections was Vandoren, the eldest child and only daughter of Carl nscroft.

THE END.









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